

SONS

DIERA

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

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### Chapter 1

His white fur slightly unkempt and lupine features wearing a perpetual expression of worry, Alps looked at the crowd anxiously. He had been to many auctions before, but never for sale in one. He felt, fearfully, that it was somehow impossible for his current owner to simply sell him, and yet, here she was doing just that. It had been so long now that he was in her service. Despite his fears of the event, secretly, Alps was actually kind of glad. Chana Feras was an often cruel and violent mistress, especially with a bit of drink in her, and the lupine slave had suffered continuously in her care. There seemed to be no end to her anger, often to the threat of Alps' survival on really bad days. Even now, he knew that this was merely a ruse. No one would call a price, and he'd go right back home with her to be informed of her disdain. She had told him that she would prove to him that no one else wanted him. But there was still that faintest glimmer of hope that it would not go that way this time. The chance, however small, that something had slipped her ability to plan.

Perhaps his new owner would be kind and generous. It was an odd feeling to the young lupine. He had never really hoped for anything after he had been sold as a slave from a border town orphanage at the age of eight. Now there was hope, even as remote and weak as it might be. He had seen other personal servants that were bold and happy, not cautious or quiet like he had been trained to be. It was obvious that some owners were far more vicious than others. He was certain by the appearance of other slaves that had one of the less kind ones. One could not, in his position, choose their owner though. It was for fate to decide. Now, tensely, he waited for fate to draw a new card for him.

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Alps had grown up in an orphanage in the small but prosperous town of Seravi, until the age of about eight, as near as they could tell. Alps was not like the other children in his orphanage. He was 'afflicted' with white fur. It was an unusual, nearly unheard of fur color, which made the likelihood of him being adopted very, very slim. No one wants a child who will bring a stigma onto the family, or cut the line short by an inability to produce an heir. That curse followed him until the orphanage placed him up for auction. That had been when he was only seven. It took almost a dozen auctions before Chana, drunk on Kuraia spice

wine, purchased him for a hundred bits. That was ridiculously low for even a child slave with no experience. Still, as it was the only offer made for the lupine child, it would do. Children too old to adopt were always sold as slaves in order to feed the new orphans that came into the home. It was the only way the under-funded orphanages could take care of lost of parentless children. Continuing to feed Alps when he could not possibly be profitable would not do.

The support of the empire was not something these orphanages could rely upon, given that their world was strained to its limit with poverty, war, and dark intent. Clashes along the border with a dark race known as the Uruk, or orcs, were an every day affair, and the tide of orphans coming in often far outstripped the local means to care for them. As bizarre and cold as the thought to just sell them as labor might have seemed, it was, in most cases, the only chance many of these children had for survival. It stood as a small boon in a dark world torn by a war that had lingered sorely and abusively out of balance for more than 700 years.

Alps was a male Amanian lupine, now about 20 summers, though no one could be totally certain of his age. He was about five feet and ten inches tall, and warmly coated in bright, conspicuously white fur. He was typical of his kind in almost every other way. He was wolf-like, having a typically wolfish head, ears, muzzle, and full and expressive tail. His tail stood out as being a bit longer and fuller than most other lupines, and his ears just a bit larger, but few noticed that at all with the glaring and obvious difference of his white fur to detract from his sense of normalcy. Like other Amanians, his body was for the most part, hominid. Legs, torso, feet, and hands were all normal and typical for his kind. The only other thing that set him apart from most lupines was his eyes. They were a bright crystal violet color, full of life and energy, even with the hardships he'd endured. It was this shaky, uncertain creature that stood before a meager audience of about 30 people on this overcast, uninspiring day in hopes that today a price, a number, would be called, and he would find his new life.

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On this day, Alps wore something fairly common for a slave to be seen in. He had on trousers which were a little too large for him, and quite baggy, made of some manner of tan-colored canvas. The top to his ordinary and impoverished outfit was a green suede vest, very old, eaten through with many holes. The clothing was clean though, as was his body for what felt like the first time in a year. Chana would not offer a dirty slave for sale, even if just to make a cruel point to her wretched slave. His fur, however, left to dry without brushing, was not elegantly neat, even if quite clean. Still, Alps did feel very refreshed. This eased him a bit in front of this old rickety wooden stage. His time was soon to come.

This was the worst part. The waiting. It reminded him every second of why he was there, and what could happen if it didn't work. But it had to. He held it in him mind that it had to. There might not be another chance like this. There might not be another chance to leave forever from this small, uncaring village. Maybe this was the only time he could turn away and never look at the gaunt, stern face of his attractive but cold owner. He looked over at her, wanting to take in her expression of smug superiority to mark it in his mind so he'd have that to break in his memories over and over again when the gavel came down and he was no longer her property. Her light tan fur was an attractive, sought after color for nobility and her narrow, piercing amber eyes were a strong and fierce feature for any lupine. She was a woman with power regardless of how impoverished and insignificant to the empire her region was. Chana was a regional matriarch, controlling the normal day to day activities of three towns, one of them quite large. Seravi, Luca, and Calanar were all under her jurisdiction, and she answered to the high council and the queen, no one else. Her dark violet robes were a symbol of her nobility, marking her as being in charge even at a distance. Her darker brown hair was cropped just at her neck, short and neat, making her seem even older than the already middle-aged female was. This was a face he knew quite a few respected and feared in this town, but he was not sure *anyone* really loved. And he would love it so much more when he never had to look at it again.

Finally, following the sale of a rolling cart, it was Alps' turn on the stage. The 'stage' itself was merely a low platform used for selling of wares, special announcements, and town meetings in the small town of Luca. Luca was an outland town, which meant it was one of the furthest from the Amanian capital, Diera. It was a small farm village with only a few shops, surrounded by sparse houses and fields. Alps' home was actually right across from the stage, beside a blacksmith shop, and a bakery. Chana Feras lived in this town to serve a role similar to that of a mayor, even though her control was over a cluster of towns in this general region. The white wolf slave looked out over the gathered crowd. If no one bought him, Chana would only beat him again when they got home as punishment for being worthless. He knew the reason for this ruse. He was young, but not so naïve as a single lesson could fail to teach him anything. This would, apparently, secure his loyalty, so he would not dare to disobey her because he'd know he had no where else to go.

Alps stepped up and let the bidding begin. The auctioneer, another lupine, tall with rich, sable fur, looked at Alps for a while, slicking his ears back, seeming a bit irritated and perturbed. He had the right to be. This was a mockery of his duties here. Trying to sell something that was pretty obviously not supposed to be sold was an affront to the auction process. A complete waste of time. The mood was already bleak, and he'd just gotten on stage. The cold early-spring wind did not help to warm his hopes. Alps frowned, and bowed to the gathered hard working audience. The auctioneer held up his paperwork, and called out:

"We have here a slave for sale. His paperwork shows he's a well-trained house slave, and personal servant. He doesn't appear to have any farm-hand skills of yet, but he's got intelligent enough eyes. I'm sure he'll catch on quick, and be a hard working... and, ah... loyal... slave." the auctioneer trailed off in his sentence, staring shamelessly at Alps. There was only silence, and some murmuring. Alps hung his head. This was so unnecessary. Chana could make him feel worthless so many other ways without getting the entire town involved.

Suddenly, a female's voice rang out of the crowd.

"Twenty bits!" she called. That was about the equivalent price of a nice dinner. Even a moderately trained slave normally cost anywhere from two to six thousand bits. Alps cringed as nobody counter-bid. His current owner would be furious if he were sold for such a small price. Would they even allow it? Despite how demeaning such a price was, it fired an arrow of hope through his entire body, his fur bristling with excitement. The very fantasy he had moments ago, had in fact been thinking of all day, and through the previous sleepless, worrisome night was calling out now, from somewhere in the small crowd. Could it really happen? Could it be so easy and simple as today that would end this unhappy existence?

The auctioneer called for counter-bids, and still got no response. The period of time that passed now seemed like an eternity. The wrenching flood of emotion was making the young wolf sick to his stomach. Should he be happy that someone might buy him from Chana? Should he be afraid that Chana might contest it and be even more furious? Alps' life might well be in danger! All of these things he thought of in that little speck of time that seemed like an entire day to fear the unknown.

The gavel came down, shaking Alps from his silent emotional anarchy. It was like a cannon-shot, the volume meaning so much more than a piece of wood striking another piece of wood. Alps was sold. For twenty bits. There was near riotous laughter in the crowd. The Auctioneer tossed the gavel over his shoulder, and left the stage. His cut of this would be a joke. The slave lupine fell to his knees. Nothing had ever been so painful. Was he no more important than a single meal? Was that all he was worth to the people of this town? Part of Alps wished no one had even bid. It hurt more knowing just HOW little he was worth, rather than thinking he had no value at all. He shook his head, still fighting with his heart. No! This was a joyful moment! He was out of Chana's hands! It was what he wanted! Why was he so upset over this? The price he was sold for was nothing compared to the price of staying with his mistress! He cringed as Chana came up to the stage with an expression of acidic rage, clenching Alps' title papers in her shaking hands. Alps backed away slowly, looking for someone in the crowd to stop what he knew was coming. He fell backward, onto his rump, as Chana ground her teeth, glaring at him. She was going to contest it as a mockery of the system, and it would be upheld because her judgment would be

final. She outranked everyone in the village. Someone would pay for this insult, and he had a very bad feeling it was going to be him.

A fair, yet strong looking lady lupine, about five or six summers older than Alps came onto the stage. She held Alps' record of receipt, which showed her rightful and legal ownership of the slave, paid in full to the auctioneer. The trembling white wolf looked carefully at his aspiring new owner, fearing a fight would break out over this outrage. Who would be his owner after today? Which of the two ladies would be alive after this dispute was remedied? Chana could have murderous intent when sufficiently crossed. He finally looked fully at his aspiring owner. She was of medium height, as tall as Alps was, with a stout, muscular body, seeming to totally lack any fat. She wore tight fitting leather armor, which traced her physique more than adequately. She had light green fur which glistened cleanly in the sunlight with almost a metallic sheen. Her eyes were deep violet and showed cunning, intelligence, and power.

This was an Emerald Amanian. This fact was probably the only thing that kept Chana from immediately attacking her on the stage, challenging such a low price. The Emerald lupines were known for their prowess as warriors and magic users. Still, Alps could not understand why Chana so readily backed away, silently handing Alps his title deed, which had his personal information, and his list of qualifications and abilities that he was trained to do. The Emerald Amanian female took Alps firmly (though not violently) by the hand and pulled him to his feet.

"Hello!" she said excitedly, "I can't believe they would sell quality merchandise like you for such a low price." Her voice was rich, but a little deep. She seemed a bit rough around the edges, and yet, elegant at the same time. Alps looked at her curiously as she led him off the stage. Quality merchandise? Was she complimenting him? He had no idea how to take that. It had never happened before. "But then," she continued, "That's why I like to go to these small town auctions. Everyone here bases their opinion on sole appearance, and won't take a chance with something different, like your white fur. However, by not looking past that, they miss what makes you the best thing they've sold today."

Alps felt a little jolt in his stomach. This woman wasn't talking like she had gotten an okay deal on a rusted sword; she was talking like she had practically stolen a priceless work of art. She dragged him through the small town for some distance, thankfully far from the shouting that finally broke out from his now former mistress. They walked a little longer before arriving at a small inn, which lay at the very outskirts of Luca. A traveler's relief inn was not uncommon just outside towns, far enough so those who had nothing to do with the town didn't disturb the people there, but close enough that they didn't have far to go if they *did* have business there.

"I-I don't understand." Alps finally said cautiously as they approached the

two-story inn.

"Hmmm?" the elegantly powerful female said, turning her head to Alps.

"W-What makes you think I am more valuable than what you paid?" Alps said, stammering a bit, feeling that he was speaking out of line, and might incur her wrath. The white lupine had not really had enough time to get a feel for her tolerances, and for twenty bits he was expendable for his insolence.

"Oh!" she chimed brightly, "That's easy enough. You would have trouble living alone, as you have been a slave most of your life, and have the stigma of your white fur to follow you around. As a result you would be completely loyal to your owner." she started to explain, leading him inside by the hand. Alps nodded quietly, trying to wrap his mind around her logic, as he began to memorize her features so he would not lose her if she stopped holding his hand. Her touch was leading, not so much jerking. She continued to speak, though a little quieter, as eyes were upon them, patrons eating and drinking here before they headed out to Seravi or the distant town of Jalana. "That alone is worth the price of one slave, no matter how weak, broken, or unskilled. Looking past your fur, I see you are tight with hard earned muscles, but lean and healthy.. A runner's body, really. Easy to feed. That is worth a servant also. I look into your eyes and see you are curious and eager to learn. That is worth another servant. Your previous owner was obviously abusive by the way you cowered on the stage just now, so you aren't hard to please with rewards when you do well. Worth yet another servant. You are the only white-furred lupine I have ever seen, so you are possibly one of a kind in this region. You are exotic, in a way, though you probably don't think so. That is worth one more." Alps had already hopelessly lost count, and somewhat lost track of the direction his new mistress was taking with this tangent. Chana never spoke to him so much without striking him in between angry lecturing, not in the nearly 12 years he'd been with her. The green-furred female continued "Everyone else saw that you were different and did not want you for that reason at all. I saw beyond the fur, and got the equivalent value of five servants for twenty bits." She gasped for air as she finished her long and highly reasoned explanation. She had really thought it through; even in that small amount of time it took for her to decide to bid on the young slave.

Alps shuddered. He would have to work very hard not to disappoint his new mistress. He wondered if he was really up for the task. Would the work he was to do be the same as he did for Chana? Would he run dangerous errands in the darkness of night, or clean the large, old house many times a day, just for the sake of working hard? The female who had just purchased him went to the front desk and checked in. She then casually took Alps upstairs.

"It isn't dark yet, are we already going to bed?" Alps asked. He had not considered it, but she might not even live anywhere close to Luca. If she was going to bed now, it meant an early trip to leave. This would be good. He'd be

far away from the secretly thrown rock of his former mistress. But what of his new mistress? What would she be like to travel with? Would he have to be burdened with heavy things for days? There was so much to consider about his new life. Even up to the sound of the gavel falling, he'd not genuinely considered he might be sold today. Alps gazed at her feet curiously, knowing better than to look her in the eye. Alps heard the click of her cheeks pulling back from her teeth as the lady smiled.

"Not right away." she answered, "I need to evaluate my new property." Alps looked up at her furtively under secretive eyelids. She shot the white lupine a playful glance. Alps swallowed loudly. He feared now there would be a lot of questions that he might not be able to answer, and a lot of poking and prodding to find out how strong he was, how tolerant of pain, how obedient... It would not likely be pleasant. His new mistress opened a door, beckoned Alps inside, and shut the door behind her as she entered the room. She then latched the door.

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"Sit down on the bed." she said calmly. Alps did so immediately and silently, assuming his evaluation on obedience had just begun. He wanted to impress. If she gave him back to Chana because she was disappointed in his performance – No, he didn't even want to *think* about that.

Now he was nervous. What were her intentions with him? Was he to be a house slave again, or would he be working fields in unbearable heat this summer? Alps hated the heat. He looked around as she stood before him, trying to avoid eye-contact. The room was still chilly, since it had just been rented to them and had not yet been warmed by the small, elegant fireplace. The slave shivered with cold and frightened excitement. He looked around the room. It was a royal suite. This female could obviously have afforded a more expensive slave. The bed was huge and soft, by far the biggest and most comfortable bed he had ever been in. In fact, since leaving the orphanage, it was about the ONLY bed he'd ever seen without being asked to make it, and then sleep on the floor in the den.

"S-so, what should I call you?" Alps asked softly. He should at least know her name at this point.

"Nidaja," she answered, drawing the curtains. Alps shivered again. Isolation. What was about to follow would be private. Chana would always draw the curtains before punishing Alps, because she didn't want others to see just how harsh she could be with him. It would have made the town's people think twice before reporting it if he were out of line if they knew he would be so severely punished for it, and Chana wanted to know of any transgression, real or not. Alps feared immediately he was about to be tested for pain tolerance now.

"What's your name?" she countered.

The slave's mind went blank. He could only stare at Nidaja. She was beautiful, this was true, but so was Chana. Beauty wasn't anything new to him, but he associated Chana's beauty with discipline. All he could think of at that moment was that pain was at hand. Nidaja scratched her head. She shrugged and looked at the lupine's record.

"Is it Alps?" she asked. Alps nodded stupidly. He felt a pang of shock and appalling guilt as he caught himself staring at his mistress' chest, wondering how it would look if she were not wearing the leather armor. It was tight enough that Alps barely even needed to use his imagination. She continued to read the record silently, not noticing Alps' directed attention. Alps shook his head quickly and cast his gaze at the floor. What had gotten into him?! He was already feeling a familiar but secretive tingle through his body, telling him exactly what his body was considering. If the same thing had happened with Chana, and she realized Alps was excited, he would be subjected to a good half hour of torturous beating. It had happened once before, just around the time he was coming of age, about eight years before. He thought he was going to be killed back then. He did not want to endure that again. The white slave watched Nidaja's feet, trying to calm down, as she walked over to the candles and blew them out.

Alps swallowed again. Maybe they were going to take a nap. The lovely female sat down very close beside her slave. He shivered meekly. All so strange. He could not tell at all what was going to come next. He could predict, many times, what Chana would do and the lack of familiarity made this even more frightening.

"Are you cold?" Nidaja asked. Alps was unable to answer. His mistress put one arm around him, pulling a blanket to his back with her hand. "Is that better?" she asked. Alps was perfectly still and perfectly silent. He felt his treacherous erection getting even harder from the feeling of her holding him. The wolf slave was undeniably a virgin, and he was sure this was readily obvious to anyone who knew him, but she didn't know him, and he was a good glance into his lap away from making a punishable fool of himself. He had to get his body in check! Still, the thought had wandered in and he had a lot of trouble shaking it out. The most intimate contact he could remember with another lupine until now had always been painful and unkind. He never even considered the thought that he'd be able to share the kind of intimacy and affection he'd seen from time to time while traveling and staying at in, no matter how often he'd dreamed about it.

Nidaja held him close now, her embrace reassuring, and she rubbed his shoulder a bit. It wasn't just his first loving contact with a female; it was his first positive experience with anyone in over twelve years. Alps felt raw heat work through his entire quivering body. He had never, even while masturbating in frightened, silent secret in the dark of night, been at this level of arousal. He

feared the lovely female would notice, and become upset. He could feel his pulse quicken, and the room was silent enough so that he could hear his heavy, nervous breath. He felt almost sick with nervousness, light headed from the stress that was building.

Nidaja placed the hand that wasn't on Alps' shoulder on his knee. He reflexively gasped. Nidaja moved her hand back. Alps swallowed. He wanted her not to think he was excited, but he did not want her to feel he did not want to be touched. She owned him. She had every right to touch him. Nidaja needed to be shown that she could do whatever she wanted to him. Alps decided that was what this exercise might be about. He wanted the lady lupine to continue whatever it was she had in mind. She had not hurt him so far. Nidaja removed her leather armor to reveal a light silk blouse underneath. Alps shuddered again. His arousal was not going to just go away, no matter how hard he tried to think it into non-existence.

"This is a nice room." Alps said softly, trying to loosen up a little. Talking seemed to help, although he still felt half sick from sexual tension. He scooted closer to Nidaja to prove he trusted her. His leg came in contact with hers. Alps felt an electrical tingle through his entire body.

"You think so, Alps?" Nidaja said in a whisper. She pulled Alps closer, letting his head come to rest on her shoulder. It was still light enough to see well, and Alps knew it was only a matter of time before Nidaja looked down into his lap and realized she had thoroughly excited him. Was that the result she actually wanted? Or was it what she expected and he would be punished for, as his first lesson in her service? He wasn't going to take the chance. The white-furred lupine crossed his arms over his lap in an attempt to prevent her from seeing. Alps looked around the room some more, still trying to calm himself.

There were several articles of furniture other than the bed. These included a large table, some chairs, and a wardrobe with a large mirror. There was not another bed. Nor was there a chair large enough to sleep on. Alps swallowed again. Either he was to sleep on the floor...or...

"How far away do you live?" Alps croaked, trying once again to calm down. He forced his muscles to relax. Nidaja held him a little tighter.

"I live in Diera." she replied softly. Alps closed his eyes. He was totally embraced in the arms of a beautiful woman. It was a feeling he had never before experienced in his memorable life. "It will take a couple days to get there. Do you know anything about the city of Diera?" As she asked her question, she placed her gentle hand back on his knee. Alps controlled his response this time. Nidaja kept her hand there.

"That's the capital city. Castle Diera is there. Have you ever met the

queen?" Alps swallowed and tensed up a little as Nidaja's hand moved up from his knee and she began to gently rub his leg, just above the knee.

"Many times. I see her almost daily." She answered. Normally, Alps would have found this to be incredible, but he didn't think twice about it, since his mind was otherwise preoccupied. He found himself thinking about Nidaja in ways that sent shivers up his spine. He was accustomed to the pleasures he could bring himself when he was alone on a journey through a darkened forest, as he had explored his own body many times, but even in his self exploration, he'd never felt the kind of desire that was surging through his veins right now. He had never spent much time thinking of what the hands of another might feel like upon his body if they sought to bring the same pleasure to him.

Alps sighed dreamily and subconsciously as Nidaja moved her hand up to where Alps had his arms folded. She took his arm gently and moved it over to her leg, placing Alps' hand on her own knee. She leaned her head against his.

"Are you tired, Alps?" she asked, resuming her massage of his leg. Her voice was so pleasant and sensual, her tone as gentle as her touch. Alps paused. Was there a right way to answer that? He could not be sure if any of this was to be some kind of test of his morale or his willingness to serve. He decided to just go with honesty and hope it was right.

"N-not really. Do you need rest, m'lady?" he responded shakily. Nidaja put her muzzle almost in Alps' ear. He shuddered all over as she exhaled heavily, the cold black nosepad resting on the rim of his quivering triangular lupine ear.

"Not I, not at all. Just wondering." she answered very softly. "You have had a long, eventful day. I'm sure you need rest after all of it. Looking into your eyes, I could tell last night was restless in preparation. Here..." at this, Nidaja proceeded to unfasten Alps' tattered shirt ties. He shut his eyes and held his breath a moment. He welcomed the loss of his shirt, since his excitement had so heated him up. Still, the thoughts that burned his mind and body so badly now were of the impossible. Surely he was misunderstanding all of it. She would belt him across the temple soon for his mental indiscretion. Still, Alps shuddered again. Now he was being undressed by this fair lupine woman who had already granted the only wish he'd ever had for himself until now. How could he think these things? How selfish was he going to be before the day was over? A little older than him, and surely far more experienced with what she was doing, only the lady truly knew with full confidence what was intended for this night. He wished he knew her intentions!

Alps started moving his thumb in a circular motion on her knee, hoping it would show his approval of his mistress' actions. She finished unfastening and completed the task, taking her arm from around him long enough to shuck his worn, green vest onto the floor. She looked at him tenderly as he sat there, his

eyes barely open. Alps sighed warmly with the comfort of having his soft, white fur bared in this way.

"Are you more comfortable?" she asked. Alps smiled meekly and nodded. Nidaja scooted back close to him, wasting no time putting her arm around him again. Alps rested his head on her shoulder and sighed again, feeling very strange, but it was a good kind of feeling. It was one of the first times he'd remembered feeling, with another, something he really liked. It was like a cool lake on a very hot day. "You aren't used to being treated nicely are you?" Nidaja asked, looking Alps in the eyes. He visibly twitched.

"N-no." he stammered, looking down. The vixen placed her hand back on his trembling leg. Alps' arms were resting by his side now. He had decided to go ahead and leave himself open to her inspection and testing, if that was truly her intent. If he was to be beaten, he'd not be beaten for hiding anything.

"Do you like it?" she inquired, sliding her hand further up his leg than she had before. She was midway up his thigh now, and massaged gently. With much effort, Alps managed to whisper that he did. He looked in his lap and noticed that a small wet spot had formed where pre-cum had finally started to seep out. He was already at that level of excitement. "I think we would be more comfortable sitting in the middle of the bed rather than perched on the edge." Nidaja said in a helpful tone.

Alps nodded and crawled to the center of the bed that was almost twice as long, and many times wider, than it needed to be for two or even three lupines his or Nidaja's size to sleep comfortably. The lady sat gingerly beside him. One of her legs was out in front of her and the other was propped up. If Alps leaned over even slightly, he was sure he would be able to see up her unusually short leather skirt. Alps instead concentrated on her shirt: A button-up blouse... easily removed. Alps swallowed again. Nothing he did took his mind off what every cell in his body seemed to want right now. Perhaps it was just an odd effect on his mind of being freed from Chana.

Nidaja put her arm back around him, letting him soak in the gentle silence. The slave rested his head on her shoulder again, still studying the gorgeous female's chest. Nature had been generous. Not grotesquely so, but generous enough. Well proportioned, too. Alps closed his eyes again, imagining their firm form resting in his palms. He opened his eyes and placed his hand back on his mistress' knee. To his surprise, she reached down to his hand and moved it a little further up her leg, about to the level hers had been.

Alps took the invitation and gently massaged the inside of her thigh. She sighed luxuriantly. Alps' ears perked up. Did she like it? That sound felt like a very personal and powerful reward for something he did right. The young male sat in the same style as she did. One leg, the closest one, thrust out, and the

other propped up, slightly turning his hip toward his owner. He moved his hand a little further up her leg, to right where her skirt ended. She sighed again. Alps smiled. No one had ever allowed him to touch them like this.

It was exciting beyond words to the young, inexperienced slave.

Nidaja placed her hand on Alps' hand, and moved it onto her belly. Alps exhaled deeply as she placed her hand on his chest and eased him back, so that he was resting very comfortably on his side. The slave's hand transferred to Nidaja's side as she assumed an identical position. She placed her hand in the same location on the male's side. She smiled and slipped her hand under his arm to his shoulder and pulled herself very close to him. Alps sighed again, shivering briefly but not at all with cold. Her nose was just inches from his. Cuddling. He'd seen this too, enough to know he'd love to try. And it was better than he'd ever imagined! This was a day he'd always remember, no matter how it ended.

Alps shut his eyes, wondering what his new owner would do next. His entire body tensed up as suddenly he felt soft lips press up against his. First kiss. His very first kiss and it was from a beautiful and wonderfully experienced Emerald Amanian. And to top it all off, this was someone who was likely of very high social standing. The slave slowly opened his eyes. Nidaja had her head propped up, smiling at him. He slave looked at her curiously, afraid to even seem like he would question what she'd just done, if only because he wanted her to do it again.

"Did you like that?" she asked playfully.

Alps, still too stunned to speak, just nodded. Nidaja's hand was resting on his hip now. Alps hand was on her side, inches from her breast. She pulled him a little closer, so that when she inhaled, her chest touched his. Alps looked into her eyes. They seemed so gentle. So kind. This seemed the complete polar opposite to how his life worked only an hour ago. Could his days of fear and pain truly be at an end? Could his fortunes have been actually completely reversed in such a starkly contrasting way as this? He tried to calm himself, fearing the disappointment in waking in the den of his "rightful" home with Chana, having spent his seed in his sleep and leaving only memories of a dream, and a sticky cleanup job to attend to before his mistress spotted it.

It really seemed too good to be true. Alps watched her intently, his heart beating faster. Her nose approached his again. He shut his eyes again as her soft warm lips embraced his, but this time, her tongue slipped past his teeth, caressing his own for a few short seconds before retreating back into her own mouth. Tongue against tongue. It was unlike anything he'd ever known in his life. He felt as if he were falling through the clouds, and yet, fearing no ground beneath. Alps opened his eyes and exhaled deeply again, uncontrollably

trembling. He had reached a new level in his excitement. A level far beyond anything he'd ever known in his young life.

"That was..." he sighed, unable to say anything, but wanting to voice his approval. The female caressed his thigh again, slowly, gently. She closed in again. Alps shut his eyes to receive another kiss. Her tongue slid into his mouth then out, but she continued to kiss. Alps returned the treat, sliding his tongue inquisitively past his owner's teeth. He loved learning new things, but this was really a treat. His body felt electrical as he did this, and he withdrew, separating his lips from hers for a second, then reconnecting, not wanting her to stop kissing him. He tongued her again, this time shuddering as she caressed his tongue in that welcoming mouth with her own velvety pink, hot tongue. He continued to kiss her, not caring to separate, even though it was harder to breathe like this, and the excitement made him require more air. His entire body tingled. His head felt lighter, and his chest heavier.

Nidaja moved her hand off Alps' thigh. He continued kissing her, barely noticing anything else. She sighed again and moved the slave's hand from her side to her chest. Alps separated for air, looking at where his hand now rested. His eyes widened a bit. In the dim light, he noticed that the lady's nipples were very visible raised points through the thin blouse. He gently rubbed her chest, feeling the nipple under his palm. She touched Alps' chin, turning his nose toward hers again. The slave closed his eyes and complied, kissing her tenderly. He rubbed her chest firmly, feeling, exploring, and learning all he could from the experience. Every single second of this was new. His erection twitched wildly in his trousers, almost painfully throbbing now.

He moved his hand and explored the other breast fondly, and smiled as Nidaja sighed through his passionate kisses. Her sounds of approval incensed the wolf. Alps rolled one of her swollen, ridged nipples between his thumb and index finger. He felt the lady shudder at the sensation. Alps began to massage her breasts with the same vigor with which he kissed her, paying close attention to her nipples. She seemed to really enjoy that. Without thinking, Alps was doing what was always required of him naturally. He was adapting to the situation quickly. This adaptation, however, did not require much imagination for the wolf. It was even more natural than anything he'd ever done before, even if it was his first time.

Alps almost bit Nidaja's tongue mid-kiss when her gentle but firm palm caressed the full length of his erection through his trousers. The slave did not dare draw away from her, though. Not this time. She caressed him a few more times and then began to simply massage him between the legs. Alps propped his leg up again to allow the wolf female easier access. He ached for release already, trembling under her touch with need. He unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. She sighed, rubbing his shaft firmly. Alps moaned reflexively, separating from his kiss for air.

"Keep going..." Nidaja crooned. Alps unbuttoned the next button. She was breathing heavily. She had her head resting on her arm. She silently watched him. He unbuttoned another, and another. The tense slave then almost choked. She wasn't wearing any kind of undergarment. One of her pink, hardened nipples came into view. Alps unfastened the last button and her blouse fell open. She wriggled out of it and tossed it onto the floor.

Alps placed his hand on her warm, naked breast. The textures, softness, suppleness, were all things he had never even imagined, even in the times he'd seen openly two drunken lovers play. He groaned hotly as her hand found his crotch again. Nidaja scooted closer, kissing Alps passionately. He closed his eyes again and slowly began to move his hips in rhythm with the massage he was getting. He tweaked Nidaja's nipples and smiled as she separated her kiss and moaned. Alps continued to play with her tits as he started kissing her neck. Nidaja panted as he worked his kisses down her neck and down to her chest. The slave could not resist touching one of those sensitive nipples with his tongue. When he did, Nidaja gasped and moaned her approval.

The white lupine licked and nibbled at her chest for a few minutes, and then returned to kissing the panting female. The anxious male moaned as she undid the tie on his trousers. After doing so, she tugged the waist of them a couple of times. Picking up the signal, Alps squirmed out of them and tossed them onto the floor. While wriggling out of his pants, Alps had taken his eyes off the girl, and between the time he had looked away, and the time he looked back, Nidaja had removed her skirt. Alps first realized that when he saw her skirt hit the floor beside his trousers. He cautiously looked at her legs, wondering if she was wearing anything underneath. Alps closed his eyes and shifted his line of sight to what had previously been covered. The quivering wolf then opened his eyes.

He gazed at her glistening pink slit. Nothing underneath. Nothing at all. He sat beside the lupine female, now totally nude, just as he was, and placed his hand on the inside of her thigh. She spread her legs and lay on her back. Alps slid his hand closer and closer, slowly and evenly. Finally, he ran the back of his thumb against the slick, hot entrance. His steamy mistress moved her thighs against the contact, pressing the lips of her glistening pussy a little harder against Alps' hand. It was a dream. It had to be a dream! Nothing this wonderful and intense could have been happening to this simple and wretched slave!

A glistening stream of semen ran down Alps throbbing pink shaft as he started to massage his mistress' slick, wet mound. While Alps had no idea what to do from the start, he had a knack, a survival skill, to find the right buttons to push. Normally, this was to protect himself from Chana's wrath. Now, he was using it to grant Nidaja's pleasure. Still, as eager and quick to learn as he was, his mistress seemed perfectly happy to train him properly at a pace that was not alarming to him, which he was silently grateful for.

Nidaja grabbed his hand, adjusted it so that he had his first and middle fingers in use, and pressed it against a small, swollen place just between the lips. She manipulated Alps' hand so he would start rubbing it in a circular motion. Her slave gazed at her face. As he rubbed her, she panted heavily, closing her eyes with pleasure. Alps scooted down and lowered his nose, closer, closer... soon it was between is mistress' legs. Alps didn't understand the draw... the desire to do what he was about to do, but it seemed the most intimate and savory thing he could do to this gorgeous, wonderful female.

He held her pink lips open with two fingers and slowly slid his tongue out, finally, firmly touching her swollen clit. He moved his tongue over it the same as he had his fingers a moment before. He instantly fell madly in love with the taste of it. That sweet tangy musky scent and flavor that embraced his tongue the moment the tip touched those spongy, eager folds and spread them gently further apart.

"Ohhh, yes! Good Alps.. Very good!" Nidaja moaned. She arched her back as the slave tasted her again. He examined carefully every sense that came into play, from touch, to scent, to taste, to hearing, wanting to experience every second in a singular memory to call back into his memories for the rest of his life if this was to be his only experience like this. He lapped the clit harder now, firmly pressing his tongue and making Nidaja moan and squirm. He began playing with her tits at the same time, reaching up with both hands. The Emerald Amanian panted and began slowly rolling her thighs. "Uhh, lick deeper..." she moaned.

Alps stuffed his tongue deep into his mistress' tight passage, extracting a great deal of her tart juices, and an incredibly loud moan. She began pumping her thighs harder and faster, and she grasped Alps' head.

"Ohhh..Ohhh..." she moaned, pitch increasing, urging him on. Alps licked feverishly, enjoying the reaction he was getting, and wondering if his mistress would return the favor. Why would she though? What purpose would she have to give Alps pleasure? He would duck away and get release after she fell asleep, he decided. He could not even think about denying himself that as riled up as he was now. He would hurt for days from it if he did. "Ooohh goddess.. Don't stop..." Nidaja's body tightened up and her thighs moved in short, quick pumps. She was fairly loud now and breathing heavily. Alps began to pant as well. He was about to set this beauty off hard, and this was only his first sexual experience. "Ohhh...Ooohh... More! Keep going!"

Alps sucked hard on her clit and slipped his tongue as deep as he could into her pussy, trying to hold her thighs still. Her cries progressively came faster and more frequently.

"Ohh...Ohhh..Oooh..ohh-ohh-ohh-" Nidaja arched her back and shrieked!

Alps lapped at her clenching sex hungrily as it changed flavor slightly and became a LOT wetter. The grateful slave then licked her more slowly and timidly as she calmed down, her chest heaving and her body still writhing with ecstasy.

The young male lifted his head away, almost unable to believe what he had just done to this lovely female. Her breathing returned to normal and she sat up. She smiled tenderly at Alps, an intoxicated look in her eyes. Alps had never before seen that expression in the eyes of his mistress. It was simple and genuine appreciation.

"Lie down." she said softly. Alps did as he was told. His entire body ached now with raw primal lust. He wanted nothing more at the moment than to be overtaken by a mind-shattering climax. He had never been so ready. The slave shuddered in ecstasy as Nidaja's soft hand grasped his rock hard masculinity. He could feel it pulsating in her dexterous and skilled fingers. She massaged it for a few minutes, spreading semen over the entire length of it. Alps moaned as she moved her thumb in a small circle a few times over the tip. She tugged at it gently, slowly pleasuring him.

Alps moaned and shut his eyes, tightening his legs so he could enjoy the sensation at its fullest. Nidaja cooed as she slowly stroked him, using even motions, and then spreading semen over the shaft for added lubrication. Alps tightened his legs as she sped up a little. She smiled at him. Seeing her smile was almost as heavenly to Alps as the feelings that were racing through his tightened body. The wolf inhaled and exhaled deeply, beginning to realize to his absolute joy that she intended to pleasure him fully, and he'd not have to duck away at all. He gritted his teeth, suddenly aware of the incredible mess she was about to make in perhaps only a few more seconds! Should he warn her, or did she already know what was coming? She had to! She could not accidentally make him feel like this.

Nidaja slowly straddled Alps, still sliding her hand up and down his solid shaft. The slave opened his eyes again, watching her very carefully as she scooted forward a little, bringing her slit closer to his pulsating rod. He moaned as she rubbed the tip hard and fast for a couple of seconds, his hips tightening, the wolf feeling his balls draw tight, letting him know he was close, so very close. She then pressed his rod between her legs and rubbed the tip between the lips of her searing, soaking honey-pot.

Alps gasped and moaned loudly at the sharp tingling sensation it caused. It was so hot and slick! Nothing he could ever do to himself would come even close! She moved her thighs slowly, moving her hands at the same time, masturbating him against her pussy. Alps' chest began to rise and fall more quickly. He was in a near panic from it! Would she finish him like this, rubbing herself on his shaft? Could he even hope to stop himself if that's not what she wanted? Alps watched Nidaja very carefully, squinting from the blinding pleasure

her motion was causing. She had started to breath harder too. She was obviously getting as much as she was giving. Alps moaned as she pressed his cock against her slit harder, spreading her wide around its girth, causing to tip to slip inside. She held still, then, panting.

The lupine looked at his new mistress pleadingly, wanting her to continue. Alps knew he could not last much longer, and he absolutely had to feel this last, most intimate contact. Nidaja slowly moved her thighs up and down, using short, even strokes. Only the tip of Alps' swollen cock was going in. The lady moaned as she did this, beginning to pump her thighs a little harder. Alps moaned, pushing his hips forward to get more depth. She gasped and held him down. "Easy, I'll get t' that, sweetie..." the female wolf panted. She continued to barely pleasure that throbbing tip for a few minutes, suspending his pleasure just enough to keep it from easing off, but not enough to push him over the edge, making the wolf quite frantic. Finally, she slowed down and grasped his cock underneath her. His mistress then pressed him in further than before. He moaned again as the strong beauty eased the entire length of his cock inside her. He grunted hotly as he felt her pubic bone push into his own, grinding over him as if to prove she'd fully claimed him inside herself. She then leaned down and kissed him passionately and aggressively, holding still at first, then slowly beginning to pump her thighs. Alps gasped as his entire body seemed to explode into flames of sexual pleasure. He was a virgin. He wasn't going to last! It was a shock to him he'd even gotten this far without squirting all over his new mistress from just her handling him the way she did! He gritted his teeth.

"M..Mistress... This is my first..." Alps gasped as Nidaja sped up.

"I know... I'm not in season, so just let it happen!" She panted. "Inside me, slave... I want it all inside me!" To Alps' almost agonizing surge of sudden pleasure, Nidaja began jerking her hips on top of her slave, slipping him briskly in and out of her tight, slick sex. The white lupine shut his eyes and held his mistress' warm thighs as she pumped him frantically. She began to moan very loudly, enough that Alps was sure that the other hotel patrons could easily hear her. The slave started pumping his eager thighs against her rhythm. He became dizzy... near fainting from passion and lust. His chest felt tighter and heavier. His cock throbbed and tingled inside Nidaja's tight, hot body as she pumped him furiously, nearing her own orgasm. Alps groaned, gritting his teeth, wanting to hold on, and let her cum too!

"Ohh..ohhh..ooohh..ohh-ohh-oohh-oh-NNNK!!" Alps gritted his teeth and exploded inside Nidaja right before she locked up and shrieked with her second orgasm. The slave stifled a scream as he felt his mistress' inner walls clench around his pulsing cock as he fired his first hard jets of thick seed deep inside her. Again and again the waves of his climax came crashing down, as she bounced and ground on top of him. Alps moaned in unexplainable, but not all that unpleasant discomfort as Nidaja continued riding him while he squirted his

final drops into her clenching sex. Her juices were tickling him as they ran down his sides and inner thighs. She slowed down finally and kissed him passionately again, panting through her flaring nostrils in near exhaustion, it seemed.

"Thank you, Alps...I really did need that..." Nidaja sighed. She then collapsed on top of him, panting as his member twitched and throbbed inside her. The slave held the emerald-furred female lupine, stroking her fur, thinking about nice things to say to her, compliments...gifts... But he was hers now. He was hers. She already had everything that he was ever going to give to her. This made him feel content for some reason, for the first time in his memorable life. He sighed heavily as the world became fuzzy and a happy darkness closed in. The last thing he could remember thinking was that if it had all been a dream, and he were to wake back up in his unloved, unhappy life, nothing Chana could ever do would take the memory of this dream away from him, and he'd always have the happiness of it. If it were not a dream, however, then tomorrow would begin the first day of a completely new life.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

*Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)*

*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

## Chapter 2

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Her caress was so gentle. Every touch to his trembling form had been sweet and adoring. He never wanted it to end. Alps remembered dreaming, somewhat fitfully, that Chana returned with an error in his papers or something, and took him back. It was not a bad dream to him, as much as a very disappointing one. Deep down inside, all night he felt it had to happen, so the dream was perhaps his mind making the connection that it expected. An untied end that his subconscious would not let go of after he drifted off to sleep. As expected, in this dream, the thin metal crop often used for his punishments rose high, and came down, but when he started awake, he found himself nose to nose with Nidaja. She was looking at him, smiling. The slave could not help but smile back. Seeing her there made him happier than he could even think to explain to himself. She was so beautiful. She looked strong, healthy, and intelligent. He was deeply attracted to her immediately on the most natural of circumstances. She had so many things he admired and wanted to be close to, and had proven that very early on.

"You work well with new experiences." Nidaja stated. "That is a good thing. It pleases me." she explained almost jovially, as if saying so was a mere formality. Indeed, it was obvious from last night that she was pleased. Still, being told that he pleased his mistress was even better to Alps than the fact that she had yet to be even the least bit unkind to him. He wagged his tail firmly, thumping the sheets of the bed with it. It had struck him, at that moment, that it was the first real bed he could ever remember sleeping in at all. Even in the orphanage, they only got cots, and the best ones were taken by the strongest kids, among which he was not.

"I learn quickly so that I may please my mistress." Alps said softly, ashamed slightly by his own submissive weakness in the face of such power and grace. Even with her hair tousled and her fur matted in places from their affections hours before, she was beauty and grace personified.

"Very good. This will work out fine then, I think, even despite your odd fur color." Nidaja explained. He felt a pang of guilt and shame for his fur, but as long as she was nice like this, he would not fret about it. Alps snuggled up against the green-furred wolf female, and nuzzled her cheek, feeling a little more comfortable about his place with her, after how intimate they had been. While he was still a

slave, some part of him still felt at least a little bit free now. It was exhilarating

"I want to learn more." Alps said, rather eagerly. It was exceedingly rare for him to tell anyone what *he* wanted. He wished to know how to best please Nidaja. As nice as she had already been to him, he did not want the chance that she ever might choose to sell him. He wanted to stay right where he was for the moment. Nidaja propped her head up on her hand, looking at her willing slave and then grinned, chuckling softly.

"You wish to learn more, young slave?" she asked. Alps bit his tongue softly. He HAD been awfully bold in the way he said that. It was a demand. And he knew it. He corrected himself hastily.

"I... I mean... Would you please... teach me more, Mistress Nidaja? I could better please you if I knew more about it." Alps blushed heavily. Without so many words, Alps had just told his mistress he would like to have sex again. He felt rather ashamed suddenly. He smiled meekly to her, feeling the skin beneath the fur of his lean and hunger-shaped face go scarlet. Alps was sure his ears were perfectly visible with his blush.

"Knew more... about what?" Nidaja said, drawing her muzzle closer to his. A kiss. Alps would love that. He swallowed, and licked his lips to moisten them a bit. Was this a game of some sort? There was a measure of mirth in her voice, the way Chana got when she'd tease Alps, but this felt very different. Then again, it could have been that he was pressed close and comfortable and very naked against this strong, healthy, beautiful woman, perhaps the most beautiful and exotic he'd ever seen.

Alps could not help but think there was something very familiar about her though. Perhaps it was her face? Or maybe it was her voice. He really could not place it.

"I wish I knew more about what we did last night. That was my first time." Alps stated, a little more shyly. Nidaja seemed to know exactly what she was doing.

"Yes, you said it was your first." Nidaja said, then planting a warm, firm, and loving kiss on his lips, teasing them with her tongue for a moment. Alps lost his train of thought for a while after she did that. Nidaja sweetly put it back on its rails for him, softly commenting, "I would be happy to teach you more about it."

"Th-Thank you, mistress." Alps stammered softly. Nidaja then took the role that Alps expected of her. She rolled him onto his back, getting onto her knees, pressing herself close to him. The slave crooned softly under his breath with approval for his mistress' actions. She smiled, looking into his eyes, as she held him down against the bed. If Chana had held him down like this, Alps would

have felt deep fear running through him. He was amazed at how quickly he had learned to trust this near stranger.

"Are you ready to start learning?" Nidaja said, wagging her tail, her fur bristling playfully, as she held the wolf down to the soft, luxurious bed. Alps arched his back a bit with anticipation, and then relaxed on the bed, nodding softly. He was already becoming aroused from the thoughts both of what happened that night already, and what he hoped was soon to begin again. Nidaja looked down between Alps' thighs, and perked her ears, smiling happily. "Well now... It would seem you are." she said. The white wolf chuckled softly, and swallowed again. His own laughter sounded strange to him, not because it was different than any time before, but because it was very rare that Alps ever laughed in the company of anyone else. How very much things had changed in the course of a single night, and that night was not even over.

It was perhaps only midnight, but he had fallen asleep at Nidaja's side fairly early, only late afternoon, so he still felt rather rested. Nidaja told Alps to relax, and lay out flat, which he did, placing his arms at his side, and not moving at all, only breathing his anxious and shallow breath. As Alps lay there in the dark room, he felt Nidaja's hands roaming over his body. Her dull lupine claw-tips traced shallow furrows in his fur. He arched his back a little, as from time to time the nerve and muscle that she traced tickled.

In only a few minutes of that kind of treatment, Alps was fully and shamelessly aroused, squirming and gasping, gritting his teeth with anxiousness welling in the pit of his stomach and the aching weight of his testes that seemed impossibly full given the dose of his seed he'd yielded for his mistress but half the night before. Nidaja cooed sweetly to him, making Alps feel even less afraid. She was happy about this. It was as if it was not really a chore to her at all to teach him pleasure. At that moment, however, Alps had no idea what kind of training this was supposed to be. Nidaja told him to close his eyes. The obedient slave did as he was told, as he felt her hands slide up and down his inner thigh. He quivered softly, and gritted his teeth.

"What is... the nature of this lesson?" he asked with a wavering tone. Nidaja giggled softly, and kissed his inner thigh, really close to his sack. Alps responded by spreading his legs a bit, welcoming her touch. His fur along his tummy and thighs was still matted a bit with her juices from earlier that night. Nidaja spoke in a soft, kind whisper.

"This afternoon..." she said, her voice feathery and pleasant, "You did something I did not expect." Alps remained silent. He was not sure what she was talking about at all. He was flooded with sudden uncertainty. Had he made a mistake? Had he committed some manner of taboo that he was unaware of? He had warned her that he was not sure what he was doing. She finally began speaking again, seeing that he was not going to volunteer a guess. "You put

your head between my thighs, and brought me to full orgasm with your tongue." Alps remained quiet for a moment, before asking, timidly,

"Orgasm?" He had no idea what she was talking about. This was not something Chana would have taught him anything about. His mistress kissed his inner thigh a little closer to his tightening, swollen member. Nidaja patiently continued to explain, as her claw-tips traced his throbbing masculinity, just around the edges where it lay against his fuzzy lower tummy.

"Yes... For you, it's the feeling you have when you finish... Like this afternoon... when I was on top of you, and you said you would not last long... That hot, powerful flash you feel at the end there... that's an orgasm." She licked her lips, as Alps looked down at her. She told him to shut his eyes again. After he furtively did so, she continued. "Anyway, I have those too, though it's not the same as yours. It's a little different. But it still feels really, really good." she explained. Alps groaned as he finally felt a touch to his hot pink, wet, twitching member. It was a soft-lipped kiss. In only minutes of attention he felt almost as achingly needful as he was when she had taken him inside her tight passage before.

"The scent was so alluring... I had to... lick..." he said sincerely. He didn't know why it seemed the right thing to do, and he was happy to find that she had liked it. He was even happier to find that she felt about the same that afternoon as he had. He felt very accomplished to have made her feel even nearly that good.

"Well, that is a good thing." Nidaja said softly. "But I am going to teach you now... why it's so good. I am going to teach you what it feels like. In a way, at least." she said, giggling. Alps nodded softly, keeping his eyes closed. The green lupine female brought both her hands to his member, encircling it, and making Alps gasp softly. Every time she touched him, it brought him happiness. Did Nidaja have other slaves, Alps wondered? Was it common for her to do this to her slaves? Was this a common thing to do to slaves in general? Alps had only ever been owned by Chana. Maybe cruel owners like her were not all that common. These thoughts were whisked away from Alps' mind as he felt a sudden wash of heat and wetness over his twitching cock, replacing Nidaja's hands, which tenderly caressed his sack, encouraging him to produce that thick, fertile syrup for her. Alps was a little confused at the sensation at first, but, eyes still closed, he finally realized what it was.

Almost the full length of his cock, about nine inches at this heightened state of arousal, was inside Nidaja's mouth. She had a rather long, gracefully narrow muzzle, so she took that length with ease, but it still pushed that pleasure-flared tip to the back of her throat with that single claiming oral motion. The lupine slave's fur bristled all over, and he trembled, releasing a long, low moan, a hot fire of tingling racing through his body. Alps whimpered with

pleasure as he felt the pressure of Nidaja's tongue draw snug against the underside of his length. She slowly drew her head upward, sliding his pink, throbbing member between her tongue and the ribbed texture of the roof of her muzzle. That single motion felt like an eternity of pleasure to her almost stunned slave. He spilled thick, slick pre-cum over his owner's tongue as she drew her head upward. She released his cock and spoke softly.

"See how nice that feels?" Nidaja said softly. Alps nodded emphatically, wanting her to continue the lesson, hoping that she would teach him a lot more lessons just like this, though realizing his desire was a bit greedy. "You want your mistress to feel that good, don't you?" the slightly older and wiser female asked. Alps nodded again, feeling a little dizzy with anxious lust boiling in his loins. "Remember that, Alps." came Nidaja's feathery, knowing command. He kept his eyes closed, nodding again, a little slower now. He felt so utterly wonderful that moment. The next was even better.

Nice and slow, he felt his cock engulfed again, Nidaja holding her mouth a little tighter around his girth as she pressed her head down his long, slick shaft. She took him slowly, and completely, before Alps felt something new. The pressure in Nidaja's muzzle dropped. Her tongue began to drag back and forth an inch or so against his pulsing flesh. That strong, hot tongue pressed him tighter against the roof of her mouth, as she held her hot muzzle tight around him. Alps groaned long and low. She was sucking on him. Her head didn't move at all, she just pleasured him with her slow, methodical suckling, and strong, undulating tongue. He tightened his legs, enjoying every single sensation, texture, and motion of her tongue inside her hot muzzle. It took very little time at all before the wolf began to feel a familiar, wonderful sinking sensation in his loins.

"I... I'll orgasm." the slave warned, not certain if Nidaja would want what was about to happen to actually happen inside her mouth. He could not imagine she'd possibly want something like that. However, the white lupine ached all the way through with desire for release, and he didn't know how fast he would fall over the edge into his powerful climax. He felt close, though. The soft slurping sound his mistress was making was threatening even more to make him burst spontaneously over that heavenly stroking tongue. The beautiful female finally pulled her head up slowly, and smiled at her slave.

"Not yet, Alps." she said, just squeezing and massaging his length in her hand, letting him slip back away from the point of no return. Alps quivered. "I still have a little more to teach you tonight." Alps began to pant softly. He suddenly felt very hot.

"Do you... want me to warn you before I orgasm?" he asked as innocently as he could, using the new terminology he'd just learned. Nidaja licked his length slowly, caressing him lovingly with her careful and thorough tongue. She

whispered to him softly.

"Yes... warn me... let me know..." she said slowly. "But... Alps... I want you to cum on my tongue. I want you to let yourself orgasm while I use my mouth on you. You did for me, remember?" she said. Alps' heart hammered faster. That thought seemed so sinful, but so wonderful. So taboo and dark. He was being driven into almost feral, white-hot lust for the moment.

"What else... ahhh... nngh... What else do you need to teach me before that?" he asked, eager to release the pressure that had built up in his frenzied condition. Nidaja growled happily and playfully, making Alps' fur bristle more. The lupine female turned around slowly, and straddled over Alps' chest, and moved back a bit. Alps caught the incredibly strong scent of her arousal, and opened his eyes. Even in this near total dark, he could see her glistening slit, dewy, puffy, heavily laden with need, and ready for his tongue. He held back until given permission though.

"I will be teaching you pleasure priority." Nidaja said, licking Alps' shaft again, teasing the tip with her tongue. Her position had changed, so now, as she took his length in her mouth, the underside of his cock slid over her ribbed internal surface of her muzzle, and the sensitive tip of it ground tight against the back of her tongue. She teased him a little like this, and then spoke some more. "You will use your mouth on me as I use mine on you. You have to make me cum first. After I tell you I am cumming, you can cum too, okay?" the emerald lupine said. Alps groaned with need, fearing he'd not be able to hold back enough, especially while doing something so sexually gratifying to her at the same time. He put two and two together to know what 'cumming' actually meant though.

"I... I will try very hard." Alps said, feeling strange suddenly, that he was doing any of this at all. But his mind was set back to where it needed to be again by the feel of Nidaja's mouth taking him in again. Alps gritted his teeth, trembling, as he realized that he'd have to get started on her immediately if he was to last longer than his mistress. He pulled her back a little more, and pressed his cool, wet black nose-pad against the entrance of her sex. The white lupine slave stuffed his tongue into his new owner as if he was starving, and she was hiding some manner of food in that deep, tight passage. The pressure around his cock dropped like his own inhibitions as she moaned loudly, and rather than just holding still and suckling, her head started to bob up and down. Alps whined loudly as he pumped his tongue in and out of that tight, dripping mound.

Nidaja began to pant rather quickly. This was apparently a big turn-on to her. She was already getting really hot. This made Alps feel a little more confident. He tried to relax his legs a bit, wanting to outlast her. He didn't know if she'd punish him for failing this test, but he didn't care to find out. He just tried to

concentrate on what he was doing. Nidaja was very tight, and would clench on occasion, making it harder to pump his slowly tiring tongue in and out of her. This was a form of manual labor the slave simply was not used to! He found, however, that if he ground his tongue against the little swollen nub of flesh that was at the entrance of that slit, she would cry out or moan louder. He began to focus on that, switching between filling her with his tongue, and swirling his tongue on that spot. Nidaja seemed to desperately approve!

The slave's mind was a blur. There were a lot of emotions racing through him. He felt bonded to his new owner in a way much deeper than a lifetime of service to Chana. He wanted to do this for her always. He found himself genuinely wanting to make this female happy. She was so completely different from any life he'd ever known. Despite his tongue getting a little bit sore and tired, he kept right on rapidly flickering, grinding, and pumping it for her.

The one drawback to Alps' success in bringing Nidaja pleasure was the fact that she worked harder and faster and more passionately on his pleasure the closer she got to her orgasm. Alps' legs tightened, the sensations making him tense and relax uncontrollably, slowly rolling his hips, pressing himself into that deep, tight, hot muzzle eagerly. Nidaja's head bobbed up and down, her new slave's cock lancing into her muzzle with each motion, tugging slightly with how firmly she was suckling on it. Her breathing was hotter through her nose now, rapid and desperate. She rolled her hips as well, getting close. Alps whimpered against her sex, feeling that familiar tingling surge filling his body like a spreading wildfire.

There existed a very, very fine line between sexual pleasure, and the point where a climax was simply unavoidable in Alps. In pleasuring himself for years, any time he was safely alone, Alps thought he knew that line well, but Nidaja growled over his shaft as she gulped it down hard, suckling on it, as she tensed up. Alps' mind was pretty much wiped out from any real conscious thought in that moment. The only thing that raced through his mind was that she was going to cum for him. Nidaja was going to climax! Alps then gasped through his nose. His mind, swept away, had allowed him to overlook that paper thin line. Alps grunted out, almost in fear at its sudden arrival.

"NgOooh! Cumming! Oh-mistress-I'm- HuurrHNK!!" Alps desperately cried out so heavily, as he released harder than he'd ever felt before, spraying his thick, boiling load against Nidaja's ribbed palette. She sucked him down hard, rolling her hips, but Alps couldn't lick through his powerful climax, writhing weakly as she panted and drank him down between heaving breaths. The whimpering slave squirmed and twitched, realizing that he had failed his lesson. He'd climaxed first. Would his mistress be angry with him? He gritted his teeth, and whined a bit. Nidaja lifted her head, panting as well over his still twitching member. Alps felt so weak now.

"Mmmm... You came first." Nidaja said softly with an obviously mirthful smile. "It's okay. I expected that. You did very well though. I certainly was not holding back for your lack of experience" she said, writhing a bit, rolling her hips some more. Alps panted and spoke raggedly.

"I... am sorry..." he churred, panting heavily. "I... guess I need... to learn... to control myself... better..." Nidaja licked her lips rather loudly, and then turned around, growling a bit ferally, pinning Alps to the bed. A pang of fear rushed through him, as he felt he was about to be punished for not doing what he'd been told to do. Nidaja spoke through her teeth, in a tone that seemed actually pleasantly playful.

"Yes, but my slave needs to understand... that when he's done, it doesn't mean his mistress is." she rumbled, before reaching down under her hips, and lifting Alps' still twitching, mostly erect member. She pressed herself down on it, making Alps groan loudly as she took that over-sensitive length deep into her clenching hot sex. She ground tightly against him. Alps whined pitifully, the sensation of continued sexual attention being somewhat painful to him. The white wolf looked pleadingly into Nidaja's eyes as she gazed down at him.

"Oh by the light, so... hot... mmmph... is tingling..." Alps writhed heavily as he spoke in a low, weak voice. Nidaja was actually considerably stronger than him, especially now. He was still weak from his climax. He could still not really tell if Nidaja was, in fact, angry at him with how deep that growl of hers was. However, she kissed him passionately again before starting to grind on him heavily. Alps whimpered again, not from fear, but from oversensitivity. Pleasuring himself he never had any notion to go beyond his climax!

"Sorry about this Alps, but this is the only way to get your stamina up. You have to have good stamina... mmph..." Nidaja explained in her growling tone as she thrust herself up and down on him, just as she had their first time together. Alps tightened his legs and writhed underneath her. It was uncomfortable, but he didn't dare complain. "Oh light and beauty, yes..." Nidaja panted. "Good... I'm still close... ohhh yes..." The slave groaned softly and arched his back as he watched her lovely, shapely form bounce up and down on his trembling lap. She held her head up, graceful in her fluid motions at first, but eventually, beginning to jerk hard and fast, thrusting herself against him.

Alps could not believe he was even able to stay erect through this with how hypersensitive he was, but he did, and finally, he pressed his feet against the bed, and started thrusting upward into her eager strokes. Nidaja seemed to accelerate in her pleasure as Alps returned her hot thrusting. He slammed himself into her, wanting to finish her. He longed to make it happen rather than just make it through it. The discomfort had started to fade, and his erection had fully returned. His mistress held his shoulders, and finally, pace rapidly increasing, strokes harder and heavier, she pounded him mercilessly, which only

encouraged her slave even more.

Suddenly, the green-furred female went rigid, arching her back, and grasping her breasts, before crying out, yipping in a shrill, lustful voice. Alps felt his hips flooded with warm fluid from the lurching beautiful femme. She then pressed herself close to him, panting heavily, her body shuddering with her release. Alps groaned deeply, his heart racing again. It had really started to feel wonderful! Alps, swept away in the moment, did something far bolder than he thought he would ever try. He tolled Nidaja rather suddenly onto her back, pressing his body tight against hers, and lustfully resumed his powerful thrusting, slamming his throbbing, tightly swollen cock in and out of her gulping, convulsing tight heat fast and hard!

Nidaja squealed with surprise, and, music to Alps' ears, approval! She wrapped her arms around him as he slapped his body against hers, their fury forms thumping together hard and frantic. Alps had never felt so much desire, burning emotion, and intense pleasure in his life. This night kept revealing a new level of happiness and pleasure to him. The slave held his lurching, wrenching mistress tight as she counter-stroked against him, rubbing her soaking pussy against his crotch, grinding against him desperately on the in-stroke. Alps didn't seem to be at all interested in stopping or even slowing, his eyes drifting shut, as he listened to her pleasured cries.

Her pleasure and happiness. That's what he wanted. That was worth working hard for. The fear of punishment had always been enough before, but this was so much more powerful a means of control, for certain. Alps wanted to hear her cries of pleasure again. He felt himself drifting closer to his trigger-point again. Alps growled back to Nidaja, just as ferally as she'd done for him.

"Oh yes! Alps... Ah... Alps... harder! Harder!" Nidaja cried, seeming just as swept up in the moment as Alps was. "Make me cum again! I'm close!" she cried. Alps doubled his efforts, panting hard now, out of breath, dizzy, and loving every single second of it. "Don't stop!" came the shuddering cry. Alps found that knowing of her impending climax, and knowing when she was close to release made him a lot more aroused, and finished him a bit faster. He growled out in loud, furious desperation,

"Mistress! I'm gonna... cum again!..." His words were broken by hot, dry panting as he rolled his hips against hers. Nidaja pumped back just as desperately. She was hot, frantic, and the scent of sex had completely overwhelmed the room. Her slave's mind began to spin. It was all so much heat, so much action and passion. His heart sang for being able to enjoy this in his life at last. He had always been resigned that he's never know this pleasure from life, and now here he was, in very passionate, wonderful fully shared intimate contact!

"Now! Oh painted heavens, Alps - fill me! I'm cumming!" Nidaja wailed. She arched her back suddenly, the angle a little more difficult for Alps to pound into her with, but it was still enough. Hearing her climax, her jaw dropping, and a strangled cry of her explosive release, was all it took. Alps burst inside her tightly squeezing tunnel, lining her depths with his rich, hot streamers of potent opalescent lust. Alps groaned with a sinking, almost dying cry, as he squirted over and over again inside his new mistress. It felt to him like his tail was going to be pulled inside out from the force of it as he ground into her tightly, listening to cry after satisfied cry from Nidaja.

Time seemed to stretch out for a while, each second of pleasure melting into him, each rapid heartbeat feeling like the slow tick of a metronome, even though his blood was coursing like wildfire through his veins. He drew out of Nidaja slowly, and collapsed at her side heavily, his head swimming and his body tingling numbly all over. He felt absolutely wonderful. Nidaja rolled onto her side, and held Alps. The wolf lay, dazed and slightly confused as he struggled a while with consciousness.

This, and nothing else, was the high point to his entire magical evening. She held him. In all his memory, no one ever just held him. He felt safe and secure. He felt happy. Alps felt pleasure in his heart equal to what the rest of his body had already endured, and his very spirit was spent for Nidaja, as sleep took the sex-battered wolf at last.

## Sirius, Book I

### Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

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Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

### Chapter 3

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When Alps awoke again, it was already morning. In fact, the sun had been up for some time. The white lupine slave felt dizzy as he sat up, and was rather disoriented coming out of a very deep and satisfying sleep near the middle of the day. As a slave, he'd never been allowed to sleep so late! The memories of his previous night flooded back into him, and his fur fluffed as he quivered all over. Oh how wonderful it had been! What wonderful day this was already to greet him with such incredible memories of pleasure and joy!

He looked in the bed beside him. Nidaja was not there. That did not surprise him. Surely someone of her class and apparent power, wealth, and prestige had better things to do than lay in bed festering in sexual musk with a slave. The satisfied and cheerful slave got out of bed and put on his clothes with a little bit of a struggle. He had a few sore muscles that had simply not been used in quite the fashion they were last night, such as his inner thighs and tummy muscles. On weak and shaky legs, Alps went downstairs. Sure enough, his new mistress was happily eating breakfast in the tavern side of the inn. The slave sat down, swallowing back a lot of drool from the scent of this food. His old mistress used to let him watch her eat as he poured drinks for her. He knew better than to beg or even suggest that he might have a bite of "mistress food". That kind of thing could get him partly to mostly killed by Chana. Sexual exploration or not, he still knew his place as a slave. Alps sat down beside Nidaja silently. At her other side was another lady. She had gold and black fur, which was much longer than Nidaja's. She seemed about ten or fifteen years older, and a bit less athletic. The longer fur made her look softer and gentler than even Nidaja had been. Alps wondered if this lady knew his new mistress, sitting there beside her. He shifted his gaze between them, and swallowed back some more drool.

Rather unexpectedly, however, Nidaja ordered some food for Alps. Mistress food. A lot of it. There were things she ordered that Alps had never heard of. There was Detnai Beef Roast, Kurakh Stew, and a number of little snack-like things. They were all served to him, and he looked to Nidaja in confusion, and made a motion to eat something, without actually picking something up, fearing Nidaja would scold him. She did not, only nodding for him to eat. Alps ate as if it would be his last meal, just as he was used to doing. Some tea came for Alps, but he did not drink it. He found tea to be too bitter. Nidaja gave him some of her wine, which he drank only to wash down food when

he had trouble swallowing it, as fast as he was eating. Nidaja looked at him with calm introspection, frowned, and shook her head.

"You aren't used to good food, either, huh?" she asked.

Alps shrugged. He didn't want special treatment, but he seemed to be getting it anyway. After their meal, they went upstairs, and Nidaja ordered Alps to pack her things. This made him feel better. He was a slave. He was supposed to actually work. He did so very happily. It was the first time he could remember being so thrilled to complete a task for his mistress. The wolf tried to fold each thing perfectly, line things up neatly in the packs, and remember where everything he packed was in case she needed any of it quickly. He would not fail her ever if he could help it.

After they packed, they went out to the front of the inn, and approached a slink-drawn buggy. Slinks were long, massive hexapodal mink-like creatures that, with somewhat limited intelligence, acted as loyal beasts of burden and occasionally dangerous exotic pets to the rich and renowned. They were powerful, aggressive, and hard to win the trust of. Alps had always been rather afraid of slinks, and avoided them when anyone using one came into town. He'd never seen anyone who actually had two of them to draw one coach. It was a mark of valor and prestige if even one agreed to serve someone.

The coach itself was very large, a dull red or maroon color, and the gold and black-furred female he had seen beside Nidaja before was at the reigns. Perhaps she had spoken with Nidaja about transportation back to Diera. He was getting more and more of an impression that his new mistress was someone of importance with a great amount of wealth.

"Hello, Lady!" Alps greeted her kindly, with his head down in submission and respect. She smiled.

"Is this him?" she asked. Her voice was a bit softer than Nidaja's. She also had a bit of an accent, which reminded Alps of some of the local doctors. It was not really an accent of course. They just spoke with better diction than the average country-folk that the slave lived around. So, as a result, he associated the accent, or lack thereof, with intelligence. Alps felt her to be almost eerily intelligent as she spoke, even with as few words as she'd spoken.

"Right!" Nidaja chimed in answer. "I think he will be perfect!" Alps looked at the two females. They were smiling, so they probably had no ill intent. Still, it made him feel there might be some specific use for him that he had not been told yet. Did it have anything to do with last night? Would he be used like that for profit? He'd heard of slaves being trained to work with crafts or in mines or woodcutting camps to gain more money for their mistresses. He blushed, and smiled a bit, at the thought of having to do what he did last night as his primary

function. It would be tiring, but so pleasant...

"I thought you were kidding when you said he had white fur. He really does." the older female said softly, seeming to marvel. "Very fascinating... He looks like he's only about twenty summers. Does he perform well for being so young?" she asked. Alps flicked his ears nervously. Too young, and the white fur still haunted him. Would it mess things up now?

"I got five to his three." Nidaja answered cheerfully. Alps eyes widened. What were they talking about? Was it actually about him? Five to what three?

"That's pretty good." the driver responded, "I know you aren't easy to finish in bed. Always too high strung. He must have a pretty good natural endurance." Alps almost choked on his saliva mid-swallow. They were talking openly about last night! He stared at the two girls in near-horror. As badly as he'd been punished the first time Chana ever found him masturbating in his little room under the kitchen pantry, he had assumed that intimacy was a very private and sordid affair. The only times he'd ever seen it with his own eyes, the lovers engaged in it were hidden away in the forest near the town, secretive and quiet, and he'd not heard anyone speak openly of it before. He had assumed that it was deeply taboo. Was this not true?

"Oh, I'm sorry..." Nidaja said, chuckling softly, noticing the horror-stricken lupine staring at them silently, one ear flopped to the side. Nidaja waved to both the driver of the carriage, and to her new slave. "Misty, this is Alps, Alps, this is Misty Metsuko. Misty is one of my best friends. She is a medical doctor and a scholar and advisor. She is vacationing with me. Though of course, I have my own agenda on my vacation." Alps nodded in courteous greeting. He did not ask about his mistress' agenda though. As a slave, it was none of his business.

"Quiet, huh?" Misty asked. Nidaja frowned.

"Not always." she said. She looked curiously at Alps.

"Does she know... about... in the... inn?" Alps started uneasily. Why would Nidaja tell anyone about last night? She couldn't be proud of it. Alps was a slave. Even if they were close enough friends to talk about this sort of thing, slaves were for working. For being dirty so the hands of their mistress would not be soiled. They were not for intimate affection and passionate exploring in bed, he was pretty certain.

"Oh, Alps, don't be shy!" Misty laughed, "We're all your friends now. Besides, I am a medical doctor. I have to give you a exam later on this afternoon, and I would find out about last night during the exam anyway. Besides, you were contributing to Nidaja's psychological health last night by helping her work out some of her tension. It is helpful for me to know you are doing that. Nidaja had a

lot of fun. I am sure you feel nice today, though maybe a little sore. At least, you should if you did it right." Alps smiled. He wasn't terribly sore, now that he'd had something to eat and walked around a bit, but he could still feel every movement of his legs. He was a strong servant. He was used to working a lot harder than he did last night to please his mistress, even if no quite the same way. But Misty was right. The pleasure led to being sore, but it was a welcome sort of pain.

"C'mon!" Nidaja barked, jumping into the luxurious buggy. Alps followed her in to find it well decorated inside with a deep, long seat at the back. Nidaja and Alps sat beside each other in the seat. His mistress put her arms around him, and although he was excited for almost the entire trip, Nidaja only kissed him a few times, and asked him if he might be able to perform as well that night. Alps said he could. And he very genuinely meant it.

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It was a long journey by any account, but especially so for someone who was promised a reward of pleasure at the end of it, but as the sun began to set, they made it to Jalana, a port town pretty far southwest of Luca. Alps had been here before, but it took three days to get there on foot. The coach had been very fast! They got out of the vehicle and checked into the large, fancy inn that it had stopped in front of. Alps walked up to the room, followed by Nidaja and Misty. Misty and Alps entered the room, but Nidaja did not. She told her two lupine companions she was going to eat something and freshen up. Alps' mistress gave Misty permission to give the young slave his medical exam. She closed the door and Alps and Misty were alone.

The lupine doctor smiled confidently and professionally at the awkward slave. Alps looked back curiously. He had never had a medical exam. Alps knew that Chana hated going to the doctor. Did they hurt? Would Misty hurt Alps now that Nidaja was not here? Maybe that's why she didn't want to stay. She didn't want to watch the torture that was about to take place. However, Alps would behave, and do as he was told now. He didn't want to disappoint his mistress by having Misty complain to her about his reactions. The slave trembled a bit, and gazed at the doctor. She looked very regal. She wore a gray robe tied at the waist with a green belt. It looked like it was made of silk. She seemed, like Nidaja, to be rather wealthy.

Alps looked around the room. It was much larger, and much nicer than the one they stayed at in Luca, which Alps was certain had to be the nicest room in the entire town. He began to wonder exactly what the two of them did for a living, to be so well-to-do. It was common that only the wealthy had slaves, but they seemed to have even more money to throw around than the regional matriarch of Luca. Were they matriarchs to Jalana? Or perhaps another larger town? Were there many towns larger than Jalana? The city itself was massive,

easily bigger than twenty Luca town centers for just it's main commerce center. Or maybe Chana just never cared to experience any of the finer things in life. That, to Alps, seemed more likely. He looked at Misty again.

She sat down on the bed and took out a clipboard with a form on it and filled out the personal information on Alps using his title deed. Alps continued looking around the room. One bed. He shuddered and his fur fluffed out happily. It would happen again tonight. Nidaja would make love to him again. He really was looking forward to that. He'd never enjoyed anything so much in his life.

Finally, Misty began to ask questions. They were all relevant. Had he ever had pneumonia. Yes. Several times. Errands he ran could be cold and wet, and he did not own a coat. Had he ever broken a bone. Yes, eleven of them from various 'disciplinary actions' taken by his previous owner. Had he ever received medical treatment for any of the above stated reasons? No. After a few more medical history questions, Misty stood up.

"Take off your clothes and sit on the bed." she said firmly. Alps slipped out of his clothes, confused. This was part of his exam, right? He wished he had been examined by a doctor before, so he would know, and not misread her intentions. Misty approached him and looked into his eyes very closely. She wrote something down on the form. Alps couldn't read, so he wasn't sure what it was about. It made him nervous. Misty checked his ears and mouth as well. The doctor stood back a little bit, and gazed at Alps, taking in his full view. He watched her curiously in return, finding her very beautiful, even if almost old enough to have been his mother.

"Is everything okay?" Alps asked softly. Misty smiled and nodded slightly.

"I have just... never seen someone with solid white fur before." she said softly. "I mean... I have heard of it. It's just so rare that it's possible that, at any given time, there are not more than one or two individuals with white fur alive in the world at the same time." she said. "And it seems entirely random. Your parents most likely had normal-looking fur. I think at least one of them might have been an Emerald though." she said.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Your eyes." She replied, "Violet eyes are particular to the Emerald Amanian tribe. The combination of Emerald tribe features, and whatever your other parent was... it's very..." she paused for a moment, gazing at Alps. He slicked his ears back a little.

"Weird? Uncanny? Freakish?" he asked, knowing what was usually said next.

"Beautiful." Misty said, cutting him off before he could make another guess. Alps clenched his jaw shamefully. He'd never been called that before. He swallowed. The confused slave felt a rush of happiness shoot through him. Was it only Chana? Was it only Luca? What did the rest of the world hold in store for him now that he had broken away? Misty reached out and stroked his face tenderly. Contact. Loving contact. Just like Nidaja. He craved it. Alps loved it. However, he was actively trying not to become excited. Unfortunately, it was too late. Thinking of Nidaja and that one bed earlier had sealed his fate, and swollen his shaft. The doctor looked down into his lap and smiled.

"I... I'm sorry. I can't help it." Alps said innocently. "Mistress... Nidaja leaves a lasting... impression." he said, very sincerely.

"I do not excite you, then?" Misty asked. Alps frowned, thought a moment about the possible repercussions of answering this question honestly, and then nodded.

"You do." he answered, meekly, fearing punishment from his mistress if she caught him like this. "You're very pretty, and I'm completely exposed to you. Nothing at all to hide. And your obvious wisdom..." the wolf paused a moment. Talking about it only made it worse. He could hardly think of what to say, trying to force his heart to quit racing. "It... Makes me want to trust you, and just.. Give in."

"It's okay, I'm really flattered." the doctor answered. She was silent for a while, writing, then sat back down on the bed. She touched Alps' knee. Alps swallowed. Surely she wasn't thinking about...

"Are you testing my reflexes?" Alps asked curiously. He always thought it was done with a little hammer. That's how the priestess did it at the orphanage, when filling out his auction paperwork.

"Alps..." Misty said softly. He looked the lovely female in the eyes, truly in the eyes for the first time. They were a passionate emerald green color with flecks of gold which he could see from how close she was to him. "Umm... Nidaja said you... ahh... licked her off last night. Did you really do that?" Alps gasped. Nidaja told her everything! Everything! He nodded, further excited by the topic, even if a bit afraid as well. Misty shuffled her feet a little bit. She seemed nervous.

"Very few males will do that for a girl. They generally think it's disgusting. Do you? Did you only do it because you felt Nidaja expected you to, or did you really want to?" Alps frowned again, confused.

"I liked it." he said honestly, "I don't know why I did it. I had not done it before. But, it was a lot of fun. I didn't think it was gross at all. I liked the sounds

she made. It made me feel... Umm... Privileged." He said, not certain he could really explain how it made him feel at all. It was the best feeling he'd ever known. How does one express that but to say it felt like the most wonderful thing they had ever known? Misty shuffled again.

"I... I've never had that done to me." she said softly.

"Never?" Alps asked, beginning to think he knew where this was going. His heart hammered rapidly now, and he felt a pit in his stomach from growing anxiousness.

"Never." she said regretfully. There was a long silence. Alps smiled. She was shy. She didn't want to come right out and ask. The thought of pleasuring this middle-aged beauty gripped Alps' mind. He could scarcely think of anything else at this point. But he belonged to Nidaja. Surely there were rules concerning this. Did Nidaja know that Misty might ask for this? What would she say? Would she allow it?

"Would you like to experience it?" Alps asked, feeling almost dizzy from arousal and his own boldness, and slight fear. The doctor looked at the floor silently. It was an awkward silence, but, she finally slowly nodded. Alps decided not to embarrass her more with more questions, and got on his knees in the floor in front of Misty. She looked at him inquisitively. The slave looked back lustfully. She smiled and slowly, carefully grasped the bottom of her robe, looking about as if someone might be watching in the shadows. She slid it up over her waist teasingly and cautiously to reveal the alluring view beneath. She hadn't worn undergarments either. She spread her slender thighs a bit, so that her mound, covered in a modestly shorter gold fur, spread a bit, revealing those warm, pink puffy petals.

By her timid, innocent expression, Alps gathered that the lady wasn't used to this kind of open sexual behavior. He leaned forward and kissed her right on the delicate flower of her sex. She gasped and smiled, an almost nervous grin, her teeth showing. Alps kissed her a few more times, using just his lips on her warming, swelling labia, and rubbing Misty's swelling clit with his cool, wet nose pad. She remained sitting up, watching through half shut eyes. The slave felt a shot of fear run through him. Would Nidaja be angry if she returned and found him doing this? Would she punish him? He decided that he wanted to let her feel this enough that it didn't really matter. Nidaja had not told him any rules regarding this, and this would be a breach of Misty's trust, not his. He was not the only one at fault. Somehow, given the older lupine female's intelligence, he doubted she was taking a chance on something that would enrage the more physically capable Nidaja.

Alps pressed his lips firmly against the lady's slit and pressed his tongue against her clit. He slid his tongue in and out gently, touching the sweet spot and

nuzzling her between the legs. After a little while of this, the gold-furred doctor began to breathe deeper, and give the occasional tremble of arousal. Her scent too, was peaking, showing she was ready for pleasure, a similar scent to Nidaja last night, when she finally took Alps fully. Alps slid his tongue deep inside her and moved it around for a little while, almost lazily, exploring. Misty moaned out loud, finally, and laid on her back with a soft 'fumph' onto the bed, spreading her legs some more.

The slave-lupine licked her hard and deep now, wanting to taste this gorgeous older lupine's impassioned essence. Was it always the same? Sweet and tangy like Nidaja's? He licked her faster and quite loudly, and she began to moan periodically, a little louder now. Alps heard the door open. He lifted his head. It was Nidaja. The slave wanted to smile innocently, and let Nidaja understand that he was, in a way, asked to do this for her. His heart raced from arousal, and also from fear, now that he'd been caught wet-tongued. Misty moaned in protest to the break in sexual activity, and pulled the slave's head back between her legs.

"It's okay Alps, don't mind me." Nidaja said cheerfully. Alps cautiously resumed his licking. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Nidaja gazed at him. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse and slipped out of her skirt. Alps moaned, a tingle running through his entire body. Both of them. He was going to bring pleasure to both of them tonight, having only lost his virginity yesterday. He felt suddenly a little light-headed with lust, but continued.

Alps lapped Misty's clit with quick, powerful strokes. He felt her muscles begin to jerk with each lap. He suddenly slammed his tongue inside her and suckled hard on her clit, trying something new seemed like a good idea to Alps. Perhaps it was a good way to get better at this, and make himself more valuable to his mistress. If he could bring her friend pleasure too, surely she would want Nidaja to keep Alps around! The wolf felt greedy considering this, but it was a life he wanted now, and he was fearful of any change indirection. His attention to her folds and throbbing clit were fruitful as the doctor moaned long and loud.

"Faster!" she hissed, her thighs beginning to move in time with his tongue. Nidaja got up, scooted along the bed, and sat down on her knees beside Alps in the floor.

"No!" she whispered in his ear, "Slow down. Make her wait for it. Tease her with your tongue." Alps slowed down, licking hard but slow. Misty moaned in desperation. "Yea, that's it, make her ache for it to happen!" Nidaja continued to whisper. This actually made the slave even more aroused! Nidaja was telling Alps exactly what to do to better pleasure Misty. The willing slave did as he was told, licking Misty's clit slowly and evenly. He could not understand why Nidaja was telling him what to do, however. He could only guess that since she was a lady, she knew what felt good, and wanted her friend to enjoy it, since this was

her first experience of this kind. It seemed a reasonable guess at least. He then considered a more likely possibility again. She was using her friend as a training aide, to teach Alps what she herself liked! That must be it! The wolf growled hotly, determined to commit each stroke of his tongue to memory for his mistress.

"N-Nidaja?..." Misty panted, "Oh.. Ohhoo.. Make him speed up...Please!" Alps continued licking slowly and evenly. The doctor started pumping her thighs faster in effort to make Alps' tongue pass across her clit faster. She pulled her cloak the rest of the way off, overheating a bit, and hastily threw it in the floor. Alps gazed intently at her solid nipples. Her breasts were larger than Nidaja's, bouncing a bit as she lurched against his tongue heatedly. They seemed so very perky for someone possibly even twice his age. Alps wanted to lick them. He continued, however, exactly as his mistress demanded.

"Hold her thighs still and lick her deep, hard, and slow." Nidaja instructed. Alps grabbed the female's waist to keep her from pumping and slipped his tongue inside the panting, sex-tortured female. He held it still, feeling the doctor's inner muscles tensing and relaxing as she continued to try humping his tongue. Alps pulled his tongue most of the way out and slid it back in, rubbing Misty's rigid clit as hard as he could. She moaned loud and low as the white lupine continued to do this.

"Nidaja...Make him.. Ooohhhh..." Misty's pleas were cut off by what sounded like a moan of agony to Alps. He watched the lady as she writhed and tensed, gasping and moaning, begging for relief. Her hands both moved to her chest and she tickled and pinched her nipples lustfully. Alps really wanted to relieve her. She seemed to really be suffering. Nidaja seemed to sense his concern.

"It's okay." she whispered, grasping Alps' cock almost casually and spreading semen on her fingers, sending shivers down his spine, and nearly making him climax from the sudden unexpected rush of sensation through him. "She's in a different kind of pain, that only she could understand right now. She wants to cum, but she also doesn't want her current feeling to stop. Now, slide one of your fingers inside her, and lick that spot I showed you while slowly sliding your finger in and out of her." His mistress commanded. Alps pushed his index finger about half way in and began sliding it in and out, licking the doctor's clit slow and hard, in tracing circles.

"Ohh... ohh.. Harder-huh... Faster... Ohh, please... I want it now!!!" Misty shouted, breathlessly. Alps shuddered, feeling a heavy weight, and a tingle in his balls. At this rate, even if nothing was near his cock when this sexy doctor came, he would explode with her. Misty grabbed Alps' head and began rubbing his nose frantically against her pussy. Alps struggled free, stopping for a second. Misty moaned in distress, rubbing her sex with her palm.

"Don't stop!" Nidaja said in a gasp. Alps looked to his side at her. She was on all fours, masturbating with the hand she had moistened on his cock. "Use your middle finger." she whispered, "It goes deeper. Finger her slow, but lick her fast. When she's ready to cum, take out the finger and lick her like you're starving to death."

Alps complied. Misty moved her hand and started moaning and gasping instantly as Alps' middle finger probed her hot, wet channel. He used just the finger, with slow, deliberate strokes for a second, then began licking her clit hard and fast.

"Yes!!" the gold-furred female shrieked, grabbing her breasts, then rubbing them, her belly, her face, anything she could put her frantic hands upon as she moaned in anticipation. Alps patiently slid his finger in and out as she writhed and moaned quite profane demands. Nidaja had stopped masturbating for a moment and watched intently. Alps wondered if his new owner had actually planned the whole thing. Was Misty perhaps paying for the use of Nidaja's new servant? She looked like she could certainly afford it.

Alps felt Misty's muscles jerk tight. It was happening. He pulled out his finger and pressed his face ravenously into her pussy. He almost choked as her warm juices poured out, running down his neck and mixing in the fur on his chest as her hips bucked hard against him. Her climax was a lot wetter than Nidaja's, but he'd never made Nidaja wait like he just did with this one. Misty released a night-shattering howl as the second wave of liquid greeted Alps. He continued to lick hungrily. She tasted decidedly differently. A little more tart than Nidaja.

Misty, out of breath, but still being pounded by an orgasm which seemed to have no end, just twisted and gasped, clutching her breasts and slowly humping Alps' face. Nidaja caressed Alps' tummy, and then his cock, with slow, gentle strokes, back and forth with her wet hand. Alps groaned and whined softly into Misty's sex. The green-furred lupine spoke softly.

"Very good Alps. You have to learn to take your time pleasuring, since a little bit of waiting can make the difference between a good orgasm, and a great orgasm... now... for the next lesson..." Nidaja tugged his ears gently, pulling him away. Misty was still panting and writhing. Nidaja grabbed the other lady's leg and turned her onto her belly at the edge of the bed.

"No... No... Please don't..." Misty whimpered, obviously still in the throes of climax. Nidaja jerked Alps' cock a couple of times, causing him to hump reflexively. She used her hand to glaze his organ with his own semen. Alps felt so hot, and so very ready.

"Mount her now, Alps." his owner said coldly, but still wearing a smile. "Do

it slow and deep." Alps looked at Misty. She was still gasping for air. The older female was unbelievably still cumming. The poor lady couldn't move. She shook her head weakly.

"She doesn't want me to." Alps said innocently. He gazed at Nidaja's dripping sex. He could mount her, though. He would not complain at all about that.

"Just do what I tell you, Alps!" she hissed. Alps swallowed. She was forcing him to... rape? He shook his head. No, the doctor would not be here if she was afraid of being taken by force. He looked at Misty. Still in ecstasy, jerking helplessly from climactic aftershocks, she was paralyzed. She moaned and whimpered as Alps stood up and approached her. She was laying on her chest with her legs hanging over the edge of the bed. The slave held her thighs and moved into position, kneeling slightly. Nidaja moved the advisor's thick, fluffy golden tail, tipped in black fur, out of the way.

"No... Don't..." Misty moaned. Alps gritted his teeth. He was only following orders. He pressed the head of his cock between the older female's swollen labia. She gasped and managed to close her legs tightly.

"Push hard, Alps." Nidaja said icily, "Get it all the way in. Do it slow and hard." Alps shut his eyes, gritted his teeth, and pressed hard. The pre-cum Nidaja had rubbed on his cock allowed it to slip, though difficultly, between her clamped and shivering legs, which she held still tighter together. He moaned as he felt half of his cock enter her hot, convulsing pussy. Misty cried out in apparent pain.

Alps held still and looked at Nidaja. She had climbed onto the bed and laid on her belly, her arm tucked underneath her as she manipulated her clit with her fingers. She had an intense, but highly interested and pleased expression on her face. While this was serious to her, she was still really enjoying it. Alps pulled his cock out a little and slid it back in. Misty cried out again.

"Nidaja..." Alps moaned. Nidaja looked at him with clenched teeth.

"Get it as deep as you can!" she gasped, "Keep it slow, though." Alps shut his eyes and pressed his rock hard shaft as deep as he could, but Misty's closed legs kept him from getting too far. Alps leaned over the lady lupine, holding himself up with his hands on the bed. He began to slowly screw Misty, as she moaned and whimpered. He felt guilty and cruel, but somehow, it excited him too. He was getting closer to an orgasm. He wondered to himself, silently, what in the world was this supposed to be teaching him?

Slowly, Misty's complaints became less and less frequent. Eventually, she began to pant, though still holding her legs like a vice. Alps ears perked up as

she issued a moan, not of pain, but of obvious pleasure. Alps watched Nidaja as he pumped two thirds of his thick, pulsing cock in and out of Misty's tight body. Though older than Nidaja, she was easily twice as tight around him. Nidaja was on her hands and knees again, masturbating a little faster than before. Alps watched silently as she began to slowly hump her hand.

Suddenly, he felt his entire cock swallowed up by Misty's throbbing pussy. She moaned ecstatically. Alps held his position for a second. As he had slowly withdrawn his twitching organ, Misty had spread her legs, letting all of it in on the next motion. She lifted her head a little.

"Ohhh.. Don't stop..." she moaned weakly. Alps gasped. She was hornier than ever. He gritted his teeth as he started thrusting his cock inside her. He couldn't hold back. He began thumping his meat into the gasping, moaning, soft-furred lady as hard and briskly as he could, panting heavily. Nidaja squealed with delight at the change of pace and mood. Misty rolled her hips against Alps' thrusting rather lewdly, gripping the bed with both hands tightly!

After only a minute or two her muscles tightened and she gasped, holding rigid as her pussy contracted hard on his cock. She was cumming again! She seemed to try to howl again, but all that came out was a strangled grunt. This orgasm didn't last very long, but it was mostly because Misty passed out in the middle of it. The eagerly thrusting slave didn't notice right away that she'd gone totally limp. Alps, very near his own orgasm, humped the unconscious female mercilessly. He shot a glance at Nidaja. She was lying on her back now, hammering her hand against her pussy furiously.

The white-furred slave finally realized, as he ground his cock deep into the female he was mating, that she didn't moan anymore. Alps looked at her heavily breathing, but very still form. He canted his head. Was she sleeping? He didn't want to do this to her while she was trying to sleep. He reached up her body, and tilted her head. She didn't respond. The wolf looked to Nidaja curiously, not sure what he'd done.

"She's... passed out." Nidaja panted, strumming hard and fast. "A good orgasm... Mmmph... or two can do that. She's in a... real happy state now, Alps. Would you... care to finish me off? I am... definitely ready for it." Alps groaned deeply. Hell yeah, he would finish Nidaja! Alps jerked his throbbing organ out of his unconscious partner and pounced his mistress on the bed. She grabbed his shoulders with both hands, leaving herself wide open.

"Thank you, mistress!" Alps cried gratefully.

"Oh... Oh Alps!" The lovely lupine female grabbed his cock in an attempt to maneuver it to her begging slit. Alps gasped as his hot, white fluid jetted out with great force and volume... all over Nidaja's belly. He couldn't contain it! She

yelped as he slammed his already gushing cock into her hot, wet sex. He would not DREAM of depriving his mistress. She moaned frantically as he pressed it in deep, the slave climaxing harder than ever before.

Suddenly, Nidaja's muscles tightened. In a mere three or four hard strokes, she was climaxing too! The green-furred lady arched her back, pressing herself hard into Alps. It was painful to continue thrusting beyond his orgasm, but Alps pumped his thighs with great speed and force, until Nidaja's last gasp of ecstasy was heard. The slave and his mistress both panted heavily, exhausted and out of breath. He heard a dull thud. Misty had slid onto the floor. Alps rested his full weight on Nidaja.

"Ohhhh...Sweet.. Gahh.." he moaned, unable to voice his feeling any other way.

"That was fun..." Nidaja panted, holding Alps shuddering body on top of her. The white slave looked into her violet eyes, with those violet eyes of his own. He said, breathlessly,

"What... was that last lesson... about again?" Alps asked. Nidaja panted and looked at him blankly for a little while before saying, meekly,

"I.. I have.. honestly.. completely forgotten."

They both laughed happily and heartily, holding each other for a long time before drifting to sleep, cuddled close. Alps still liked the cuddling the most.

## Sirius, Book I

*Diera*

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

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### Chapter 4

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A sleepy white lupine slave sat up, a little disoriented. Morning already? Alps looked out the window. Sure enough, the sun was already high in the sky. He looked around quietly. Nidaja and Misty were gone, the slightly tangy scent of their fun last night hanging thick on the sheets. Alps lifted his nose. Something else on the air too... Breakfast. Memories flooded back in about the food he had eaten the day before. Even the snacks and packed meal he'd had while on the coach, far better than a birthday repast when he'd lived with Chana. Those memories of delicious food coming back to him, he realized suddenly that he was so hungry!

He dressed hastily in his tattered cut-off pants and green vest, which still hung loosely from his shoulders, perhaps a size too big over his thin frame. The lupine slave dashed downstairs. Nidaja and Misty were already sitting at the table talking. They were alone other than the waitress, who was busy in the kitchen. Another memory of last night slapped him, and Alps hid around a corner so he could listen to the conversation. He wanted to make sure Misty was not angry with him. He was still feeling guilty about last night. He had taken the poor doctor by force. She could not have been happy about it, even if her body responded well to the treatment and allowed her to climax again. Nidaja was the one speaking.

"No, he didn't, " she said dreamily, "He pulled out and painted my tummy, then finished me. You passed out and I guess he felt it was wrong somehow to burst on you when you were out cold."

Alps choked. He didn't really expect the conversation to be about him that very moment! The slave blushed deeply and continued to listen. He felt so dark spying on them like this, but he did it all the time with Chana, working near her on some mundane chore to hear her talk to friends about news around the town, or just to get a feel for her mood at the time to know if it was safe to approach her for a task list, or even for his meal.

"I hope he didn't get upset..." Misty said softly. "He might have really looked at that as some kind of rape. He's a very loyal servant to have bounced me anyway, just because you demanded it. It's true; I didn't want it at first. It hurts like hell to lose your virginity, so I was afraid to go all the way." Alps' jaw

dropped. "Actually, it didn't hurt too much. I guess it's because I was still tingling from the washout I had before. I still can't believe you forced him to... Oh Nidaja, you're one sick puppy." The green-furred female laughed heavily. Alps swayed back and forth a bit, stunned. Nidaja made Alps take Misty's virginity? She was a virgin at her age?

"You needed every bit of what you got last night, and don't you deny it!" she cackled. The hiding lupine swallowed. That was very daring of his mistress. He assumed that, since they had obviously been friends a while, however, that Nidaja knew how Misty would react. Alps went ahead and approached so he'd not be caught spying. He was relieved to find Misty in good spirits after being pounded like she was last night.

"Alps!" Misty piped. She patted a chair, motioning for Alps to sit beside her.

"Hi Misty..." Alps said uncomfortably. He still did it, even if she didn't mind it now. He sat down and looked at the floor.

"About last night Alps..." Misty said kindly. Alps looked into her eyes. She froze, unable to speak. Finally, she leaned forward and kissed him. Alps looked at her curiously. "Thanks." she sighed. "I needed that. I kept putting off relationships to study some unknown field of science or medicine so that I never even got a chance for a decent roll in the hay with anybody. I just don't... want to commit the time to a relationship with someone because I know I would not give them enough attention, and I would only break their heart by ignoring them in my studies. I don't want you feeling guilty about what you did to me, Nidaja told you to do it, and you should be proud that you would shuck your inhibitions to follow your mistress' orders. Once we get home, I was wondering if it would be okay if I... borrowed you once in a while... maybe once a month. Just for fun, like last night. I could use the break in the monotony from time to time. I feel so light-hearted today."

Alps stared at the once again regal looking lady. She just asked him to service her regularly... in a public place. Would the novelty of this kind of attention ever wear out, he wondered? The slave nodded. He would do it, if his owner didn't mind.

"Are you hungry Alps?" Nidaja asked. Alps nodded again so briskly that he had to catch himself for a moment to make the world slip back into focus. He was famished. Sex left him hungrier than a day of hard labor for his previous owner. The waitress stepped up to the table. She eyed Alps a little skeptically, canting her head slightly from side to side, sizing him up. Alps felt a pang of shame once again. He didn't think about it with Misty and Nidaja anymore, so he'd amazingly almost forgotten. He stuck out like a sore thumb. And most people didn't like him, just on sight.

"He'll look the same at the end of the day, I promise." Nidaja said coldly, glaring at the young, tan-furred waitress. "You will be so incredibly excited to serve him, I assure you." Alps had never heard Nidaja's voice sound that commanding with even the most serious orders she'd given him. The waitress gasped and blinked, staring at the green lupine female.

"Oh! He... He's with you, Lady Nidaja? I... I do apologize!" she stammered. She looked at Alps, and wore a pained expression, as if she'd made a very grave mistake. "You'll have your work cut out for you, sir." she said pleadingly. "This one's on the house. What'll you have?" Alps blinked softly. Nidaja had just taken up for him. He'd never had anyone do that before. He held up the menu and asked Nidaja what he would like. He'd never had the choice, and besides... he could not read.

Nidaja ordered a few things off the menu. Lots of protein. A lot of meat and eggs. Obviously, he would need his strength, but also, since Chana didn't much care to feed him regularly, Alps needed to gain some weight to look healthy. He'd been fed a bit more, and worked a little less hard in the weeks that led up to his auction, but his ribs were still pretty easy to make out, even through fur.

"We'll start across the ocean today." Nidaja said as they waited to be served. "Do you like boats?" she asked. Alps shrugged.

"I've never been on one." he said.

"Oh, I hope you don't get seasick." Misty said. Alps looked at her curiously. Seasick? That didn't sound like much fun.

"Don't worry, if you do, Misty can help you. She can relieve that sort of thing easily. I know. I used to be awful on a boat." Nidaja said helpfully.

"Still, it's very unpleasant, and I hope he doesn't need to be treated for it." Misty sighed.

The ladies were served. They had placed their orders some time before Alps arrived, it seemed. Alps waited patiently on his food. Nidaja let him taste her tiamac, which he had never tried. It was too spicy for him. He needed a sip of her wine after a bite of it. Later Alps was served his roast arman and jagassa eggs. He had no idea what kind of animals they were from, and he almost completely did not care. Nidaja had never tried the eggs, and so taste tested them, only to say they were too bland, drowning her portion with sauce from her tiamac. Alps thought they tasted fine, and bolted them habitually. His meal, despite being served last, didn't make it through half of Nidaja or Misty's. The two females actually slowed down eating as they watched almost fearfully at Alps decimating

his breakfast.

After they ate, they grabbed their things (they had not unpacked) and left the inn. The port city was, at its most populated center against the ocean, rows and rows of three and four-story buildings arranged in neat, tight rows descending down a gentle slope to the seaside like fingers stretching to the edge of town in dense spokes of roads filled with activity and constant lupine life of all classes and races. After about an hour of travel on the busy streets of Jalana, Misty, Alps, and Nidaja came to a dock. A small, but impressive schooner was there, being prepped for departure. It looked very expensive, and was even fitted with metal banding. This ship would survive ocean battle. Was this a possibility while sailing with Nidaja, Alps wondered?

"Is this our boat?" the young white lupine asked incredulously.

"It is." Nidaja said proudly, "The Emerald Queen, one of the finest vessels on the water."

Alps cocked his head. The name seemed familiar. Where had he heard it before? Chana had mentioned it before, perhaps, in one of the conversations Alps had listened in on. If even he knew about it, it *had* to be one of the best ships in the world. Alps sighed nervously and walked across the gangplank. He didn't know what this seasickness they spoke of was, so he had slightly expected to become violently ill the moment he came in contact with the boat.

The boat itself was a lot more solid than Alps thought it would be, as solid as the upstairs portion of any inn or house he had ever been in. Upon his getting on board, he was greeted by two females. One was very short, coming only to his chest, with jet black fur. She was incredibly muscular, and had bright, cheerful green eyes. This girl was scantily clad, though. Her legs and arms and belly were entirely bare. In fact, the outfit she had on seemed to be no more than a single piece of silk, run across her chest in an 'x' pattern to just barely cover her breasts, then wrapped around her waist, and then ran between her legs in a thin 'v'. She wore a belt, and, on the belt, a small, but brutally sharp-looking hand axe. Her hair, also a glossy jet black, flowed tauntingly in the sea breeze. She was very lovely, Alps noted, and he cast his attention to the other lady.

She was a little taller than he was, by several inches. Her size was a stark contrast to the black lupine female, just as much as her build. Slender and graceful, she also seemed a little older than the other. She had gray fur, but it was even shorter than Alps' fur, a mere velvet over her sculpted, slender body. This made her look almost wet in the sunlight, the contoured fur tracing her form like peach skin. She wore a simple chemise with dagged sleeves. It was very elegant. She also wore a belt, on which was attached a simple short sword. Alps silently wondered why there would be need for armed escorts. The gray female's hair was tied in a long pony tail which rested over the front of her shoulder, her

hair longer than any of the other girls, coming almost to her waist. She was also a little curvier than the others. Her hips were wide and tempting, and her breasts subjected the loose chemise with more pressure than it was designed for. Alps made the mental note that she too was beautiful. It was a very nice day to be Alps' eyes. He and his companions got on board.

"Welcome back, Nidaja!" the black-furred female said cheerfully.

"Did you enjoy your vacation?" the other asked.

"I had a great time." Nidaja answered. Misty left for some other part of the ship, dragging her belongings. She was feeling sleepy from the meal earlier, and had mentioned wanting to take a nap a few times on the walk to the boat.

"Who is this?" the short one asked. Nidaja smiled.

"This is my personal servant in training. His name is Alps." She answered.

"Alps?" the short one repeated. "Hi, my name is Uri. This is Misha." she pointed to her taller, bustier friend, who was rubbing her chin, looking a bit at a loss for words as she gazed at Alps. The white fur again, he was sure. At least she wasn't sneering in disgust at him. "We're in charge of the general's safety on her ocean voyages." Alps cocked his head.

"General?" he asked, confused, "What general?" He looked around. He had no idea they'd be traveling with important people. Then again, it would explain the boat and the armed escort, for certain. He suddenly realized that he didn't even know where they were going other than to Diera. A home? A base? It hadn't really been discussed. Alps was beginning to like travel no matter *where* they were taking him. It was fun seeing and experiencing so many new things. He was looking forward to each new day more and more, even if they intended to make him work hard for the rest of his life. He was getting to see and experience so many new things in the process. He wondered if now he'd get to meet an actual general.

When he snapped out of his pondering thoughts, Alps found that Uri was giving him a weird look. He thought for a minute about what he might have said to get that response. Suddenly, reality and realization hit Alps as if the town had simply been dropped on him. The Emerald Queen. That was the name of the flagship of the Amanian navy. The personal cruise vessel of General Razelle. This renowned tactician and skilled fighter was the queen's own beloved sister. What had Chana called her? Oh yes - that was it! She had called her General Ni...da...ja. Alps heart almost stopped beating. He slowly turned his head and looked at Nidaja. She looked back innocently.

"I thought you knew." she said. "I mean... my likeness is on the stamps

your mistress would have placed on the statements you had to carry to the courier's office." Alps staggered backward a step or two. General Nidaja Shera Razelle, the head general of the Amanian defense forces. In times of emergency, she held power beyond the queen herself. She had never been bested in combat, so the rumor went. She controlled the lives of almost a hundred thousand lupines that were in the Amanian army. All the information Chana had spoken of concerning the general flooded back into his mind. She was one of the most powerful and most highly regarded individuals of his lifetime. And Alps was now her personal property.

He reeled back further as a memory smashed into him like the waves against the docks. They slept together. He had thumped the general of the Amanian defense force like a bitch in heat a couple nights in a row. He had even deflowered Misty. Misty Metsuko, the queen and general's advisor. Even more information came rushing in like storm winds through a shutterless window. Yes. There were six lupine females in the Amanian High Council. All of them were female, of course, since their society was heavily matriarchal.

Alps cringed again. He had just pleasured the willing flesh of a third of the High Council! He suddenly felt weak in the knees, and a little sick. The trembling slave looked desperately at Nidaja. He should have been bowing and scraping from the moment he laid eyes on her! He had not even been formal enough as a slave with her, because of how intimate she had been with him. He'd been very relaxed, even more so than he might have been with another slave, met on the street. This had been a grievous error! No wonder Chana backed up when Nidaja got on stage! Everything made perfect sense now! He fell to his knees. He was in the presence of royalty!

"I'm so terribly sorry, m'lady." Alps said loudly, keeping his head down. "I didn't know!" He looked at the general pleadingly. She looked completely stunned.

"Geeze, cut it out, you act like you slept with her! She's pretty easygoing, she'll forgive you." Uri laughed. Alps cringed again and looked away. His reaction to the statement was very noticeable.

"Oh my god!" Misha cried in astonishment. "Nidaja you didn't!" Uri gazed at the emerald female.

"You didn't!" the black-furred lupine repeated in a whisper, aghast. Nidaja smiled smugly.

"Shit, you did." Misha said in defeat. Alps' heart sank. Had he betrayed Nidaja by making it so obvious what he'd done? It was all going too fast now! He perked his ears and looked up as Misha and Uri began to laugh, and pat Nidaja on the shoulders. Nidaja didn't seem upset, still grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, he's your servant; you can do whatever you want with him. How much did you give for him?" Misha asked, as Uri continued to laugh softly, bouncing a bit, apparently happy for the general's playtime. Nidaja smiled.

"That's the best part!" she chimed, "He only cost twenty bits!"

"Because of the white fur?" Misha asked. Nidaja nodded.

"Some people are so narrow minded. I guess you've already gotten your money's worth out of him. Is he any good?" Uri asked, wagging her tail briskly. Alps watched it a moment, blushing heavily, shaken beyond words, and snapped back into a fearful reality by Uri's question. What kind of fire had he been playing with this whole time? Alps was still on his hands and knees. They were talking openly about his 'nightly work' again! It seemed even more unthinkable now that it was royalty involved. There was no way he could lay Nidaja again. Never, he'd be too nervous. She was the queen's sister for crying out loud! The *QUEEN*! Would Alps be meeting her? Would she find out what he'd done!? Oh vicious, twisted fate! What had he done?! He wrung his hands fearfully. Nidaja was not looking at him, just talking with her friends now, it seemed.

"Yah, he's great!" Nidaja said excitedly, "He learns fast, and is well built for that kind of work. You should invite him to one of you and Misha's little adventures." Alps looked at Nidaja curiously. Adventures? What was she talking about? How could she be so comfortable and casual, in her position, with what she'd done with him? If it back-lashed against her, and she got into trouble for what she'd done, would she kill him to bury the incidents? Alps was sure Chana would have.

"I don't know..." Uri said cautiously, "I never thought of doing that around a male. Never with more than two. Just us, or me and a choice male. I've never tried what you're asking." Alps looked at Uri. Her ears were tinted rose, evidently thinking about what Alps was afraid she was just asked to think about. His heart was hammering even faster now. His life was moving too fast now! Everything was changing. He felt as if he were spinning. He felt... He felt... Sick. Was it the boat now? Or just fear?

"I don't mind." Misha said softly. Nidaja and Uri looked at her curiously. Though Uri was actually apparently a little younger than Alps, Misha seemed to be almost the age of Misty. She was obviously the deciding voice between the two guards.

"Are you sure?" Nidaja asked cheerfully, "Do you really want to?" Misha smiled.

"It sounds like fun!" she said. "You know I like to try new things. And we don't have to worry about personal attachment, he's a slave. We can use him

any way we like, tonight." That was all he could take. His stress was simply too high. The spinning sensation was too much. Alps struggled to his feet, and bolted to the side of the boat, and dry heaved a few times. Nidaja rushed up behind him, calling Misty over. Misty helped Alps back to his feet, as he had been hanging over the side. She made Alps swallow two tiny white pills, and then led him back to a small room in the very center of the boat, where she said he could recover. Her voice was very gentle and mothering, and somehow, that chased a lot of the dark thoughts away from his mind. In fact, the pills, it seemed, chased about *\*everything\** out of his mind.

His head swimming and well-doped, Alps dozed off, and missed the departure of the ship. By the time he awoke, they were many hours out to sea.

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Alps sighed softly. He was feeling a good bit better now. Misty had thought he was seasick, and sedated him. He didn't bother telling anyone that he had become ill from fright. It seemed a little silly now, since he'd been able to sleep on it. If it were wrong, surely the general would not have done it willingly. Sure she was a general, but she was still a woman. This thought made him feel a little better. As if somehow realizing he'd awakened, the general had shown up, smiling pleasantly at him, and taking him silently by the hand, she led him from the room he'd been in to recover.

Alps found himself sitting on a round bed, the size of the one he had been in that first night with Nidaja. It was very firm, but comfortable nonetheless. Nidaja had taken him into the hall before this bedroom, demanded his clothes, which would be washed, and then ushered him into the room, closed the door, and left. Was she going to ask him to have sex again? Surely she would. The thought somehow frightened Alps now. She was a general now... but then... she was before. She was the same woman, with the same intentions.

Alps sighed, totally resigned now to the tasks that he needed to perform. If what he'd done scared him, refusing to do it when asked was even more terrifying. He continued to think about Nidaja. He thought about why she needed him. Why did she buy Alps? He felt, eventually, that he could almost understand. Her job was very stressful. She needed what Alps could provide. Pampering, and sexual release. He looked up as he heard the door unlock. She was here. Alps would greet her with a smile.

He froze. Uri and Misha entered the room instead, and closed the door behind them. They wore open fronted robes tied closed in the middle. Their fur was damp. They had evidently just bathed. Alps also caught a hint of some exotic perfume or oil rubbed into their fur.

"Hi, Alps." Misha said.

Alps didn't even attempt to cover himself up. Whatever Nidaja had planned, he didn't need to be shy anymore. It was simply not necessary. She took his clothes, so he would not need him.

"Hello Lady Uri... Lady Misha." Alps stated politely. "What is it you wish of me this evening?" he asked, wanting to get right to the point. He would not just assume anything for the moment.

"Just watch for a while, okay?" she asked.

Alps nodded silently and moved to the very center of the bed. Watch what, he wondered? What were they going to do? What was he supposed to see? It was night time outside, and they were already far from land, he was sure. He thought about that a moment, to distract him from devious thoughts playing around in his head. The females went about the room and blew out all the lamps, and then opened a window, admitting bright moonlight, bright enough for Alps to see the lovely creatures quite well as they moved to the center of the room. Alps swallowed loudly as Uri caressed Misha's shoulder affectionately. They looked into each other's eyes playfully. Alps' masculinity hardened slowly as he watched them continue to caress each other. What were they doing? Were they lovers?

Alps got his answer as Uri slipped her tongue into Misha's mouth. The slave swallowed again reflexively. Nidaja wanted him to watch two girls make love? Why? Alps looked down at his cock as he felt it twitch hard. It was rigid and ready. Why did the thought of them touching each other like that excite him so much?

The slave cast his gaze back on the lady lovers. They were still kissing. It was very fascinating to him. He shuddered as he watched Uri's hand slide onto Misha's chest. That roaming hand squeezed a breast, making the taller vixen draw a quick breath. She separated her kiss and tilted her head back. Uri was standing very close, now massaging Misha's breasts against her own through the robes.

Alps jaw went slack. How far would these two go? Misha reached down and grasped Uri's tight chest. She cooed and leaned forward. The slave blinked, feeling suddenly very hot, as Uri nibbled one of her companions perked and easily noticeable tits through her robe. Misha moaned, stroking the black-furred vixen's ears. Uri pulled the tie of her lover's robe and it fell silently open. The slave lupine gritted his teeth as the older female's large breasts seemed to jump out, brushing the robe to the side easily. They held the robe open so Alps could see easily that she was completely unclothed. Her legs were closed, so Alps could only see velvety fur between Misha's legs.

Uri clutched Misha's breasts hard, licking the solid nipples, almost black in color, and biting them both in turn. The taller lady's robe fell onto the floor finally. Alps looked in his lap again, simply wanting not to stare, even though he'd been instructed to watch. He was very excited now, though no semen had yet started to seep from him. If these girls had no intention of touching Alps, only to let him watch, how would he relieve his sexual tension? Perhaps Nidaja would come a little later to help him. Yes, that was it. Nidaja was priming him to pounce her like he did when he made love to Misty. The slave leaned forward and watched carefully, happy with his assumption. Misha then untied Uri's robe and tossed it on the floor.

Uri's nipples were harder than Misha's, though her breasts were a lot smaller. Misha rubbed the obsidian-furred female's tits passionately with her trembling fingertips. She moaned as Uri reached down between her legs and rubbed her slowly. Every once in a while one of the two females would glance over at Alps to see that he was watching. Alps realized that he was shaking with excitement as he watched Uri's hand move back and forth between the older guard's legs. Damn it, where was Nidaja?

"Let's get on the bed, so our guest can have a better view." Uri said softly. Alps shuddered again, trying to hide the vibration of his muscles and he quaked with lust and anticipation. They climbed onto the bed and Misha lay down on her back in front of the white-furred wolf. The slave smiled nervously. The scent of arousal lingered on Misha already. Her skin-short velvety fur accentuated her curves and her smooth, perfect flesh beneath. Alps wanted to just stroke her and feel what it was like. Especially over her heavy-looking breasts.

"Have you ever watched this kind of thing before?" the younger female asked.

"No, " the slave answered, a slight tremor of anticipation in his voice, "Why do you like girls?.. I mean, do you like males too, or just females?" Alps felt silly asking the question. He hoped she wouldn't be offended. He just wanted to talk to lessen the aching desire to mount one of them. Finding that she was only interested in females would likely help at least a little!

"No, I like both ways." she answered softly. That didn't solve Alps' problem at all. The mental image of taking the short female or feeling the hips of the taller one rolling against his own made him jet, rather forcefully, a thin rivulet of pre right over Uri's forearm. She giggled softly, and rubbed it into her fur. "You like that answer eh?" she said softly, before looking back to Misha. Alps blushed hotly.

Uri then lay alongside Misha and began licking her tits and spreading her honeypot with her fingers flatly against her mound. Alps felt his pulse quicken as

he watched her middle finger draw back a little, and slide all the way in. Uri kissed Misha as she began to use her smallish hands to pleasure her. The eldest lover spread her legs and moaned as her sweetheart slid in her index finger in too, spreading her wide and graphically for Alps, who was in the perfect position to watch it. He cupped his hand over the tip of his cock as it twitched violently, spitting another jet of slick pre into his hand.

"Move your hand away, Alps." Misha panted. "I like watching how hot this makes you."

"I don't think I could ever play with someone else in my own gender..." Alps said, wondering how they got around the mental roadblock that was there for him.

"It's just a little different for a girl, Alps." Misha moaned. "We're naturally better at lovemaking." she churred, rather egotistically. Alps was drawn back into the moment. He shuddered as Uri crawled on top of Misha and lay down. Since she was shorter, her face was at the level of her partner's breasts. She used this difference to her obvious advantage and she began sucking hungrily on Misha's nipples, each in turn. She straddled her lover's leg and began to rub her mound against Misha's thigh. The gray-furred female moaned again as she started undulating her own thighs against Uri's leg. They were in a position to mutually enjoy one another now.

Alps began to breathe harder. They were really going to do it...right in front of him. Alps watched this erotic display for a moment, but was quickly beginning to feel a need to do something, or he would go nuts. He ached now with sexual need, pre-cum running freely down the length of his shaft already.

"Can I touch, or do you want me just to watch?" Alps asked, almost pleadingly. Uri looked at him, allowing her gaze to fall on his hard, thick, pink meat. Alps swallowed, knowing she understood what he wanted his touches to lead to. She looked back into his eyes and smiled.

"Where do you want to touch?" Uri said, beginning to hump Misha a little faster. Alps gritted his teeth. She was going to make him say it. She just wanted to hear him say it.

"Everywhere..." he answered. Misha moaned and began to breathe harder. Alps' entire nervous system twinged and tingled. She was getting closer to cumming. The slave wondered if they would finish like they were, or if they would masturbate to finish. How much pleasure was Uri getting out of Misha's muscular thigh? How easy would it be for Misha to climax on Uri's warm, soft leg?

"Just watch for now." Uri said in a whisper. She was excited too. "I might

let you touch later." Alps whimpered a bit, and nodded. It was almost cruel! Still, he was enjoying the show. The slave watched and began to pant as they rubbed their respective clits against their one another's leg. After a few minutes of cooing and humping each other, Uri got on all fours and moved down. Her rear was practically in Alps face. Her tail flagged and fanned her strong, almost unbearable sexual heat into his nostrils. The white wolf felt dizzy.

Alps leaned forward to get a better look at what she was about to do. Using the thumbs on both her hands, she spread the lips of Misha's sex wide. The lupine slave swallowed. Uri leaned down and began to lick Misha's slit slowly. The gray-furred guard moaned ecstatically and began playing with her breasts. They were so well rounded and heavy, they bounced a little from their owner's attention. Alps moaned slightly as he listened to the lapping and slurping and heavy breathing of the two girls.

His cock was now glistening with pre. He drew his hand away. He'd subconsciously started stroking himself as he watched. He was dying to give himself to one of the sultry females.

"Ohhhh..." Misha moaned, "I think you've seriously turned on our audience!" Alps smiled, glad to at least be noticed. He was blushing a bit, and feeling incredibly warm. He could not help but to break into soft panting.

"Alps, you can play with Misha's chest, I'll play down here." Uri said mischievously.

"Hey! You are the one who likes boys!" Misha protested playfully, and then broke off into a loud moan as Alps' mouth engulfed one of her pert nipples and he flickered his tongue over that turgid nub just as he would her clit. If it worked there, it might as well work here. It obviously worked nicely. She was breathing too hard to continue to protest. Alps began squeezing and licking Misha's enormous breasts. The slave was actually very happy to get to hold them like this. He'd been thinking about it since his eyes first cast their gaze upon the heavy, proud swell of Misha's bosom earlier. He sucked on her nipples both in turn, biting them on occasion. Misha began to gasp and moan louder, pumping her thighs.

"She's getting close now..." Alps stated, hoping to excite the younger lady. After all, her sex was still open for suggestion. She seemed to become more excited.

"Leave her alone now; I want to make her come." Uri said selfishly in a quick, single-panted breath.

Alps didn't mind. He wanted to watch it happen. The slave sat back behind the jet-furred girl, wanting to see if her labia were spread, dripping from

excitement yet. He was disappointed when he found her tail covering that part of her anatomy. She was teasing him. The slave stroked the guard's black-furred behind, not so much caring at this point if the contact was welcomed. Uri lifted her tail slowly, almost magically out of the way. Alps swallowed. Was it an invitation? He touched her rump. He got no sound of complaint. He ran his finger across the vixen's labial folds, which were, satisfyingly, glistening wet. He gasped as the petals spread like a blooming flower.

He moved into position, accepting Uri's invitation.

"I'm gonna go ahead and let him take me, Misha. I'm a month out of cycle now." Uri panted as Alps placed the tingling tip of his cock between the lips of her hot sex. He held her by the waist and slid his rock hard organ inside her with two or three long, rolling strokes. Alps' entire body felt on fire. She was very tight, and this was the first time he'd ever taken a girl in quite this position. It felt absolutely incredible. He wasn't sure if it was the angle, or how deep he could press into her, or both, but it was indescribable to Alps!

"Uhhh, ohh, Misha, he's in me... So deep..." Uri moaned, panting. Alps started slowly drawing in and out of her tight, hot pussy. He found that doing it doggie-style made it easy to watch his playmate as she moved her head back into Misha's lap and resumed licking and sucking her clit. Misha was rubbing her own breasts again, obviously enjoying the sight of Alps taking her lover from behind through her half-closed, lust-filled brown eyes. Her muscles were tight, and she was obviously trying to make herself cum harder whenever it finally happened by relaxing from time to time to slip back from trigger-point.

"Ohh..Ohh..Oooh.." Uri began to moan with each of Alps thrusts. She was getting close. Alps gasped as he felt his own orgasm approaching. This soon? He swallowed and slowed down a little. He was learning from Nidaja. Uri resumed her attentions more eagerly on her lover, and Alps stroked himself inside this hot, black-furred female a little slower, enjoying the heaven of her internal caress. He felt her juices starting to wet his sack as it slapped against her clit softly with his deep, slow strokes. He still felt like he was on the verge of just exploding inside Uri's tight, petite body!

Alps gritted his teeth. He had just become so excited from watching a lovely lady sucked off by another stunning female. That was why he was so on edge. He could learn from this too. If he excited Nidaja, and kept her excited, even without touching her, he could make her cum a lot easier when he finally took her. Alps wanted to make Uri cum soon though, as it sounded like her lover was getting a little closer too. He pumped a little harder and faster. Uri was so tight! Her smaller build and youthful body actually tugged a bit internally on Alps' cock as he thrust faster in and out with eagerness and lust!

Misha went suddenly ridged and Uri growled ferally! The gray-furred

lupine female moaned a long low moan, clenching her teeth, and arching her back, as she came heavily on Uri's tongue. Uri's wet slurping only drove Alps on harder. The white wolf slave felt his sack drawing against his body, not slapping against those soft, swollen labia as much now. Uri eventually lifted her wet face from between Misha's legs and panted hard as Alps pounded into her from behind! Uri hung her head low, growling and cursing ferally, backing heavily into each of Alps' eager thrusts, grunting with each firm impact into her rump. Alps leaned back, his legs trembling, as he felt himself nearing the point of no return. He grunted softly too, with each impact, the sound of that hard and heady mating very intoxicating.

"Oh yeah..." Misha panted, now just paying intense attention to what Alps and Uri were doing, as she sank back into her conscious self. "Mmmmmph... Give it to her, Alps... Mmmm... Make her cum! Come on Uri... Cum on him!" She licked her lips, smiling at the slave as she watched him hammer her lover faster, teeth gritted, grunting in building hot and heavy need!

"Ohhh! Oohh! Ooohh! Ohh - I'm almost there..." Uri moaned loudly. Alps gritted his teeth, watching as Misha started masturbating. He held Uri tightly around her middle, bearing down hard on her, slamming fast and furious into the gorgeous petite black wolf. He felt on edge, but tightened his muscles. He was going to make her cum first. He would not settle for anything else. Alps growled heavily, and decided to speed the lusty girl along, feeling that what makes him hot might work for her too. Alps grunted out, loudly, as he pumped hard and fast, her juices spattering his hips,

"Uri... Oh moon and stars.. I'm gonna cum! I'm so close!" Alps growled through his teeth, not actually lying at all, though he had motive in saying it so desperately. Knowing she's about to cum was making him scream toward climax. He hoped it would work on her too! Uri's body tensed up, going ridged as Alps plowed into her. It was working. He gritted his teeth, eyes watering with the coming release.

Misha began gasping again, as Alps heard the wet sounds of her fingers slipping in and out of her soaking wet sex. He growled softly, making sure it sounded more and more desperate, as if he were truly right on edge, a little closer than he really was. He was going to make this sweet and sexy guard cum first, no matter what! Misha's moaning was becoming more intense. She knew exactly how to make herself cum easily, and she was going to get her climax to, if she could help it!

"Ahh.. Ahhh.. AHHH..." Uri began to build up to louder and louder open-mouthed moans, before just tensing up, full body. "AAAAAAHHHOOOOOOO!!!" she wailed, throwing her head back, the sound actually hurting Alps' ears. He felt a definite splash over his sack, and onto the bed, as she climaxed hard, and her spasming sex gushed copiously all over Alps' hips and the clean sheets! He

grunted, having not expected it to be quite that wet! It was too much for him to withstand. Alps yelped in a loud burst, and exploded during his in-stroke, grinding himself deep, and rolling his hips, splashing his thick seed heavily over Uri's cervix, as she wailed and cried and swore and ground back just as hard, climaxing even harder through Alps' unbelievably powerful orgasm!

"Oh, Misha, he's cumming!" Uri gasped, panting hard, still shaking with release, "He's squirting it inside.. So hard.. Nnff!" The white slave wolf actually ached from the force of his climax, as he sank down over Uri's back, and held her. He could see the desperate, contorted expression on Misha's face as she slapped her hand over her sex hard and fast, her fingers delving in deeply, hooking a bit as she plunged them wetly into her searing sex. Alps gasped again, squirting one last hard jet of cum into Uri as Misha cried out, climaxing again as she arched her back, pressing into her lover eagerly. Uri lapped at Misha's sex as Alps rested a little behind her, head still swimming. After they started to relax a bit, and the panting slowed down, the tired slave slid his cock out of Uri and lay down beside her on his back, breathing heavily. He found it difficult to accept what he had just done. Reluctantly, he decided it could not possibly be wrong, and he dozed off.

## Sirius, Book I

### Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

*Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)*

*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

## Chapter 5

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It was still dark, and the ship was still moving swiftly on the water. Alps got dressed carefully, his legs still unsteady, and he went out on deck. Nidaja was there, on the deck, leaning over the side of the boat rail. Alps sat down beside her quietly, checking on her, curiously. Was she sick? Nidaja moaned bitterly. The white lupine's ears perked up. Oh yes... definitely sick. The general leaned over the side of the boat and gagged loudly. She gagged a few more times, and then vomited loudly. Alps held her hair out of the way. There was no bath on board the ship that he knew of. Also, he was used to doing this for his mistress, since Chana was a heavy drinker.

"Do you want me to go get Misty?" Alps asked. Nidaja shook her head, and then gagged again from the side to side motion shaking her head had caused. She coughs and sputtered, utterly miserable.

"N-No.." she gasped, "Uri just went to get the medicine. She'll be back in a minute, just hold my h-hurrk!" Nidaja launched more of her previous meal to the ocean below. Alps held her hair and released a soft, low sigh, actually enjoying caring for Nidaja even through unpleasantness. The green-furred lupine coughed and sputtered as Alps softly tried to console her. Uri finally showed up.

"Here you go, General Razelle." she said politely. Nidaja wolfed down the tablets.

"Now if I can just keep from throwing up long enough for the medicine to take effect. Alps..." she paused a moment, "I originally bought you as a gift for someone else." Alps' jaw dropped open. Someone else? Was she about to give him to one of her friends... to Misha and Uri, maybe? The thought of it wasn't really bad, since they were still a lot nicer to him than Chana had ever been, by far, but he had found himself really wanting to stay with Nidaja. Or was she now about to tell him that she no longer wished to give him up? That would make him happy too.

"Anyway, I know that you have probably become attached to me, since I was your first, but I will still be around you a great deal. We can be together once in a while." The general said. Alps smiled at this. He really could not understand why, but that was very comforting. It seemed so shallow, but it really did make

him feel better about belonging to someone else. Who would he belong to though? Surely she'd at least tell him before he was to be given as a gift. He took the initiative.

"Who am I gonna belong to?" he asked sheepishly, kind of hoping it would be Misty. Misty seemed to be the type who would take extra good care of him, and feed him well, and her experience with sex was about the same as Alps', so he would not likely disappoint her. Nidaja smiled.

"My sister." she said cheerfully, though a bit dizzily. Alps froze. Her sister? What, Nita? Nita Arcana Razelle. The queen of the Amani people, the leader of the High Council. The only sister General Nidaja Shera Razelle had. He would be property of the highest matriarch in Amani. Alps sank to his knees. What would she expect? He wasn't a prime and proper servant. He was only worth twenty bits!

"I... I am not worthy of that kind of task." Alps said softly. "She could take anyone in the world as a personal servant. She won't want a creepy white, weak, cowardly and wretched thing like me." Alps whimpered desperately, looking Nidaja in the eyes. Surely she would change her mind if she knew how much the idea horrified him!

"Alps... it is up to you to determine what you are worth. Not anyone else. Do you understand?" Nidaja said softly. She swallowed back a gag, making sure her medicine could take effect.

"I don't... but... I will do as you say, of course. I will care for your sister, and make sure that I serve her to the absolute best of my ability." Alps said, trembling. Now HE felt sick again. Like before, when he found out who Nidaja was.

"Don't worry Alps." Nidaja said cheerfully, seeming a bit weak from being sick. "Nita is not any harder to make happy than I am... and with me, you've done just fine." Alps looked into Nidaja's eyes, as she smiled weakly at him. For some reason, his heart sang with joy, and for that moment, his troubles were again washed away in the kindness that Nidaja seemed to have an unlimited supply of.

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Alps stumbled down the steps into the schooner's cabin he was sharing with Misha and Uri. He looked around in the darkened room, the moonlight casting eerie shadows all over. Misha and Uri were cuddled up together; Misha spooned up to the slightly smaller Uri. The black-furred lupine had immediately crawled back into bed after giving Nidaja her medicine, and it had not taken long

for her to fall back to sleep. Alps smiled at them, and tried to carefully and slowly get into the bed. It was just large enough for the three of them. Alps wondered if this was the first time they had shared it with someone else.

As the bed shifted under Alps motions, Misha lifted her head. The blanket fell from her slender shoulders, and her short, velvety fur glowed softly in the silver moonlight, grey with white highlight from the moon. Alps smiled at her kindly, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I didn't mean to wake you." Alps said softly. "I was on deck with Nidaja for a moment. She got seasick." he explained. Misha nodded.

"She does from time to time." Misha replied. Uri rubbed her eyes and sat up, hearing her lover's voice.

"Hello Alps." Uri said. "You seasick?"

"No, Nidaja was." Misha said, petting Uri's head. She smiled broadly and splayed her ears out happily. Alps could not help but feel emotionally attracted to them. They were very sweet to one another, despite the fact that, when he first met them, they had passed themselves off to be rather tough guards.

"You seem a little... distressed." Uri said, looking at Alps with her bright green eyes, filled with concern. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

"Just a little rattled." Alps said softly. He still was. Nidaja had tried to comfort him about it, but he could not help but feel that his life was about to become very hard. In service directly under the queen, he expected that he would have a lot demanded of him, and he lacked the kind of training he felt he would need to take on the duties of a servant under the queen of Amani.

"About Nidaja being sick?" Misha asked. "I can totally understand. I get sympathy sick too, when I see it." Alps shook his head.

"No, no..." he impressed softly, "I just found out that Nidaja intends to give me to her sister as a gift." There was a pause, as Uri and Misha absorbed that, seeming a little surprised as well.

"Oh... Yes, of course... Queen Razelle has been under..." Misha paused a moment, seeming to try to think of the words to describe it. "She's been under a whole lot of stress recently. She's been hot tempered and easy to upset." she explained, nodding, and seeming satisfied with her consensus of it.

"Nidaja must have purchased you for Nita to..." Uri wrung her hands a little, in thought, "... to absorb some of that... and maybe make her relax a bit more." she said.

"How will I absorb it?" Alps asked. He was suddenly filled with dread. When Chana was stressed out, beating Alps made her feel better.

"By listening to her if she wants to complain." Misha said softly, "Or perhaps by giving her baths or body rubs... to relax her physically." she offered.

"Nidaja..." Alps started, before choking a bit at the mere thought of what just went through his mind. "Nidaja said, when we had sex... she was training me." A chill ran through his body. Surely Nidaja did not expect Alps to have sex with her sister! He could hardly even bring himself to be with Nidaja again, unless she forced him. He was just too overwhelmed.

"Oh my..." Uri said softly. Misha covered her muzzle in shock, eyes wide. "Oh that absolutely makes sense though. She can vent her stress sexually. Nidaja's got my praise for thinking of that, surely." she said. Misha nodded.

"I can't... do that." Alps said softly.

"Can't do what?" Misha asked, getting onto her hands and knees, and looking into Alps' eyes. He looked afraid, of course. The wolf slave was so rattled that he didn't even take a moment to gaze at the lupine female nude and on her hands and knees right in front of him.

"I can't just... I can't just defile the queen. I'm a slave. She should be with a knight... Or at least someone who could have merit. Not a slave. Never a slave..." Alps said, shaking a little, visibly.

"Oh Misha..." Uri said, coming to Alps' side and holding his shoulders as he sat there. "He's afraid!" Misha nodded and brought her muzzle closer. Uri began to rub Alps' shoulders. No one had ever done that to him to comfort him. It did calm him and soothe him a lot.

"Alps, Nidaja knows what she's doing." Misha offered consolingly. "She's tried you out. We've been with you too. Believe me; you have what it takes to make her happy. Nita's not that experienced I'm sure. She doesn't have time for relationships, like Misty. Misty's a virgin." Misha explained helpfully. Alps winced.

"Not... anymore..." Alps noted.

"By the sacred essence..." Misha and Uri said in unison.

"I am so jealous." Misha said, sticking out her bottom lip a bit. "Nidaja ordered you to, I bet." she added. Alps nodded shamefully. He also blushed, realizing that Misha must have wanted to be with Misty too. That thought hit Alps hard, and he began to get a little warm from it.

"Oh my..." Uri said again softly. "Yeah, we should have known Nidaja would have done that. She's been telling Misty to get laid for two years." the black-furred lupine giggled. Alps looked to her, and smiled weakly.

"Look... if you have the experience with females that you do now, then I think you will do fine, if that's the purpose Nidaja intends you for with Nita." Misha explained.

"What if I'm not though? She will say I have to go back to Chana... And Chana would be very angry if I was given back." Alps said.

"Well then..." Uri said sternly, "We will just have to train you to make sure you know what you are doing before hand, right Misha?" she said, looking over Alps' shoulder to her lovely larger companion. She crooned softly, pink tinting her thin-furred cheeks. Alps swallowed reflexively, and looked between them. He splayed his ears out, and chuckled innocently.

"Why are you... umm... looking at me like that..?" he asked, getting onto his knees on the bed, as they both got onto their hands and knees, and got on either side of Alps, looking at him hungrily, as if he were prey in front of a pack of hungry wolves. He felt his pulse quicken. His mood was changing very quickly.

"You just need a little confidence, Alps." Misha said, licking her lips. "Now I see why Nidaja put you in here tonight." she said, as Uri giggled playfully and naughtily. Alps felt his temperature rise, and his shorts tighten. Misha seemed to sense that tightness, and set to work on untying them. Alps leaned back a little and said, in a feathery tone,

"I am not sure how much it will take... She's the queen, Misha..." He inhaled deeply as Uri's small, careful hands slide his shorts down, and Misha removed his leather vest, dropping both garments into the floor. Alps had to be pushed over onto his back for Uri to remove his shorts, so, there he laid, gazing up at them, full erection twitching slightly on his soft-furred tummy.

"She should at least be pleased with your appearance." Uri said. "Once you get used to the white fur, you are actually rather charming. You seem young, strong, and active to be honest. You could use a few more good meals, of course, but I think you'll turn out to be a bit of a handsome thing when you do." she chimed. Alps blushed, as Uri slowly moved down his body with a graceful sweep of her hands from his shoulders down his tummy, and then, with both hands she caressed either side of his ridged shaft, letting her fingertips brush over his tingling tip.

Uri then carefully lifted Alps' cock in her hands, and gazed at it, as if she had scooped up gold dust, and was marveling. Misha smiled at Uri and looked to

Alps, as he wriggled just a bit in pleasure at just being touched like this. He felt he would never get used to all the loving touches and gentle treatment. He also hoped it would never end.

"I wanna try out that muzzle." Misha said. "That's something I'm pretty used to. Nidaja says he does that." Alps gritted his teeth a bit and smiled at the gray-furred female. She carefully moved around, straddling his chest, but her mound was pressed against his ultra-soft chest-ruff. Alps could neither see her beautiful sex, nor get his tongue to it, as she watched Uri.

"Okay!" Uri chimed, giving her lover permission it seemed. "Can I play with this some more?" she asked in return. "I like the way it feels, and it's been years since I have." Alps felt her hand squeeze around the pulsing girth of his shaft.

"Since we got together, at least." Misha said. "I think it's just fine. He's a slave. I'm not jealous of him. He can't take my lover away." she cooed. Uri cooed back, cementing the fact to Alps that those two were absolutely a pair. "As long as you don't mind me watching, beloved. I didn't get to see last time." she said. Uri giggled. Alps could not see her because Misha was in the way.

He assumed she nodded though, since she began to stroke his length with both her hands, riding slowly up his nine inch length, holding him straight up, obviously for her lover to see. He felt a third set of fingers, obviously Misha's, glide over his tingling tip, smearing his first bead of pre. He looked up, and watched her arm move up to her face. He couldn't see what she did, but Uri made it apparent.

"How's he taste?" she asked softly. Alps whined, and another droplet of his salty pre rolled down his shaft from the increase in his arousal. Misha cooed a bit, and Alps moved his hands to her back, which was facing him, and began to caress slowly. He liked the way her very short fur felt. She was probably from one of the southern island tribes. They were all short-haired like this. She had the body of a swimmer, too. Lean, strong, and sleek. Her tail had a little thicker fur, which Alps played with a little as it wagged, and Misha reported her findings to her mate.

"Mmm... he's a little saltier than you... But not bad. Go ahead and try him..." she said. Alps' body twinged a little at that proclamation. He whimpered as he felt Uri's broad tongue slide from the base of his hot pink length, all the way to the tip, where that bead of pre had rolled down. She slipped her tongue back and forth over the tip of his cock, and squeezed the base between her thumb and fingers, drawing her hand up, and bringing more of his slick pre-cum to the tip, where it was lovingly spread over her slowly sliding tongue.

The ebon-furred female brought her head back up, and then leaned

forward. Misha leaned forward as well, and he heard both of them croon as they kissed. Uri's blunt, shorter muzzle was invaded by her lover's tongue, this Alps knew even without looking at them, just by the sounds they made, as Misha started to wriggle her hips over Alps' chest. His desire to taste the gray female was growing the entire time. Uri's smaller hand wrapped around the base of Alps' shaft, and Misha's hand wrapped around the top, squeezing softly, massaging more pre to the surface between the two of them.

Two lovely females were giving Alps pleasure at the same time. This was the most alluring thing he'd experienced yet. It was utterly intoxicating. He wished he could really tell what they were doing. For the moment, he knew they were still kissing, but he wanted to see them interact. It was so much of a turn on to see them together.

"You know how to use your tongue, Alps?" Misha asked. "Nidaja already made sure to teach that to you? It's a pretty big deal if you want to make a lady happy. Most males hate it, but we really like that." she said. Alps nodded, but then realized she couldn't see him nodding, so he answered, through a shuddering breath, as he felt a palm glide back and forth over his glistening tip, making his legs shake a bit.

"Y-Yeah. I was taught how to do it, but I actually really like doing that." he explained. "It makes me feel even hotter." the slave admitted.

"Ohhh... That's a very good attitude to have then. You have even less to worry about, Alps, if you like doing that." Uri said, giggling. "Go ahead Misha." she added.

"You first." Misha said, giving one last fond squeeze to Alps' cock, bringing a thin spurt of pre from him. "Alps is unusually wet for a male. Most just give a little of that. You seem built for this kind of fun." the elder female giggled. Alps blushed a bit, wondering why for a brief moment, before he felt his cock engulfed by heat and wetness.

Uri's tongue embraced Alps' shaft against the roof of her mouth, and, like Nidaja that first night, she dragged his tingling tip over the ribbed texture inside her muzzle, making the poor slave's feet shake. Alps' reaction made Misha giggle, and as she watched her lover go down on his cock, she leaned forward, kissing Uri's ears as she backed over Alps' muzzle. She had left a warm, wet spot in his fur where she had been sitting, and was literally dripping with arousal now. Her puffy labia were parted with desire, as she parked her velvety mound only an inch over his muzzle, as his head was propped by the bundled blankets on the bed.

Alps took a moment to adjust his body to the sensations of Uri's hot mouth. She could only take about two-thirds of his length in, since her muzzle

was short, but what she didn't have in her mouth, she wrapped in her strong hand, and massaged while her tongue worked in soft swirling motions inside her muzzle over his length. Alps groaned softly, as he got used to that incredible feeling, and then concentrated on the task he'd been given.

Slowly, he lifted his head just a little, and brought his cool, wet nose pad against Misha's sex, making her gasp loudly, and croon, pressing back against him. His nose spread her sex around it a bit, and he slid his tongue out slowly over the surface of her slit. As he inhaled deeply, he got the purest and most mind-numbing hit of her hot, lusty scent. The slave slid his tongue out fully, the tip of it tracing over her clit, as he nuzzled her spread-open labial folds with his nose-pad. Misha moaned again, her body tightening a little over him. Alps felt rather honored to be allowed to do this with both of them. It did inspire a little bit of confidence, at least.

The white lupine's legs went shakily ridged for a moment, as he felt the pressure in Uri's mouth drop hard, and she suckled hard for a little while, tugging her head as she held him tight in her muzzle. Alps spattered pre over her tongue copiously at that treatment. Misha then said something that made their mutual playmate shudder heavily.

"You seem to be doing pretty good, Uri. I know he's the first guy you've done this to, but he seems to really be enjoying it!" Uri nodded over his shaft. Alps groaned deeply as he brought his Misha-flavored tongue back into his mouth, and slipped it slowly back out, grazing her clit intentionally, trained to play with it by Nidaja. Uri was giving fellatio for the first time. He could scarcely believe that, as good as it felt.

The younger, shorter female continued to suckle for a while, making Alps' head swim from the pleasure. He could already feel the dull throb, and hot tingle of his still distant climax, letting him know it would not take a lot of this to get him to pop. He decided to speed up his attention on Uri's lover. He left his tongue out, instead of dragging it back over Misha's slit, and just ground it from side to side slowly, tightly over her clit. She whimpered loudly, lowering her head, stroking Uri's back.

"Oh Uri, he's not bad at all..." she admitted. Alps smiled a bit in spite of himself. That made him feel a little better too. Misha was used to having a female who knew full well what to do to pleasure her mate. He continued what he was doing, and felt Uri increase her efforts as well. She stopped sucking every once in a while, and just pumped her head over his cock for several brisk strokes, making it feel a lot like regular sex. Once she had him on edge, she'd stop, and just suckle for a while, which let him calm down, at least for a moment, below trigger-point. Uri brought her head up from her 'toy' and she cooed softly,

"Very good Alps. Now I know Nidaja taught you what to do." she churred.

Her head went back down, and she worked his shaft with just her hand for a little while, wet from her saliva. After a dozen or so strokes with her tight, small hand, Alps was almost ready to just give it to her, but she stopped, and watched her mate for a bit. Alps groaned softly. She was trying to time the fun with her lover's pleasure too. It made sense of course.

"Inside." Misha said softly. Alps stopped, not sure who she was talking to. Did she want Uri to put him inside again? Alps wondered this with a great measure of hope. The smaller lupine female was deliciously tight. "Alps, I want you to lick me deeply.. ahh! Go back and forth between there and deep!" she said, panting a little. Alps snapped back into his task, not really disappointed, as Uri started licking the tip of his throbbing member *hard*. The white slave arched his back, and groaned, before cupping his muzzle over Misha's mound, and forcing, with much effort, the full length of his tongue inside her tight tunnel.

Misha's body quaked as Alps did that, and she squealed with pleasure. While she had been dripping her warm, tangy juices onto Alps' tongue while he was licking her on the outside, as soon as his tongue pressed inside, he was given a bit of a treat, as far as he was concerned. To get his tongue in, he had to curl it, like a slender tube. Misha was nearly virginally tight. Once that tube of a tongue was buried a few inches into her tight sex her juices poured from deep inside her right into Alps' muzzle, forcing him to swallow twice to drink it down. She had been building up quite a bit.

At first, Alps thought she had climaxed, but she didn't tighten up like she would if she had, so he began to try pressing his tongue in and out, making her roll her hips against his muzzle fondly. Misha was still building up. She was just very wet, and very aroused. Alps tried to flex his tongue, stretching her sex around it, as he held it broad, and stroked it in and out of her for a while, then pulled it out, and swirled the tip of it rapidly over her tingling nub. She arched her back, groaning deeply.

"Oh yes!" she huffed, "In deep again, wolf.. It feels so - Oohh!" Alps cut her off, stuffing his tongue back in as deep as he could, and beginning to stab it briskly in and out of her, as if mating with her with that tongue! Her hips began to rock as he did this, making it obvious he was doing it right. Alps reached up with one hand and held her tail, which was slapping him between the ears comically, and then used the other to hold her side, brushing back and forth encouragingly in the same motion she was rolling her hips back against his tongue.

Uri began suckling tightly on his rock-hard member, pulling on it in her muzzle hotly, as Alps felt himself slipping closer to climax. He forced his legs to relax, to make himself last longer, something he was learning to do with Nidaja. He could not help but thrust a little against Uri's face through, as she tugged happily on him in her hot, wet mouth. Misha held Uri's shoulders, leaning forward, panting loudly. Her juices flowed so easily as he dug his tongue deep

into her. He then drew it out, and teased her clit heavily.

"Back in! Oh goddess, Alps, in!" she demanded, shaking. Alarmed slightly, Alps did as told. She was close. She was on the verge of climaxing when he drew his tongue out of her. She panted harder, and rolled her hips a little faster. Alps used his hands to guide her a bit, and make sure she did not accidentally buck into his teeth too hard. Alps grunted softly, as Uri jerked her head up and down her shaft again, swirling her tongue over his member rapidly as she thrust her head down, and drew it back up in long, eager strokes, the sounds of her slurping even louder than the sounds of Alps licking out her lover.

"I'm gomma burtht!" Alps warned with his tongue still wedged deep into Misha's now clenching sex. She gasped, and shuddered, before crying out,

"Uri! Out! I wanna watch him cum!" she cried. Uri pulled Alps out of her muzzle, and started stroking up and down his throbbing organ hard and fast with her hand, wet with her saliva, and Alps' freely dribbling pre-cum. The lupine slave arched his back, bracing his feet against the bed, and with his tongue still deep inside Misha, his muzzle cupping loosely over her sex, Alps howled a hard, rich tone, sending the ferocious vibration of his voice right up his tongue and into the quaking female lupine.

The next few moments surely flashed by, but seemed to last an eternity. Hot, tart juices sprayed over Alps muzzle, tongue, face, and chest violently as Misha wailed, jerking her hips through Alps' howl, his tongue remaining buried inside her. Alps held her hips, following her motion as best he could, as if his tongue were where his climax was occurring, and he wanted to stay inside Misha to fully enjoy it. She squeezed his tongue almost painfully inside her viciously clamping tunnel, expelling her hot, heated feminine cum all over his face and neck, saturating his fur.

Where Alps' climax was being enjoyed was away from his tongue, though. Uri squealed with delight as his shuddering legs held his rump off the bed. One of Uri's hands was cupping his rump, hugging him to her body, and the other was still frantically pumping his cock, which was jetting and squirting his thick, rich ropes of wolf cum all over the dark female's muzzle, face, cheeks, and chest. She licked the tip of his cock as he seized and convulsed cumming hard for the two lovers to enjoy.

Uri let him paint her tongue and face and chest as much as his body would give, before slowly licking him clean, her tongue tracing his shaft lovingly and methodically, as Alps continued to lick deeply inside Misha, who was on all fours now, her face over Alps' member as well. She had a streak of white wetness over the bridge of her muzzle to match some of Uri's, having sank down during the waning of her orgasm to enjoy the view of Alps' own release. Uri was still burbling and giggling with delight from it.

Misha slowly got up, rubbing her muzzle, and smearing Alps' masculine essence into her velvety fur, as she moved to the side, gazing at Uri lovingly. She rolled onto her back, sighing happily. Alps sat up, shakily, his eyes out of focus still from his climax, the wolf feeling very much spent. Uri leaned in close and kissed Alps, letting him taste his own cum slightly. He felt it was strange, but it wasn't really a bad thing. He liked kissing. Uri then crawled over to her lover, and got on top of her, on all fours, kissing her lovingly. Misha wrapped her legs around Uri, who sank down a bit, to rest against her mate. Alps rested on his knees, gazing at them. Tonight had seen so much lust and learning, and there were still hours of darkness to fill!

## Sirius, Book I

*Diera*

*Comments or Questions?*

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*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

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### Chapter 6

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The young lupine slave was still watching Misha and Uri as they held one another and kissed. His shaft was still rock hard from the very heated oral pleasuring he'd gotten from Uri. Even now, Alps trembled with desire, scarcely able to believe the amount of exploration and adventure he'd seen since he left Chana's torturous hands. As he considered his good fortune, the white wolf gazed at Misha and Uri longingly.

Misha was on her back, legs wrapped around her lover, and Uri was on top of Misha, on all fours, legs parted as she rested her body tight against her mate's, panting heavily with anxiousness. Alps could see both of their pussies now. Misha was a little spread and very soaked. Uri just had a trail of her juices that ran down from her mound through her longer fur, to her tummy, where she'd been dripping needfully while she orally pleasured Alps. Misha murreled loudly, and said, still breathlessly,

"So that's what male tastes like, huh?" she asked. Uri had captured plenty of Alps' thick seed on her tongue when he had climaxed a few minutes before. "I like the way you taste better, Uri." she churred. "Give me a little while to recover and we will see to it that you are taken care of, my love." the gray-furred guard said sweetly. Alps got onto his knees, and stroked himself a bit, experimentally. He was taught not to stop until the girl was finished. That's what Nidaja said. Uri had not been tended to. Nidaja would be disappointed if he didn't at least let them know he was still able to go. The general had brought his endurance up at least enough to go one more time.

Alps moved up, in a predatory fashion, behind Uri, who was flagging her tail, and her intoxicating scent of lust and insatiable want. Her glistening black fur was such a contrast to his own, he thought, as he moved up behind her. Alps took Uri's hips in his hands, and she gasped, looking over her shoulder, Misha raising her head to look at him too. They both had expressions of curiosity.

"You did very, very nicely, Alps." Misha said with a smile, feeling he'd come to make sure the guard he'd just tongued to rapture was satisfied. "You certainly pass my test." she added with a giggle. Alps gazed at them both for a little while, as they gazed back mushily at him in silence for a moment. Alps continued to hold Uri's hips, his cock twitching and still quite hard, though neither

could see it.

"Do you want us to reward you for doing so well, little slave?" Uri said softly, her lips spread in a teasing smile. She was being jokingly condescending. "What does our little bedroom apprentice want?" she asked, licking her lips. Alps swallowed, knowing exactly what he wanted. He moved one hand from Uri's hips, and used it to guide his throbbing member to her wet, tight sex. Uri gasped very loudly, and looked with wide eyes back at Alps, and then to her mate, who looked at her inquisitively.

"What's wrong?" Misha asked. She looked into her mate's eyes with concern.

"Oh heavens... Misha... He's ready to go again." she said in wonder. Alps blinked. Was that uncommon? Misha's eyes widened again, and she lifted Uri's shoulders, looking under her, where Alps had positioned his throbbing member at her entrance. She let Uri back down over her, her hands on the black-furred lady lupine's shoulders. Uri's tail brushed back and forth softly against Alps' tummy, showing her sudden excitement at the idea.

"Oh... my..." Misha said softly. "That was a fast recovery. I guess... let him!" she cried, seeming excited by it too. "I will hold you!" Alps shivered a bit, liking that idea a lot. He had found before that he really liked this position. Uri leaned over her mate, and hiked up her tail, spreading her legs and lowering her hips, so her tummy rested against Misha's. This let Alps lean over her on all fours if he wanted to, since her profile was lower.

The lupine slave guided his shaft back to her entrance, the tapered tip of his cock snugly between her tight labial folds, which were wet with her anticipation and the joy of pleasuring Alps before. Misha began kissing Uri deeply. Alps drove his hips forward slowly, making the black lupine moan through her nose. Their kiss broke just as Alps hilted his thick member inside Uri's tight tunnel, her labia kissing at where his cock met his groin.

"He's inside you, isn't he?" Misha said, smiling at Uri. Alps could see Misha's face, but no that of her partner. The black-furred guard nodded softly. "Alps... Do it hard and fast - don't stop or even slow down 'till I feel her cum running down my pussy." came a very blunt order from Misha. Uri squeaked in surprise to her mate, but Alps carried out his order before she could really protest, if indeed she would have.

Alps held Uri's hips tightly and gritted his teeth as Misha gave that hot, arousing demand. He drew himself almost all the way out of the sexy smaller female, and drove himself to the hip back into her with a single, hard stroke. It felt incredibly empowering to Alps, and the pleasure was exquisite. Uri cried out, and gasped as Alps drew back out, and bumped hips with her again, pressing his

thick, throbbing flesh back into her tight body.

"Faster!" Misha demanded, bringing her legs up, and ensnaring Alps' rump with her feet. She drove him hard back into Uri, making her squeak loudly, and then, as Alps was pulling out, he only got about a quarter of his length out of her before Misha pulled her feet forward again, and slammed Alps back in quickly. "Oh yes... stay deep, Alps... like that!" Misha demanded, making Uri cry out, as she brought Alps back into her hard and briskly. She set the wolf's speed at a pretty hot pace, making him stay buried deep inside of the grunting female.

The slave finally took over as Misha's feet lowered back to the bed, her hips pressed up against her lover's so she could feel her juices running down from Uri's sex and into her own. The sex-tormented black-furred lupine was unable to say anything or do anything much more than brace for the now rapid pounding she was getting from behind. Alps shut his eyes tightly, and savored the pleasure as best he could. He had never pumped so hard and fast and deep before, and it felt so natural and feral and physically gratifying!

"Faster, Alps!" Misha said darkly, as if enjoying some sinister pleasure in this. Uri cried out in slight protest, tensing up already with pleasure, and perhaps approaching orgasm. Misha too was panting. It seemed to really work her up somehow, and delight her greatly, to do this to her mate - to make Alps vent near animal lust on her lover. Alps complied eagerly, pistonning hard and fast, almost as fast as his body would allow. His chest burned for want of air, as his heart hammered in his chest to send oxygen to his taxed muscles.

Fortunately, because of being a hard-worked slave, Alps had a lot of physical stamina, and he had no trouble sustaining his speed and power as he drove himself against Uri at a desperate pace. Her sex was still almost virginally tight, showing her lack of use for males, for the most part, since her mate was female. That tight tunnel almost pulled upon Alps' cock, stroking him inside just as hard as he was mating with her!

Uri arched suddenly, nearly pulling Alps from her sex, and then thrust back hard against him a couple times, before throwing her head back, and just screaming with hard release, her sex clenching like a vice on Alps' still rapidly thrusting shaft! Misha squealed with delight this time, and lifted her rump up, pressing her sex closer to that of her mate, and feeling Alps' sack slap up against it a bit. She crooned loudly as Uri's juices splashed hard into Alps' pumping lap, and ran down her own sex and inner thigh.

Alps continued to thrust hard and fast, not holding back at all, until Uri whimpered slightly, her climax definitely waning, and her body over-sensitive from the well sustained sexual frenzy behind her. Misha, hearing and understandably recognizing that whine, hooked Alps' rump with her feet, and slammed him into her mate deeply, and just held him there, as she ground her

thighs against his, and gurgled with delighted afterglow.

"Very good, Alps... You follow orders very nicely..." Misha crooned, seeming quite happy with the mushy, mindless result of her lover's mood. Alps held himself inside Uri's twitching, clenching tunnel a while after Misha lowered her feet, letting her mate rest. Uri dizzily lifted her head, and grinned at her mate, staring. "What?" Misha said, wagging her tail innocently, that whip tapping Alps' inner thighs softly.

"Alps... lower your hips, and slip your cock into Misha." Uri said very solidly. Alps blinked. Uri was the younger one. Was he supposed to follow her order? This pause for thought gave Misha a chance to protest.

"Oh Uri... No. No... I'm only for females!" she cried, wriggling a little under her smaller mate.

"Hear that, Alps? Be gentle, she's not had sex with a male before." Uri growled, grinning almost cruelly to Misha. Alps was reminded of the way he took Misty. That ended well, but this was different. Misha didn't care for males.

"Oh, Uri! Don't you dare!" Misha protested, her stronger muscles pushing Uri up a bit, but she was still weak from her own climax earlier. Alps slipped his thick, throbbing cock free of Uri, still rock hard, since he had not cum his second time yet. He really did want to see what Misha was like. She had been so very tight on his tongue!

"Misha, it's only fair. Besides... he's a slave. There's no regrets. Since I have control of him, think of him as a toy... An extension of me... I want you to experience it, even if just once." Uri crooned. Alps placed the tip of his cock against Misha's still sopping wet sex. He had to spread his legs wide to get his hips low enough to match up to her position. Alps still had his hand on Uri's rump, though. Misha whimpered softly, hugging Uri's middle with her legs, trying to push her backwards to move Alps back as well. He wondered why this kind of thing seemed entertaining to Nidaja or Uri.

"Oh Uri!" Misha cried, struggling a bit, "I don't know if-"

"Alps, rub her clit with the tip." Uri demanded, seeming as if she were actually punishing Misha with the slave. Alps pressed himself forward a bit, Uri's rump against his tummy tightly, as he used his hand to work his cock back and forth, side to side, and in small circles over Misha's clit, making her quiver under Uri, and whimper more loudly, despite the soft motion of her hips, showing she was getting some pleasure from it. Alps licked his lips slowly. If he pushed forward just a few more inches, he would be fully sexually involved with his fourth gorgeous female in only three days. He felt so terribly selfish.

"Ooohh... Uri... What are you-" Misha panted out softly, arching her back a little, as if trying to escape Alps. The slave decided that if Misha told him directly to stop, he would, but so far, the debate was between the two girls. So far, he had not been told directly to stop. He continued to rub Misha's sex with his pulsing shaft, spreading pre over her puffy, arousal-engorged labia.

"I'll not be sitting for a couple days because of you, Misha... You have to be punished, my love." Uri crooned. Alps' ears perked. Was this now some kind of game for them? Misha whimpered softly, and then, almost mockingly, frowned to Uri as if apologetic to her.

"Yes my love... I understand." she churred, her voice going feathery and slightly submissive. "I have been bad." Alps gritted his teeth, feeling suddenly very used in this drama. Being used like this, however, felt wonderful! Alps felt her juices becoming more plentiful on the tip of his member as he spread Misha's sex around it.

"Now Alps..." Uri said, looking over her shoulder at the wolf. "We have to punish Misha for being bad earlier." Uri said, using a very strong and very fake noble accent. "Slowly slip about... ohhh... half of your nice, hot shaft into her." Alps looked into her fiery green eyes intently, not sure what was going on now, but it finally dawned on him, after a moment of reflection.

Nidaja had asked that Misha and Uri might possibly take Alps on one of their adventures. This was what she had been talking about. Misha and Uri liked to play games in bed to make it more interesting. Alps wagged his tail slowly, and nodded to Uri, who looked back into her mate's eyes. No regrets. This was playtime for them. It had nothing to do with who they were on a day to day basis outside this room.

The white lupine slave slipped his hips forward as Uri moved up Misha's body some. Alps groaned as he felt her tight sex slowly swallow his throbbing organ. He fed her about four inches of it, before shuddering to a stop inside her. He held still, uncertain as to how much control Uri wanted over what he was doing. He wanted to play their little game by their rules!

Misha whimpered loudly, in what sounded like protest but she actually pressed back against Alps a little, as he eased into her. Alps swallowed softly, feeling light-headed again with desire. He was her first male playmate, Uri had said. He certainly felt honored for it! He lowered his head a little, listening for Uri's words.

"Start slow, Alps... just half of it... in and out." Misha's lover half-whispered. "Really easy, Alps..." The slave nodded slightly, and did as he was told, rocking his hips gently, pushing in and out the first four inches or so of his tightly clenched member. Misha whimpered a bit more, and said softly,

pleadingly,

"Oh Uri, love... I'll be good! I promise!" Misha's honeypot tightened on him, as if to stop him. Alps slowed a little more. He was becoming more and more aroused, even faster than when he was hammering Uri so hard moments ago.

"Alps... all of it. Nice and slow." Uri said, looking her lover in the eyes. Misha looked fearful, and crooned out softly,

"Oh no, love... not that!" as she tightened her sex hard on Alps' intruding shaft. The slave groaned deeply.

"So tight... Oh sacred essence..." Alps moaned, uncontrollably. Uri growled to Misha, but it was perfectly easy to see right through it, to the utter mirth that she was hiding. This was so much fun for her!

"Oh yes... that... Do as I tell you, Alps." came Uri's command. Slowly, Alps slid himself deep inside Misha. Nidaja's slave felt a slight tensing of resistance, and then heat, as it gave way. Misha cried out, but pressed back, as he hilted himself inside her, and then she shuddered hard. Alps whimpered with concern for Misha, as he felt her hymen stretch around him, and softly tear like that. That was real pain.

"I'm... deflowered." Misha said, in a whimper seeming of stunned awe. Uri gazed back at her, and then looked back at Alps, smiling. This made the anxious male feel a little better, since it showed she was not mad at him for hurting Misha a little. Alps held perfectly still, though, buried deep inside her. He could not believe they would actually allow Misha's hymen broken by a slave during a bedroom game. Then again, for a lesbian, it was probably not terribly important.

"As well you should be, naughty girl." said Uri, wagging her tail, brushing across Alps' tummy. "So many times, your little tricks and traps find me, but I finally have you right where I want you." she said. Alps looked over Uri's shoulder. Misha was panting. She rolled her hips softly, and whimpered to Uri. She was feeling pleasure again, Alps realized. Alps noted, at about that time, that Misha didn't mind losing her virginity like this, because to her, it was still with Uri. Alps was just a toy for them to share.

"I will be good, love." Misha said, a little louder, in a slightly pleasured tone. A soft moan followed. Uri growled happily to her mate.

"Would you like our slave to let you go?" she asked, wagging her tail a little more briskly. Alps secretly hoped she would say no. He wanted, more than ever, to take her now. Misha whimpered softly, and pressed tight to Alps again.

"No." she said. Alps' heart sang with joy.

"What would you like then? You are being a good girl, my love... You can have anything you like." she churred. Alps felt a lot better now. This had turned into reward instead of punishment. Alps understandably *hated* punishment. He listened to Misha as she panted softly.

"I want him.." she panted, "To cum inside me.." she whimpered. "I wanna know what that feels like." she added in a heavy breath. Alps groaned with pleasure as she tightened herself around him. It would seem the pain had faded enough for her to continue. Uri crooned loudly.

"Ooooh, yes... That is very pleasant. I think you will like it." she said. Alps looked to Misha's face, and she shot a kind and playful smile to him, letting him know he'd not crossed any boundaries. He was welcomed to this. It was by their will and desire he was playing their game. "Go ahead Alps." Uri said, finally. "Slow and gentle first. Let her tell you what she wants. We have to reward her. She's been good." Uri giggled.

Alps didn't hesitate to do as told. he slowly stroked his hips back and forth, drawing himself half way out, and then burying himself deeply again, getting a shuddering whimper of slight pain at first, and then, as Misha adjusted to him, her soft moans of pleasure began to lilt through the otherwise quiet cabin.

The eager and loving slave went very slow, as instructed, feeling very tender and kind now, which really suited him far better. His soft hips brushed against Misha's as Uri's head lowered slowly, and her tongue slipped into Misha's mouth. They kissed for a very long time, slowly becoming more and more passionate, holding on to one another as they did so. Alps felt happy to be a part of this now.

Finally, their kiss slowly separated, because Misha needed to breathe a bit harder. Alps' hips continued to very slowly, very gently work against hers, but the pleasure was really building on her nonetheless. Alps closed his eyes, just savoring her. She wanted to feel him cum inside her, but there was no reason he should not make sure she had an orgasm too. Uri brushed Alps' tummy with her whisking tail as he rolled his hips evenly and methodically for Misha.

"Faster, Alps..." Misha said slowly. "It's... starting to feel really good." she churred. Alps nodded and held Uri's hips, his legs still spread wide to keep his own hips lowered, as he thrust a little faster, and with slightly longer strokes, in and out of Misha's hot, tight body. Her sex felt almost bare, as it was soaking wet with her juices, and her fur was so short. Her muscles felt strong and solid, as he pressed into her with a soft bump-grind, making her gasp and moan loudly.

Alps repeated this bump-grind motion a few times, loving the resulting

sounds from Misha, but he leveled out at a slightly brisk pace, beginning to pant himself now, as he stroked his flesh in and out of that tightly gripping honeypot. He grunted softly with building pleasure of his own, knowing that he would have no trouble at all complying with Uri's final order. He'd be coating those silky hot inner walls of her tight sex very soon!

"Oh Alps... faster... please... faster..." came Misha's heated whine. The slave obeyed happily, and started pumping faster, his thick shaft feeling tugged within her massaging inner folds. Alps stopped to grind her a bit, when he noticed a sensation of twiddling near his navel. He reared back, resuming thrusting into Misha, and looked down. He saw Uri's fingers rubbing in circles over her own clit. She was aroused and ready again, it seemed. Alps moaned deeply, watching her masturbate, pumping brisk and a little harder in and out of her steamy mate.

"Don't stop! Oh goddess! Don't slow down!" cried Misha, starting to roll her hips hard. "Ohhhh! Oh, I'm almost there... mph! Mmph! Mmph!" Misha began slamming herself back against Alps. Uri began to moan as well, as she pressed her fingers into herself, Alps still watching. He felt his sack tightening up, as he started to near his climax. He grunted now with each dull fumph of his soft-furred hips against those tight-muscled thighs of the female guard!

"Oh yes! Cum on him! Cum on him, Misha my love!" came Uri's desperate cries. She was working herself to frenzy, very deeply involved in their hot little game.

"Mmph! Mmmph!! MMMPH! AAHH-YES!!" came Misha's hard cry, as she pitched herself hard against both her mate and Alps' rapidly pistonning cock. The slave felt that hot, wet tunnel seize tightly around his throbbing member, forcing him to slow down a little, though Misha still rolled her thighs just as fast, making Alps groan as he neared release. She didn't splash this time, her juices welled up inside, perhaps, from Alps hard, swollen shaft being so tightly gripped inside her. Alps pressed in very deep, and, the angle just right, her hot juices burst from her clenching sex, splashing Alps' lap!

Misha rode out her climax in loud desperation as Alps continued to thrust into her. He felt so close, but his position was, perhaps, a bit too hard on his legs, or the angle wasn't quite right and he seemed to remain just a second away from release. Then again, delayed climax seemed to be a natural difficulty when he immediately tried to have sex after already climaxing, not that the other two could complain. Uri slapped her own sex rapidly, pumping her fingers into herself loudly, grunting in desperation for her release.

"Ahh... Ahh! Alps!" cried Misha, struggling a bit. She was oversensitive now from her climax, and Alps wasn't stopping! Alps whined loudly, feeling so close to orgasm! "Oh Alps! Take Uri! Make her cum again!" Misha cried,

holding Alps' pumping hips. The slave groaned, and pulled free of Misha's still clenching sex. He plowed into Uri, making her squeal loudly and as profanely as a guard on a sailing ship could!

"Aaah-fuck! Yes! Yes! Oh fuck, Alps! I'm gonna cum!" Uri cried. She held her head back, baying out loudly with almost every single hard thump of Alps' hips. The change in position drew Alps a little further away from climax temporarily, but because of this wonderful position, and that tight, hot sex, Alps was quickly right on edge again, driving himself hard into Uri. "Oh fuck... mmph! Nnff.. Yes, Alps.. harder! Harder!!" she cried. Alps growled ferally, and held Uri's hips tightly, pounding her just as hard as before, and suddenly, she shrieked with pleasure, and her body seized around his hard-stroking cock!

Uri bucked and swore and generally lent well to the sailor reputation, as Alps felt her tighten and relax, tighten and relax, and just pour wetness over his throbbing, pistonning flesh! As Uri weakly rolled her hips, panting heavily, whimpering in her waning orgasm, Alps grunted loudly.

"Nnnng! Oh Uri! I'm cumming!" His voice seemed to break the silence, even though Uri was still being quite loud, as was Alps' own panting. Misha gasped loudly, and her hand quickly moved underneath Uri, still on all fours, quite ridged over her playmates. This left enough room for her hand to slide between them. She leaned up a little, increasing her reach under her shorter lover, and her fingers slipped around Alps' throbbing organ as he buried it for what was to be the last time into that spasming sex. Misha pulled downward on Alps' shaft, jerking him free of Uri's body, and, raising her hips, she cried out.

"Mmmph! Mine!!" and pressed her soaked pussy to Alps' hips hard, sinking his instantly and violently gushing cock into her still burning sex. The timing of her taking him in was perfect. Misha would get every drop! Alps threw his head back and howled as he found himself pushed back into Misha's sex the instant before the first jets of his opalescent seed burst from his throbbing cock. The slave grunted as he pressed deep and hard into Misha, leaning over Uri's back again, holding her hips as he ground himself hard inside her gray-furred mate.

"Oh Uri... Misha... Oh my... Nnnk" Alps shut his eyes tightly, riding out his hard, hot orgasm on shaky legs. His mind began to swim more than it ever had before.

"Oh yes... oh dear, yes, Uri..." Misha panted, rolling her hips against Alps in heavy satisfaction. "Ooooh, this is nice, you were right... Feels so good... Mmmn... I can feel every... single... squirt..." she panted. Alps felt suddenly detached from the bed, as if lifted suddenly. This made him suddenly fall onto his back, as if thrown off Misha and Uri. His hot seed splashed from Misha's now unoccupied sex, all over the base of her tail and the sheets, squirting from her

clenching, still spasming sex. Then, as he lay there on the bed, the room warped and spun, and darkness took him.

Sexually satisfied well beyond his physical limits, Alps had simply and unceremoniously passed out.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

Comments or Questions?

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

## Chapter 7

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The ship had reached its destination. Diera. It was several towns and cities in one, gathered around the center to lupine society, Castle Diera. Alps had never seen so large a city in his life. There were large complex buildings and spires that touched the sky. Hazy with the humidity of the ocean, on a mountain in the center of this island group of towns, was the castle, looming large and white and beautiful. This, Alps mused, was to be his new home. The castle alone, as it waited in the distance, far outstripped the size of his home town of Luca.

The slave walked off the ship, led by Nidaja. His night with the two wolf females, Uri and Misha was still fresh in his mind, but his mind was reeling from the tension of meeting the queen. The sex had *not* relaxed him enough for this, despite how extreme and intense it had been.

As shaken and worried as he was, this was when he met the one who was to be his new owner by the will of the general. On the pier, he saw her. She stood alone among the boxes and crates, unescorted. The matriarch was very confident, it seemed. This dream of lupine beauty was Nita Arcana Razelle. She was a green-furred wolf, an emerald Amanian just like Nidaja, but her features were much fairer. Her muzzle was a little longer and more slender, her eyes wide and expressive, her form trim and slender. She wore violet and dark green robes, and a bit of jewelry, including three sapphire earrings in each ear. She was elegant and perfect in every way. It was exactly as Alps had always pictured the queen.

"Well Nita, here he is!" Nidaja chimed. She nudged Alps forward. The white lupine stumbled forward slightly, and then got onto his knees, bowing to Nita, trembling just a little, though perhaps not noticeably. He looked up into her eyes and said softly,

"I am a gift for her majesty, the queen." He bowed to her and kept his gaze down. He had not intended to look into her eyes, violet like his own, but he had looked nonetheless. He kept his tail low, and looked as submissive as possible to her. The queen gazed intently at him. Silence seemed to last forever.

"Not much to look at..." she finally said softly. Her voice was so delicate

and feathery, gentle, but powerful and refined. She sounded very wise, and, to Alps' silent horror, disappointed. "The fur's kind of odd, don't you think? Is it sick?" Alps looked over to Nidaja, his teeth gritted. She looked a little taken aback as well, but much like one might if someone just got a bouquet of flowers, and declined them. Alps' heart sank. She would reject him. His stupid white fur would cost him his one and only chance at a happy life. He found himself suddenly violently compelled through fear and frustration to just start screaming and ripping out clumps of the cursed fluff.

"No... He's not sick at all. That's how he was born. He has white fur. Very special, you see. One of a kind, I bet. You deserve something special." Nidaja churred in a soothing and convincing tone. Alps' heart lightened just a little, but he still felt like crying. He was so ashamed to even need defending in front of the queen of the Amani people.

"Weren't there any stronger-looking ones, maybe other Emerald Amanians?" she asked. "He looks utterly ridiculous and... Nidaja, goodness, look at his ribs... This one's in pathetic shape... pathetic. It would drive my reputation down to be seen in public with this poor creature. I'm not a charity, Nidaja. People expect a certain level of esteem in my servants." Alps swallowed hard, not in reflex, but to keep from throwing up. He had never hurt so much in his life. Chana was not capable of making him feel like this. As if reading his thoughts, Queen Razelle continued. "Maybe his former owner would take him back?" she said. Alps' heart sank again, and he gasped, trembling. If he was returned, after the display they made in Luca, selling him for twenty bits, Alps would be killed!

"Nita, I promise you, he's the best money can buy! Just give him a chance to -" Nidaja pleaded. Nita cut her off.

"What did you pay for... this..." she vaguely indicated Alps, who gazed up at her from the dock. She hated him. Alps looked up at the queen, who was glaring at him like a very bad mistake that had been made on an important building project. It was as if, in her eyes, Alps was something to be corrected. He swallowed back bile, not daring to get sick in front of her when she'd already asked if he was sick.

"Twenty bits." Nidaja sighed. Nita sneered.

"I think you got seriously ripped off, my sister..." she replied softly. Nita's gift from Nidaja sank to his hands and knees, and trembled visibly. She'd order him given back to Chana. She'd probably even tell Nidaja to get her money back from Chana. Alps was going to die. Tears filled his eyes. The world blurred. At least he knew some happiness before the end. That was a good thing. Still, he could not believe how suddenly his good fortune had ended!

Nita spoke again with a disgruntled sigh. "I do really appreciate the gift,

Nidaja, but no thank you. I have a bit more class than this, you know that. I know you want to help him out, you always had a big heart, but we can't take in every single stray mongrel." the queen said coldly. "Have him escorted back. Pay his former owner a hundred bits to take him back." she said with great finality.

"I'll be killed." Alps croaked bluntly. He didn't care if he spoke out of turn now. If they killed him here and now, he would surely suffer less than if Chana did it.

"I didn't give it permission to speak." Nita said. "Muzzle it." she told Nidaja sternly. Nidaja looked almost painfully shocked.

Alps shut his eyes. He was right there! How could she just degrade him like that, with him right there? Even Chana usually avoided doing that in public. If he stayed with Nita, his life might well be even worse! He put his nose to the floor. He felt like crying, but couldn't. It hurt too bad to cry. He had nothing rational to hold on to and form a genuine feeling out of. He felt hopeless, lost, and falling. All he could think, over and over again, was that he would die, or Nita would make his life worse than it would have been with Chana, and dying would have been better.

"Nita... He's got feelings! You never treat your other servants like this. What in the eternal essence is wrong with you?" the general complained. Alps whimpered at that. The sisters fighting about this made him feel even worse. He was damaging something sacred just by existing now. Nita growled savagely to Nidaja, making her back up, and obviously, reminding her that *she* was *not* the one in command.

"I've never had a servant to take care of my personal needs, either." the queen snapped back. "I want the best possible one! One that I don't mind spending time with. One who is strong and can protect me when my guards cannot. I want one who will reflect well on my presence in public!" She pointed angrily at Alps, "This is a joke! I would be laughed at everywhere I went! I would just be a target to any assassin who thought he could get through this paper-thin wall to me. Do you want that?!" Nita growled. Alps sputtered a bit as tears streaked his furred cheeks because he knew in his heart what Nita said was true. He could never be happy. Not like he hoped. Life would always kick him back down even though this was the first time he had ever been up!

Alps backed away, crushed by Nita's proclamation. It was official. The queen's words were treated as law. Alps was legally a joke. A horrible mistake. He trembled, fighting back his emotions. Pain, fear, regret, rage, sorrow, all of it boiled in him in the most uncontrollable levels he'd ever felt, and all at one time. And on top of it all, he was getting Nidaja into terrible trouble. She was the only one who had finally shown him happiness. He couldn't let it happen. His

happiness, even his life, was not worth that to the white-furred slave.

"Nita..." Nidaja said sadly. Alps looked at the general pleadingly. He then gazed at the knife she kept by her side. If he was such a joke, his life really wasn't necessary. Not to any of the people of Amani. A quick, painless death was what he wanted now. The focus of that single desire formed so vividly in his mind, like being trapped for years and years, and seeing that his captor had accidentally left the window open. He could see nothing in his world but that slender, ornate blade at his mistress' side. This beautiful, graceful escape was not what Chana was going to give him when he was returned to her. He looked at Nidaja again, the thoughts surging in his mind seeming to somehow reach her through his pained gaze. She frowned, gritting her teeth.

"Alps, you don't... really want that... I will figure something out for you." she said, her voice wavering. She seemed to understand exactly what he was asking for in his gaze.

"Want what?" Nita asked bitterly, still apparently very upset and offended over her gift. Alps could not help but think Nita was a little arrogant and selfish, but she had a good point. As queen, her image wasn't decided by her alone. She had to make her image work for the public, or she would have no support, and there would be anarchy. Nidaja had made a mistake in presenting such a disgusting joke as a gift for her powerful sister. The general bristled with anger, and pointed at Alps.

"He wants me to punish him, Nita. His life's been miserable the whole way through. He wants me to use my knife. He wants me to kill him!" Nidaja sniffled back tears, obviously very hurt at her sister's actions. Her gift, that she felt so good about, was just thrown back into her face. Alps was just an object in this whole event, nothing more. Not even alive. "He just wants to stop hurting. Please, stop treating him like dirt, Nita... Give him a chance to prove himself!" Nidaja fairly shouted.

The queen's eyes widened at Nidaja's description of Alps. She then, to Alps horror, drew a slender, well decorated dagger of her own. Alps held still, not even trembling now. Would she kill him for making her sister yell at her? How unfortunate all of this was. Nita handed it to him. The trembling slave carefully took it, his hand feeling suddenly like lead. He almost dropped the dagger, as he held it so weakly with fear. The queen backed away. What did she want him to do with this?

"If you are really in that much pain... Do it yourself." Queen Razelle said flatly. "Nidaja shouldn't have to pay as much as she did for something so worthless and then be expected to do everything for you." Alps gazed at the queen a moment. She was serious. It was an order. He turned the dagger over and touched it against his chest. He could feel his heartbeat, all the way to the

handle of the ornate knife. He tensed his muscles, and then released a breath.

"NO!!" Nidaja shrieked. "Nita, he'll really-!" Nidaja practically dived for him, to perhaps try to prevent it, but his focus and resolve all snapped together cleanly and neatly, and there was no time allowed for reflection. Alps shut his eyes and thrust the dagger in at an upward angle, then quickly withdrew it. He'd not leave any work in retrieving Nita's gift from his body. That would have been selfish.

The pain wasn't all that bad. It hurt a lot, but not as bad as he thought it would. Everything dulled. Sounds, light, feeling, all became muffled as he dropped somewhat limply on his back onto the wooden planks. He could hear Nidaja wailing though, at the top of her lungs. Deep inside, Alps apologized to her. He could barely feel the heat of blood running down his side from the open wound between his ribs.

He lifted his hand, still holding the crimson-bladed knife. He watched it glitter in the sun. Everything was bright, but washed out... fading. He could not hear Nidaja anymore, but as he looked up, her face came into view. She seemed far away though. Very, very far away. It was like he was looking at her through a long tunnel. Nidaja was crying. She looked so afraid. Alps regretted what he'd done now. It would have been better to let Chana kill him, so that Nidaja never had to know. Never had to see. He had been selfish. Nita's face came into view.

She was crying too. The queen. Over him. Alps felt bitter, even as the world washed with more and more light, their faces barely visible through it. Nita looked so afraid. This was what she wanted! Why was she crying!? Alps spoke, with difficulty, as it felt like his body, his lips, his heart, just didn't want to do anything. It was like controlling a marionette puppet with a few missing strings.

"It doesn't hurt anymore." Alps said. His words were very loud to him, even though he could not hear Nita and Nidaja. He could not see them anymore. He could not feel anymore.

"You made me happy... Nidaja..."

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The sound of leaves rustling came into focus. There was sound. Alps opened his eyes, and there was light. There was a lot of it, too. He closed his eyes again, the light hurting them a little. He could smell... perfume? What could he feel? It was soft here... like a cloud. Alps' body ached, though. It was all over. He died. Alps knew he died. Did pain follow him when he returned to the

Life Essence? It should not have. Based on what priestesses had told him, pain and unhappy memories were not allowed to follow the consciousness of life into the essence. Alps opened his eyes again, squinting a bit. The world slowly came into blurry view.

He was in a bedroom. It was a pretty large room too, with tapestries on the wall. The bed was very large. The lupine slave tried to sit up, and winced, grunting in sharp pain. His chest hurt like hell. He dropped back onto his back, holding a place that felt bandaged. His head fell to the side slightly. Queen Razelle was on her knees at the side of the bed, her arms crossed under her chin, her eyes closed. Was she sleeping? With some effort, he sat up, looking at her. She had been crying before. He remembered. Her and Nidaja. She wanted him to die though. She said it. She told him to do it. Still, Alps had felt sad, and guilty, when he made her cry.

"Your majesty?" Alps tried to ask in a normal tone. A light, strained whisper was all that came out. It hurt Alps a lot to do it. The queen slowly opened her bloodshot eyes. She gasped and bolted up to her feet, then eased Alps onto his back. Her hands were... So gentle...

"No, stay still, and don't speak. You haven't completely healed yet. You need rest!" she said. Alps blinked in confusion. Was this the same Nita who had just told him to kill himself? There was a long silence. Nita sat back on the edge of the bed, and gazed at Alps for a while. He followed her order, however. For all the questions he had, he didn't speak. He just watched Nita, wondering why she had such a sad face now. She was so proud and confident before, even when stripping his very being down to bare bone in front of Nidaja.

"I... I'm sorry, Alps..." the queen said, breaking the silence. She was facing away, but Alps could tell she was about to cry. Her voice was very tense. Her apology was genuine. He could hardly believe that the queen would ever feel the need to apologize to a slave. Especially with how she acted before. It had been made plain that he was just the dirt under the nails of her people.

"It's okay, I'm not upset about it, and you shouldn't be either..." Alps whispered comfortingly. Just whispering didn't hurt quite as badly. Alps wanted to comfort her. She was Nidaja's sister, after all, and Nidaja was going to give him as a gift. A lupine life, just given up as a gift. Nidaja must have loved Nita a lot for that. At least for her sister, he didn't want Nita to cry. His gesture backfired terribly as she gasped, hiccupped, and then burst into a fit of tears.

"How can you say that after what I did to you – After what I *said* to you?!" she sobbed. Misty entered the room. Alps swallowed. Misty and Nidaja... How were they taking it? Misty walked over to Alps and examined him carefully. She looked into his eyes, holding a little crystal shard that glowed brightly, and examined both eyes carefully.

"You'll recover entirely," she said cheerfully, but seeming tired herself. "If you rest, that is. You should try to stay calm, Alps. If I had not been on that boat, you'd never have left that dock. Even I am at a loss as to how you managed to survive it." She caressed Alps' cheek softly, and smiled. "Don't press your luck. Do you want Nita to leave, so you can get some quiet rest?" Nita was still sobbing heavily, coughing and sputtering, shaking her head, not seeming to want to leave.

Alps thought a moment. Nita was really hurting right now. He was weak, but he still belonged to her now, right? It was his duty as her personal servant to comfort her in times like these. He felt almost stupid for thinking like that, but it was the plain fact. He could not deny it. He sighed softly.

"I want her to stay." Alps said weakly, "She's the one Nidaja was giving me to, so I want to get to know her a little better." Nita shut up and gazed in astonishment at Alps, tears streaming from her eyes. Her jaw trembled as she tried to hold in more sobbing. She seemed confused and a little afraid again.

"Are you sure?" Misty asked softly. Alps nodded softly. Even if Nita had been the one to tell him to do this, he still felt better about his own moral standing for being nice to her. He wanted to show her that he wasn't cold and uncaring. He could be a very caring and genuine servant. This was more important than strength sometimes. Or appearance. Maybe he could convince Nita to let him stay with Nidaja instead of sending him back, which he assumed was still his fate. He felt it especially unlikely he'd remain in the company of the queen when he'd just proven how incredibly unstable he was. Suicide for the Amanian people was nearly absolutely unheard of. Their regard of the essence of life, and the energy found in happiness were too defined to ever allow it. The doctor simply nodded warmly and left the room quietly, telling Alps to call if he needed her. Perhaps she understood Alps' need to do this after all.

"I don't deserve you, Alps." Nita cried, her face buried in the pillow beside Alps' head. The white slave gritted his teeth. What in the world was she talking about? She was the queen! Of course she did. She deserved anything she damn well wanted! He had no idea what to say to her. The slave sighed, then gasped. He suddenly realized he was naked. Had Nita looked at him? The lupine lightly shook away the silly thought. Of course not. She had more class than that! He turned his attention back to Nita. She finally spoke again, softly. "Alps... It's been four days. You have been asleep so long. We thought you would die..."

"Just give me a chance to serve, M'lady... Even if I am not serving you, I could still help Nidaja." Alps stated flatly, cutting her off. He wanted to change the conversation, and lighten it up a little. "You shouldn't blame yourself for what happened, you didn't stab me." Alps had a feeling that wasn't going to help

much. He was right.

"Nidaja knew you would do it..." Nita cried, her voice muffled in the pillow. "She knew you wouldn't question it, even for a second. And I never thought for a second you would actually kill yourself if I told you to. I was just trying to get out of keeping you as a servant. If you refused to act on my order, I could have told her that you weren't loyal. I really had no reason other than your white fur and hungry appearance to refuse you, though. I am so ashamed of how shallow I was being, and I feel ashamed that it wasn't until your back hit the ground that I even considered that what I was doing might have really been hurting you! For some stupid reason, I just thought that because you didn't know me personally, my reprimand wouldn't really hurt you. I'm so very, very sorry!"

Nita was now lying entirely on the bed, beside Alps, bawling her eyes out. Her rejected slave reached over and reflexively stroked her shoulder. So it had been his fur and his previous living conditions. He had already known this, of course, but he also knew that she was right about her public appearance. People would expect her to have something much different from Alps. He would ask, to make things even, to be given to someone who would treat him like Nidaja and Misty had. He would not go back to Chana. Maybe something good could still come of this. Hope glimmered once again for Alps. He began to feel better. If she knew Chana would hurt him, Nita, as she was now, would never send him back! The queen began to calm down as Alps stroked her softly. He felt a pang of guilt. He was stroking her. Caressing the queen... How absolutely ridiculous this was of him.

"It's gonna be fine, your highness..." Alps said in his hoarse whisper. "You heard Misty, I'm gonna make a complete recovery. You shouldn't worry about it anymore." There was a short pause from the queen.

"Nita." came her muffled response.

"Huh?" Alps asked, looking at her. She turned her tear soaked face to Alps.

"Call me Nita...please. If you are going to be my personal servant, then you will be caring for me when I am enjoying my frightfully small amount of free time. I would rather you weren't so formal." She smiled weakly at Alps. His eyes brightened. Was she saying that she intended to keep him herself?

"Then you will give me a chance?!" he gasped. His exclamation hurt like hell. Nita sighed and happily nodded.

"Nidaja was right, Alps. I don't need someone who is huge, handsome, and fearless." She gazed deeply into Alps' eyes, the light of wisdom and power shining in them, even through her drying tears. "I need someone who needs me

too. You needed to be free from your former life to become what the essence had intended for you to be, I think. And I think... maybe I need you too, Alps..."

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Alps plopped down on the extremely soft, huge, bed. It was larger, and far softer than the one he had slept in that first night with Nidaja. This fluffy monstrosity was Nita's bed. Alps had been tending to the queen's personal needs for about six weeks now, and his injury from her dagger was soon to be nothing but another scar and another memory. While Nita still had to change the dressing on Alps' wound, it seemed like it had never happened. Alps was getting accustomed to small errands, and for the past week, since he was able to get around okay on his own, he had been getting lost over and over again in Castle Diera, the heart of the Amani Nation. At least twice a day, some of the other servants or guards got sent to find him and bring him back to some place he recognized.

It was very colder even as the winter season waned, and the temperature outside the castle had dropped below freezing. Nita had complained that her bed was cold whenever she first got in it, and that it took her a long while to get warm. She was actually losing sleep over it. Nidaja had suggested Alps getting in the bed before Nita and warming it so she could get some sleep. Nidaja made the suggestion mostly because it was a very easy task for Alps to do, and the general had taken a lot of concern with Alps' recovery, insisting that he not even work for the first two weeks after he got the injury. It had been the longest vacation he'd ever known.

The sisters did not talk for about a week after the incident. Nidaja had blamed Nita entirely for what happened, saying that she had always been a little selfish, but she'd never seen anything like that from her. The white-furred slave reminded Nidaja that her sister was under the stress that came with her position, and her job was not easy. Sometimes, the work seemed more important than her happiness. Nita didn't turn Alps away for her own reasons. She turned Alps down because of how much of a grip her duty had on her. Her duty to her people was consuming her, and her personal needs were secondary, or even further from her mind than that. Alps was a luxury she could not allow herself in the eyes of her people because what they thought would be more important. The slave had thought about it a lot while he lay in bed recovering. He had become sure of this reasoning. Alps had told Nidaja that her sister needed him even more now, because she needed someone to remind her that she was still a real person, and not just an idea and a set of orders. Nidaja forgave Nita, much to the queen's apologetic and tearful delight.

Misty had made the suggestion that he could get Nita's bed the warmest even faster if he stripped before he got in bed. Alps had done that, and now lay comfortably on the bed. It would be about an hour before Nita got there to go to sleep. Alps pulled the covers over himself. Nita was right, it was freezing! The blankets were like snow, heavy and filled with down. After about twenty minutes of shivering, Alps began to warm up. Unfortunately, the warmth in the soft bed made him very comfortable, and he began to doze lightly.

The slave was awakened by a light pressure beside him. He gasped, realizing he had fallen asleep. He looked beside him. Nita lay there in a silk nightgown and close-fitting panties. She stared back at him in the nearly complete darkness. She blinked her wide, expressive eyes at him.

"I'm sorry..." she said softly, "I tried not to wake you."

"I fell asleep." Alps said apologetically. He began to move toward the end of the bed, to leave Nita his warm spot on the bed so she could sleep. He realized again that he was naked, and stopped a moment. This was a very awkward moment. He could not possibly tell Nita to get out of her room for just a moment on such a cold night, and he didn't want to just expose himself to the queen, if she didn't want to see that. He grinned sheepishly at her. She was still gazing intently at him, which was very disarming.

"Alps?" Nita said in a soft tone. The lupine slave looked back at her curiously.

"Yes, Your Maj- err.. Nita?" he answered.

"Do you know how to give a massage?" she asked. Alps swallowed. He knew how, but the thought of doing it to Nita in her night gown drew thoughts from him that, until now, he'd only honestly thought of her sister and Misty, as well as Uri and Misha. He inhaled deeply, trying to shake such naughty thoughts out of his mind. He'd not made love to anyone since the incident. His mind was treacherously quick to embrace those thoughts again!

"Yes." he answered blankly. Nita rolled over onto her belly, slipped out of her nightgown, and lay still. Alps quivered as he looked at her bare back. Memories of the time he spent with her sister rushed into his head again whether he wanted them to or not, and he was immediately excited. He gritted his teeth. With him completely naked, all Nita would have to do is turn around to notice. He prayed that she would not.

"Please..." Nita said softly, relaxing a tiny bit. "I've had a very irritating day, Alps." She mumbled something about bickering regional matriarchs. Alps swallowed again and scooted forward, trembling. Her demands were his job. If she asked for a massage, he couldn't ask questions or say no. He sat up,

exposing himself entirely. The lupine was flying at about half-mast, already very aroused. He decided to position himself in a way that was a little harder to tell. He sat Indian-style and leaned over, beginning to rub Nita's shoulders. She sighed luxuriously. While he'd never done it in the nude, he *did* know how to do this job.

"Mmmm, that's nice!" Nita crooned softly. "Very good Alps. I often get professional massages that don't feel this nice. Your hands are so much lighter and gentler." The wolf thought to himself quietly, that most of the people who massaged her were likely not thinking about sex. These touches were not trained, they were just longing. Sensual. It was the way he touched Nidaja.

Alps rubbed her shoulders for a while, putting a lot of effort and kindness into it. He wondered if she would fall asleep while he did that, actually leaving herself open to his touch. He then scolded himself for daring to think such a thing! He blushed a bit, and closed his eyes, working her muscles slowly, finding she was perhaps more tense than Chana had ever been. This wasn't just luxury like it usually was for Chana. Nita genuinely needed this.

"Is that good?" Alps asked sheepishly. Nita adjusted her position a little and sighed happily.

"Lower." she said, in a soft, feathery voice. The lupine slave swallowed again nervously as he massaged her lower back. He used a technique he'd dubbed 'dove wings' which worked well on his previous mistress. He traced very firm wing patterns into her muscles from her shoulders and lower back. Her terribly tense muscles seemed to melt as he did. Work must have been really tough today. Alps found himself wondering all the things Nita did in a single day. So far, she didn't yet take him into public, but she said it was more to spare him the requirement that he'd be expected to work hard while at her side, and he wasn't healed completely just yet.

He rubbed her lower back deeply for a little while. She breathed softly and quietly as he did this. She seemed to be so quiet now, as she got her desired massage.

"Could you massage the backs of my legs?" she asked softly. Alps could tell she was really relaxed now, from her weak-sounding voice. And she was smiling so pleasantly. He complied eagerly, massaging her legs near her ankles. She allowed him to do that for a minute or so.

"Uh... Higher, past my knees..." she whispered.

Alps shuddered and did as he was told. He had a very prominent and aching erection from giving this nearly naked royal leader a massage so closely and intimately. He wondered if it even excited her a little bit, and if she would be

angry if she knew he was so painfully swollen and lustful. The slave rubbed the back of Nita's legs near her rear. To his further excitement, she spread her legs a little, giving him an even more enticing view. He found himself looking hard at the curved mound of her silk-hidden crotch.

"A little higher..." she sighed, causing the slave to silently gasp, fearing he'd been caught staring. Alps tentatively moved up a few inches, meeting her panty line. His heart was beating faster now, since he felt his contact with her had been intimate enough as it was.

"Like this?" he asked, his voice strained a little. He scolded himself again. If he spoke, Nita would surely figure out his condition. Surely she knew as much about sex as her sister. She was the queen. She could have anyone she wanted, whenever she wanted. If Alps stayed excited, she'd be able to smell his arousal soon. She would recognize that hint of musk.

"Mmmh, higher..." she murreled again, smiling luxuriantly.

Alps stifled a frustrated whimper, and moved his hands onto the lady's firm, shapely rear, massaging carefully and adoringly. He had expected her to snap at him, telling him he was now way too high, but instead, she parted her legs a little more and sighed, resting her head on her comfortable down pillows. She let Alps do this longer than anywhere else. The scent of is own arousal caressed his nose. She would find out soon at this rate. There was no avoiding it. Alps felt very fearful. He already knew what Nita was like when she was not pleased.

"I like that..." she finally muttered, "Something feels wrong, though..." the queen added. She thought a moment. Alps sighed, figuring she meant that he should not be massaging her there. He listened intently, having paused a moment. Of course something was wrong. A mere slave had his trembling hands on her royal posterior.

"Alps?" she asked.

"Yes?" he croaked softly.

"Would you mind taking off my panties and then massaging like you've been doing? I think it would be more comfortable without the silk sliding back and forth over my fur." she explained, making Alps' heart skip a beat. "I like the way your claw tips feel..." she added, laying her head back down. Alps froze. His heart quickened and his engorged member began to throb. "If you don't mind terribly." Nita offered. Alps was still not used to a mistress who cared what he minded.

"I don't mind." Alps said softly. He really didn't but he knew he would be

going nuts inside as he did it. He was already slightly shaking.

"Go ahead..." Nita said softly, holding up her rear to make her panties easier to remove. Alps carefully reached out and grasped the edges on both sides. He slowly peeled them down. Past her rear, past the tip of her tail, her knees, her feet, and they were off. He turned back to her.

Her legs were slightly apart with her tail laying in between, obstructing any kind of intimate view. Alps caressed her naked form from shoulders, down to back, and finally his hands came to rest on Nita's hindquarters. She was fully nude now. They both were. He began to massage her backside, and felt a little shudder through Nita. Alps found himself wondering if she was a virgin or not. Surely she could not have been. After all, once again, she could have anyone she wanted.

He was now paying very close attention to her rear, waiting for her to move her tail even slightly. He loved the firm muscled feel, padded so lovingly in the softness of her rump, and her warm fur. She was, to Alps, actually even more beautiful than Nidaja. He kept close watch over her guardian tail. On occasion, she would lift it a little, almost showing Alps what he wanted to see.

Alps continued to massage. Finally, he looked back up at Nita's head. He gasped, fear jolting through him. Her head was turned now, to the side, propped up on one elbow. She had a tiny smile upon her lips as she gazed directly at him. She was staring in his exposed lap. Alps gritted his teeth and crossed his arms over his lap, and his ridged cock, feeling the pre-cum wet his fur.

"Alps?" Nita said, getting his attention back on her face. He looked back at her, his ears splayed back, fearful. "Did I order you to stop?" she asked curiously, but cheerfully.

Alps placed his hands on his owner's rump and began massaging again. He looked first at her eyes, which trained themselves back at his lap. His dripping, twitching member was the focus off her attention. Alps turned his gaze, looking instead at a wall past Nita. He massaged for a little while like this, his heart racing. Should he still be afraid? Would she sell him after such insult? He felt Nita spread her legs a little more, and raise her rump a little. He just continued to massage.

"Alps?" Nita asked again. The lupine looked at her though half closed eyes. She was looking into the white wolf's own violet eyes now.

"Yes?" he replied, his voice quivering. Nita gestured for him to look down with a shrug of her head. Alps complied, to see Nita's legs spread, and her tail lifted high out of the way. The lupine gasped, not moving his hands. Her pussy was dripping with tangy readiness, lined in pink from arousal and slick with her

juices. The scent of her musk was almost immediately overpowering, her tail having flagged that scent right over him.

"Keep massaging..." she said coaxingly. Alps swallowed very nervously and gazed at the view she was giving him so willingly, wondering why. He massaged and, now, rather than just laying there, getting a massage, she began to move her rear a little. Her new slave massaged like this for almost ten minutes before Nita broke the silence again.

"Alps, the front now... I really do enjoy the feel of your slow and gentle hands on me..."

Alps swallowed hard. Nita rolled over onto her back, showing Alps her ample, well rounded breasts. Her tits were as solid as Alps' shaft, though her breasts were just a little smaller than her sister's. A smile played over her lips. Alps shifted his line of site to see Nita's still hot-pink slit. There was a trail of juices leading to her belly from where she had been dripping as Alps massaged her. She had evidently been enjoying it as long as he had.

"Want to massage my chest?" she asked, clutching her breasts and cooing. Alps nodded. Yes, definitely he did. Her actions were almost vulgar and teasing now. This started to comfort him about being so aroused. Still, the wolf felt dizzy with anxiousness, just as he did with Nidaja the first time. He scooted alongside her again. This was even more profound, though. He had not slept with Nidaja after finding out she was a general and the sister to the queen, and had for some time still wondered if he could even do it with who she was. Now, as he found himself burning with arousal for the queen herself, he began to feel Nidaja would have had no trouble at all provoking his lust and intimate action again.

Alps watched the beautiful queen's eyes shift back to his cock, which was now considerably closer. The slave touched tentatively at first, then caressed tenderly, and then finally began to massage her luscious mammarys. Her nipples were tiny spikes in his palms, and she gasped as he pinched them gently.

The white lupine moved closer, lowering his nose. Closer, closer... He pulled a tit into his waiting mouth and sucked on it gently. This was not part of the massage. This was outright selfish intimate contact, and he firmly expected to be shooed away from it, even if he was allowed to continue massaging. A shivering sigh escaped her lips as he succeeded uninhibited by the queen. She lay flat on her back with her arms by her side.

"Oh Yesss, that's nice..." she cooed, "I'm really enjoying this, Alps..." The loving slave licked and suckled on the queen's breasts for easily about twenty minutes. She finally released a long, low moan, spreading her legs wide. Alps

began kissing down to her belly, hoping she would let this proceed. The white-furred wolf now felt even lighter headed than he had ever felt before. He didn't feel afraid anymore, he just absolutely could not believe the position he was in with his life at the moment.

Upon reaching the point where her juices had run to her lower tummy, Alps licked evenly all the way down to their source. Life seemed to run in slow motion for that eternity as he drew his soft, warm, pink ribbon of flesh to her sweet-scented, slightly tangy honeypot. When his tongue reached it goal, Nita gasped.

"Oh blinding lights..." she hissed, a shiver running through her entire body. Alps could not tell if he'd gone beyond his boundaries with her.

"I'm sorry,..." Alps panted softly, "Too far?" Nita shook her head vigorously.

"Oh no! You're fine, Alps, just keep doing what you were doing. You know how to give a dreamy massage!" Alps looked up at her in a little bit of confusion. He thought he'd stopped giving a massage quite a while back, but he continued anyway.

Nita shut her eyes and tilted her head back, holding her legs open. Alps licked the area around her sex gently, over her mound, causing a few soft moans of approval. Finally, he slipped his tongue between the supple lips of her swollen pussy, tasting her clit. She eased down the bed a little, receiving her treat from her adoring servant.

"Oh, keep going!" she gasped. "It feels so wonderful! Your tongue's so hot and - oooh!" Alps watched her calmly now as he began to lick slowly, evenly, with deep, powerful strokes. Like Nidaja, she was really enjoying this. He wondered if she'd ever know about his time with her sister. He felt it better not to bring it up, especially now.

Nita sighed breathlessly, beginning to pump her thighs a little. Alps continued to lick slowly and methodically, just as Nidaja had trained him. He eased his middle finger into her sex. He buried it to the knuckle, causing her to gasp as he licked her clit hard. He slid his finger in and out slowly, licking while he did it. Nita was breathing heavier now. Her slave lifted his head, still fingering the gorgeous queen.

"Is this your first time?" Alps asked. He just had to know. Nita gasped, her thighs ticking up and down a little more vigorously. She seemed so on edge, so apprehensive, like Misty had.

"Y-yesss.." she cooed. Alps gasped, looking up at her. He was the first

she'd ever done this with? What right had he to do this to her? It should have been with a strong and renowned knight, or a highly merited male servant. Not a slave. Not someone who would never gain a single merit. Silently, trying to only think off his orders, Alps slipped his finger in and out of her a little faster as he continued to lick her. She moaned loudly.

"Alps?" she asked.

"Yeth?" she responded with his tongue on her clit.

"Have you ever done this?" the heated queen sighed, tilting her head back again. She was really enjoying this. Her hands trembled as she gripped the sheets while Alps effortlessly filled her with intense pleasure with every single stroke. The white slave lifted his head briefly, not stopping the gentle motion of his hand.

"Yes." Alps replied, feeling his heart sink a little. He may well have to tell her about Nidaja. He decided he would openly tell her. It would be far worse for him to hide the truth or even lie to his new mistress than it would to tell a truth that ruined her wonderful and favorable mood. He pumped his hand a little faster. If he could only bring her this pleasure first, he'd be a bit happier about it. He didn't need the pleasure returned, just the chance to feel her convulse around that pistonning digit.

"Really?" Nita gasped, then moaning at the change in speed, "Who with?" Obviously she knew that, being a slave, particularly an abused one, his options sexually would have been dramatically small. Her curiosity was justified.

"Nidaja and Misty." he answered honestly. "Misha and Uri too." he added, trying not to sound shameful about it. He wanted it to sound like a matter of fact, not something that he regretted, even if he did regret that it might drive her mood through the floor. She gasped, her eyes wide, and moaned deeply.

"You mean you've been with two High Council members?!" she cried, in both surprise and pleasure.

"Mmm hmm..." he replied, his tongue back in play licking her a little faster. Nita moaned louder now. She was distracted. She could allow the pleasure for herself, even through the shock of who he'd been with. He knew he could bring her this pleasure and his heart soared for it.

"Ohhh, oohh, oooh.. Alps, I... I..." she seemed too confounded by pleasure to be able to think of what she really wanted to say. Alps was fine with this. He desperately wanted her to enjoy one of those wonderful orgasms that Nidaja had very artfully trained him to give. This was, perhaps, the general's real intended gift.

Nita began to move her thighs a little more quickly now, rolling her hips with eager longing. She was really close! And so quickly too! Alps held her slit open between his thumbs for a moment, and stuffed his tongue inside her deeply, forcefully. He dolloped out her nectar deeply and loudly, sweeping his entire tongue over her clit with each retraction and subsequent penetration of her royal flower. She gasped in short breaths, and then went rigid, shuddering. Alps devoured her tart juices passionately as she held still in lusty anticipation. Finally, the last thread holding her back from blissful release violently snapped!

"Aaahooooooooooooo!!!!" she howled, a perfect, wonderful note of pleasure ringing in Alps' ears, softly bucking as a powerful orgasm washed over her. She shook, shuddered, and cried with ecstasy over and over again, as the slave's powerful tongue delved into her again and again, taking as much of her tangy nectar as she'd give. Gradually, she slowed her panting, still clutching the sheets, eyes clenched tight, coming down from her release. Alps licked her tenderly as she calmed down.

"Did you like it?" Alps asked, panting. He was so aroused that it almost hurt to move. He'd ask for nothing in return though. He was happy to have done what he had already done! Nita sighed and sat up shakily.

"It's your turn, now." She smiled. Alps gazed back, almost in shock. It was her first time! She could not possibly want to take him! "How do you like to do it?" she asked. Her slave gasped loudly. She was serious.

Alps then lay on his back, the way he'd been his first time with Nidaja. His throbbing cock lay on his belly, twitching as he gazed up at her. Fully aroused, nine inches of pink flesh captured the queen's gaze. Alps had no idea how to feel, but if she wanted him, he was certainly hers to have.

"Like this..." he said, gritting his teeth as a rather strong jet of lupine pre jetted from the tip off his swollen member, over his tummy.

"Oh my!" Nita squealed, having seen that hard jet of pre. "Did I miss my chance?" she asked, seeming genuinely worried that she had. Alps realized then, that she really was a virgin, and that fact sank in hard. He smiled warmly, and said, in a gentle voice,

"No, you didn't. I didn't cum." he explained. "That's normal. It happens way before I do. It makes it easier to go in. It's slippery." He explained eagerly. Nita looked at Alps, fascinated, before slipping her hand around his throbbing, hot shaft, and spreading that slick fluid over his member, nodding in agreement. She took a little while to explore this part of his body, lifting his sack, seeing how heavy it was, and tugging a bit on his cock, enjoying the lighter jets of lupine-pre-cum.

Finally, Nita groaned anxiously and straddled his legs. She stared longingly at his shaft for a moment then grasped it firmly again and rubbed some more semen all over it, getting it as wet and slick as possible. Alps' heart raced. She was getting him wet to make it easier to get him in. She was really going to do this to him. He felt almost sick again with anticipation and excitement. Nita pulled herself forward and placed the tip between her wet, pouting netherlips. She slowly eased down. For her it seemed to be a little painful. For Alps, it was tighter than even Misty, and it felt like pressing right into heaven. Inch by inch, she took him in.

Alps felt something give when he was a little over half way in, and the queen yelped in pain, but thrust herself down on him, taking the entire length. The slave moaned loudly, half expecting guards to rush in from the queen's yelp, but none showed up. Nita held still for a moment, letting Alps lick at her nipples, and then, for the first time, kiss her. The slave brought his lips to hers, feeling the need to kiss her if this was to be done right.

He parted her muzzle against his own and slipped his tongue in slowly, teasingly, and got a wonderful reaction from the queen in return, her tongue playing against his own joyfully. As he did this, he began to rock his thighs gently. Nita responded, moving her hips up and down his cock slowly. She was so tight around his thick, throbbing flesh it felt like she was actually pulling on him a little inside her. After a few moments of this, she shuddered.

"It's starting to feel good again..." she muttered, as if in surprise, speeding up a little. Nita put her hands on her chest, playing with her own nipples, which Alps allowed without trying to help. He wanted to let her move a bit at her own pace unless she asked for more. She began to hump him with quick, even strokes, though still somewhat timid, never taking his entire cock in a single motion. Alps moaned, holding her shoulders as she rode him.

"Are you in season?" Alps asked cautiously, feeling his own tingling sensations. He didn't want to get the queen into an unwanted pregnancy, and didn't know if passion had made her forget all of her inhibitions. Nita surely would not mind him asking to protect her interests.

"N-no..." she panted, "But tell me before you pop, I just want to know when it's happening..." Alps arched his back a little underneath her. He could certainly understand that. He decided he didn't have to ask for that in return. Nita made it pretty obvious when she was going to cum. The white lupine groaned softly, and forced his legs and rump to relax; wanting to hold back until he was certain Nita was ready for it.

To Alps' slight shock, she began to hump him desperately, already obviously nearing her second climax. The slave whimpered anxiously. Her pussy

was so warm and wet and unbelievably tight... She sped up to a near frenzy, crying out, thumping Alps' body hard beneath her own, the bed started to shake violently. Alps, also in desperation, was matching her speed. A loud knock was heard at the door.

"Your majesty!" came the cry of one of her female castle guards. Nita squeaked out loudly, pitching herself harder against Alps, a growling tone escaping her as the guard dared to interrupt her now.

"W-What?!" she barked hotly.

"Are you alright? Do you need help?!" came the voice of another guard. At least two were at the door now. Alps stopped moving, freezing with fear, but Nita did not, making the slave grunt softly with her continued stroking. His sack felt heavy, and his heart blazed with need!

"Ahh! Oh heavens... yes!" Nita cried, "I mean, NO! I don't need help! Ah Alps... Ahh... I'm... I'm fine... Oh, I'm close!" she cried, quite carried away, her eyes rolling back. Alps tightened up, toes curling as he had more and more trouble holding back that hot flood of his need that lay coiled like a spring in his loins for his riding queen. At least one of the guards seemed to figure it out, and barked to the other,

"Oh shit! Leave her alone! Ohmigosh..." came her surprised and hushed tone, and they skittered away audibly. Hearing her say these things so loudly did a lot for Alps sexually. He felt he could not hold back much longer.

"I'm almost there..." he gasped. He could still not believe who he was saying this to, but he was enjoying it more than any other moment of his entire life. The lupine slave resumed thrusting hard and fast into her from underneath, wanting to take a very active part in making her climax!

Just then, she jerked tight! Her body trembled with excitement as Alps hammered her from beneath.

"I... I'm cumming... I'm cumming!!! OooOoooOohhh!!!" Nita wailed as her nose turned to the moon. She continued to pump, all the way through her climax, however, so her wail bounced with her. A soft gasp was heard at the door, and another pair of retreating feet. Or perhaps it was the same curious pair from before. At least Nita was well guarded. A struggle would not go unnoticed in here. Alps blew this thought from his mind like a snuffed candle, as he focused on the pleasure the still hard-pumping queen was giving him.

"Almost there..." the trembling slave moaned loudly, still pounding her from beneath, gritting his teeth.

"Ohhh, I'm still cumming, Alps cum with me!!!" she cried, "I want it! I want it so much!" She held his shoulders tightly, bucking down on him, grinding into him ferally.

"Almost.. Almost... Ohhh, Oh NitaaaAAAAHH!!!" the slave cried loudly.

Alps spread his legs a bit, bracing his feet on the bed, and stuffed himself as deep as he could into his owner. Nita shrieked with a third, quite unexpected orgasm, and her slave exploded inside her. The white-furred male shook desperately as he spewed jet after internally soaking, heavy jet of searing seed into Nita's convulsing body, her clenching sex milking her lusty slave for every drop! Alps howled a rich, satisfied chime of pleasure to the heavens as the queen collapsed on top of him, panting, bouncing upon his still thrusting hips deliriously.

The queen's newly-tested slave pulled a blanket over them both lovingly and sighed with afterglow, a deep satisfaction he was falling deeply in love with. This moment was what he was after, even more than the pleasure of release. He held Nita against himself adoringly as she rested on top of him. Alps shut his eyes and sighed very happily. He could not even begin to explain the feelings going through him, but the main feeling he had, was that at last, he was safe. Nita's panting finally slowed enough that she could talk.

"I, uhh, I'm warm, uhh, now..." she chuckled. Nita did not move at all. She held her slave tightly, like a security blanket. For the first time since he arrived in Diera, Alps slept in the embrace of the queen of Amani.

## Sirius, Book I

### Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

*Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)*

*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

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### Chapter 8

"So how was it?" Nidaja asked, smiling, her tail wagging slightly. Nita blushed and looked down, as did Alps. Nidaja had no trouble at all talking openly about it. It was a little harder for Alps and Nita. They were both quite new to the idea of open sexual expression. Nita had made Alps feel a little better in this, as it became obvious that not everybody was like Nidaja. Some still kept it private, just as he had always thought it would be. He was not offended by Nidaja's open attitude, but he at least did not feel himself out of place being a little shy. They had made the decision together to tell Nidaja that their activities now included this to avoid the fact reaching the general as a reported rumor among the castle guard, which Nidaja was the leader of.

"It was fun." Nita said softly, smiling with rose tint over the bridge of her green-furred muzzle and inside her flicking ears.

"Yah." Alps said even more softly. He could not keep his tail from wagging, however, thinking back to it. He had been with the queen! It was so utterly insane! Even in his fantasies, alone by the river, he would not have felt himself worthy enough even to daydream about such a thing.

"Gonna try again?" Nidaja asked. The group was sitting beside the fountain in the garden. It was after midnight, and would be completely dark except for the two moons in the night-time sky, casting silver illumination on the lovely garden. This was often the only time the queen and her friends could visit one another and enjoy some non-structured time together. At least once a week, they stayed up late in the garden or the main hall like this. Misty, Uri and Misha were all playing nearby. It was something they had done together for years. They each had two short sticks, and were manipulating a stick about the same length with them, tossing it back and forth and trying to catch it. Years of practice had made them quite good at it.

"I suppose we will. Can't really think of a reason not to." Nita giggled. Nidaja smiled and looked at Alps, smiling coyly. Alps' heart suddenly raced at Nita's announcement that their bedroom fun was not to likely be a one time event.

"Did you tell her about your... 'training'?" Nidaja asked, looking to the

slave. Alps nodded. Nita knew about his training from Nidaja. He was actually afraid she might have been angry, since Nidaja was her sister, but she was not. At least, she didn't \*seem\* to be. It seemed to make perfect sense to her that Nidaja would have trained him to pleasure her. Perhaps that was originally his intended use all along.

"Yes, he told me." Nita said, "I think you did a fine job training him too. He did a really good job in there last night." she half-whispered. She was blushing even hotter now. Her tail was wagging side to side slowly, in comfort, showing that Nidaja's prying was expected, and not entirely unwelcome.

"That's wonderful!" the general laughed softly. "So, what exactly did you two do? Did Alps try everything he had learned?" Nita looked at her slave questioningly and Alps shook his head. He did not do everything to Nita. She smiled sheepishly and said no. "Keep in mind he IS a slave, Nita... You won't get your money's worth unless you use him a lot." Nidaja said briskly. Nita looked at her inquisitively.

"What do you mean?" she asked in faux-innocence, which she pulled off well.

"You have to use him whenever you feel like it, regardless of his desires, and regardless of your status, location, or company. If you decide you want him, then you should take him." Nidaja explained. "Think how much better you felt afterward! You think more clearly, and are less emotional. You are a LOT less irritable. It's very good for you, Nita. Because he's a slave no one can question your judgment with him, since he's obviously not a romantic interest."

"I still don't understand." Nita responded, confused. "Take him whenever and where ever? It's not terribly often that I am in a place, alone, where I can do that to him other than my bedroom at night!"

"Let me show you what I mean..." Nidaja giggled. She turned to Alps and smiled, before sitting beside him and placing her hand on his crotch. Alps gasped, and Nidaja giggled again. "It would seem he enjoys talking about sex... I would say at least *he* is ready for it again." Misha and Uri stopped playing their game, and looked over to Nidaja, their shadows cast over the courtyard in the midnight moonlight.

"Should I take him to my room right now?" Nita asked in a restrained whisper. She sat down beside Alps on his other side and groped him just as her sister had done. "Oooh... He is excited, isn't he..? Poor thing."

"No, I just told you, take him regardless of where you are. As long as you trust the company you are with, that is. He is yours, and no one would dare challenge you using your slave in whatever way you wanted. That is what Alps is

for after all." Nidaja said in a scolding manner. Alps flicked his ears. It sounded almost demeaning the way she put it, but he really liked serving in the way that Nidaja was explaining. He'd tolerate such treatment for sure.

"But it seems mean and disrespectful." Nita said, as if reading Alps' mind. She had not taken her hand off of his crotch, however. She squeezed his shaft gently through his trousers. Alps could tell easily she was interested, and it only excited him more.

"Alps likely enjoys our doing these things to him. They seem kind after the demeaning and unpleasant things I'm sure his other owner made him do. We feed him well, keep him warm and even genuinely care for him, as you just illustrated." Nidaja elaborated, "He would gladly do this pleasant thing for us. We have shown him a lot of kindness. You can imagine how he feels now that his most important chore, his main task to us all, is simply to take care of the physical needs of a caring and loving individual. I hardly see as how he considers it a task at all." Nita looked at Alps. He was looking down. Alps, for some reason, did not really like it when people talked about him like that. It was embarrassing, even if positive. But, at the same time, it made his heart swell with happiness.

"Is this true Alps?" Nita asked, "Do you really enjoy it? Or do you feel that we are forcing you to do something you would rather not?" Alps looked up into his majesty's eyes. She looked to care deeply about the question she asked, so he answered with the best honesty he could.

"I did feel at first that all I was doing was satisfying Nidaja's needs when I was with her the first night in Luca." he began, "But now, I truly have fun... I think about it a lot. I think of how I will make you happy, or how I will make you feel, but for the first time, I also think how I will feel... How I will enjoy it and feel happy when I wake up at your side. Nidaja is right, Nita. I really have never been so happy." Alps smiled and kissed Nita cutely on the nose for a reason even he did not understand.

Nita closed her eyes, tilted her head, and then kissed Alps fully, slipping her tongue into his mouth. She massaged his crotch gently. Alps moaned softly under his breath and shuddered, putting his arms around his mistress and queen. Nita took her hand off his groin and put her other arm around her servant. Alps no longer heard the playing in the background. He opened his eyes slightly and saw Misty, Uri, and Misha sitting nearby on the grass, watching. Were they just going to watch? Or were they all going to play too? Alps became more excited as he thought of Misha and Uri playing with each other. He then closed his eyes and enjoyed the kissing from Nita.

She was very good at it, no matter what her previous lack of experience. She had a soft but strong tongue, and her muzzle seemed built for his. Alps

caressed her back and shoulders, and gasped a little as he felt the ties to his trousers being undone. He did not think anything of it at first, but then realized that Nita had not moved her hands. It was Nidaja who was untying them. Alps broke away from his kiss and looked at Nidaja. She looked up at him angrily.

"Don't stop because of me, silly." she scolded. "Wait, I have an idea. Nita, let go of him." Nita got up and looked at her sister blankly, and then blushed in embarrassment.

"Are you taking his pants off?!" she giggled.

"Let me see your ribbon..." Nidaja asked. Nita took off her dark blue hair ribbon. Her hair, previously in a pony tail, fell all about around her shoulders. She handed the ribbon to her sister. Nidaja began to tie the ribbon around Alps head, covering his eyes. This confused the slave a little, but he trusted Nidaja now and did not struggle. "Stand up Alps..." came her demand after a few moments of shifting the ribbon.

"Okay..." Alps said softly. He stood up carefully. His pants were loose from having the ties undone. He shuddered. What were they going do? Was Nita going do something? Nidaja? Misty? Who?

"Can you see?" Nidaja asked. Alps shook his head.

"Not a thing... What are you doing?" he asked.

"Don't worry about it." Nidaja said. He heard Nidaja move away, and heard whispering. Alps felt like they were talking about him, and it ran chills down his spine. What were they up to? He felt a hand caress his leg and up to his groin again. He gasped.

"Nidaja?" he asked, shivering a little with excitement.

"No." replied her voice from nearby, definitely not the owner of the hand on his thigh. "Do not ask any questions. You are not allowed to talk right now, Alps." she said sternly. Alps swallowed. Who was playing with him, then? Nita? Misty? He swallowed again. The thought that someone was intimately caressing him but not knowing who it was made him VERY excited. He felt his pants being tugged a little. He smiled and tilted his head upward a bit as they fell around his knees. With some help, he stepped out of them. The young male moaned lightly as he felt a soft hand wrap around his shaft with a feather touch. It moved slowly up and down, squeezing gently to get more pre-cum to dribble out and act as lubricant. He could sense slightly the location of any one near him, which was a little helpful. There was a lady standing beside him, most likely, he felt, Nidaja, since that was the direction the voice came from. Another was kneeling down in front of him, possibly on her knees. Alps had no idea who this was. He stood

still and enjoyed the light, exploratory masturbation he was receiving, and pumped his hips a little with it as the lover on her knees spread the precum up and down his shaft, wetting it then speeding up slightly. He felt the lupine female beside him reach down and adjust the other one's speed so she would go slower. It had to be Nidaja. She always butted in. Alps smiled. The slave was iron hard now, and wanted everything that would be given to him. Even if it hurt. He heard footsteps as another girl came near, possibly two of them... Alps could only guess that Misty, Uri, and Misha were nearby now, to get a closer look, or even to help. He sensed one of them close in on him and then help him out of his shirt. Then her hand found his chest and began to stroke gently. He felt her gentle caress and occasional pinching of his nipples.

The possibly Nidaja female beside him gently began to nibble his neck and ears and he moaned softly as he felt his cock slide into the mouth of the lupine lady kneeling in front of him. Nidaja so far had been the only one to ever do that to him, but Nidaja was not in front of him, was she? Alps pictured one by one each of the girls in front of him, and it excited him profusely, so much he could already feel his orgasm drawing near, even though it had only been going on a matter of minutes.. He was not going to last very long at this rate.

"How do you feel?" came a whisper from close by. Since it was only a whisper, Alps could not really perceive the owner. He remained silent. He was told not to speak and did not want to get punished by the girl with his member completely in her mouth. "You can talk." came the whisper again, "Just don't ask questions. We won't answer. But, tell us how you feel, or when you are gonna cum, okay?"

"O... O-Okay.." Alps stammered. His orgasm was already not too far off. His playmate at his knees bobbed her head back and forth faster. The one that was playing with his chest knelt down too. Alps moaned as her hand went under his balls and began to play with and massage them. He gritted his teeth. He tingled all over. He heard a little whispering at his waist. One lady was talking to the other, but he could not hear them. The lusty lupine with her mouth full was likely not the one speaking, but she did nod. Alps wondered what she agreed to. He pumped his hips a little and the lady beside him licked his muzzle and continued playing with his ears and neck.

Alps moaned sharply as he felt his cock pulled from the female's mouth with one hard suck all the way out. He panted anxiously. He was getting closer now... so close! He gritted his teeth and held still as he felt a tongue caress the tip of his masculinity and then a second one. He panted harder. A firm hand still massaged his balls carefully... encouragingly. He cried out a little as he felt his cock engulfed by a hot mouth, and was not sure whose it was, the first or second lady. He then felt it slide out, and into an obviously different mouth. He knew it was different because the muzzle was a little shorter and the tongue a little broader. Alps' knees got weak from excitement and began to shake. The lady

beside him helped to hold him up. He thrust his hips slightly at a medium pace, enjoying the hot mouth around his shaft, and the back of the wolf-girl's tongue rubbing the tip. Every once in a while she would swallow on him, slightly sucking just the tip with her throat. Alps moaned loudly now, freely. He felt his length pulled out of the lady's mouth and engulfed by the first. She suckled hard and fast, obviously wanting the treat. He heard a small growl at his hips and his thick shaft was taken back to the shorter muzzle. She now sucked him harder and faster. Alps moaned. They both seemed to want it! Oh pure heat, they were fighting over it... This was too much...

"I'm gonna... Oh... ohh... OOOHH!... I - I'm cumming!" He felt his cock pop out of the girl's mouth and a hand begin briskly stroking his shaft, using short and powerful strokes. He cried out as he felt both tongues began slapping over the tip of his flaring cock demandingly, and he exploded onto them, allowing them both to taste his seed. After a little more tongue stroking by the two females, one sucked him into her mouth and drained him a little more, and then the other pulled him out of that muzzle greedily, and took him into her own, receiving the last two good spurts of rich seed and swallowing hard with her short muzzle. She sucked hard for a few more seconds to make sure she got every drop she could before allowing him to slide out with an audible 'plop'. The other's tongue began stroking tenderly over his length, as if to reward or relax that well loved muscle.

The two ladies who had brought the slave off giggled. Alps felt himself now being laid back. He went to his knees and with help from the female, who was beside him, lay on his back. He suddenly heard a small cry as one of the nearby females climaxed! Alps gritted his teeth. Over beside the fountain, Nidaja had just cum! The one beside him was not Nidaja. This girl, whoever she was, began to kiss him. A warm and wet hand caressed his tingling member gently, massaging it back, slowly, to full erection. It tingled sharply as Alps was not ready for more sex yet, but this did not seem to matter. Whoever this was straddled him as soon as he was hard enough for her liking and took him into her tight, wet, and steamy hot sex. She tightened her muscles around him and began to pump her hips. She was already very excited. Alps moaned as the girl who had been beside him moved her mouth away. He thought she was just going to watch now. However, she turned around and straddled his face. He knew what to do. His training had certainly been sufficient for this test. The slave's tongue instantly found its goal and he began to lap the lady lupine's clit with strong quick strokes. She moaned loudly and gasped and covered her mouth. Alps smiled. It was Nita.

"Darn it!" she giggled, and moaned again. "Now you know who it is! Heh he heEE... Ohh... Mmmmmhh!" The slave began to lick her furiously. He wanted her to cum hard and fast. He knew there were other girls waiting their turns, and the idea that he could give all of them that rapturous pleasure they already knew in his presence made his heart sing with joy! He heard a moan

from nearby, but was not sure who it was. The moan seemed close to orgasm. Maybe they were not actually waiting their turn... The one riding his cock grunted a little and began bouncing her hips desperately. She was not taking her time either. She wanted an orgasm too, and she wanted it badly enough to risk giving away her voice. She hammered away on Alps.

He heard Nita moan loudly as she began to rock her own hips. He licked her hard and *deep* now, sliding his tongue in and out quickly. By the movement of her hips, this was not going to take long. The lady at his waist began really hammering, gasping and grunting. She seemed to be grunting to keep her voice a secret instead of moaning. Her hips suddenly locked up with a little series of twitches as she released a long breath and inhaled through her teeth before pumping a few more times and rolling off almost casually, leaving his lap soaking wet. Alps moaned against Nita as she really began to buck, moaning and crying out freely now.

The young slave heard an individual sit down first on one side, and then another person sat at his other side. The one to his right began to fondle his iron hard, femme-cum-slicked shaft. She pulled it into her mouth and began to suck for a while, drawing hot tingling from the slave, and then she climbed on top of him and took his engorged, twitching member inside her hungry sex. She was extremely hot inside, but not as tight as the one who took him a moment ago. She began thrusting immediately, not waiting to savor the moment at all. Another female took that one's place beside Alps. She lay down, as did the one on his left.

Alps reached over to touch one to find that they had their feet by his head. He moved both hands up their legs to find that both of them had their honeypots occupied with their hand, but they moved their hands immediately at his touch and let him slip his strong fingers in. He wondered if Nidaja was one of them, or if the hot, sultry creature riding him now was Nidaja. Nita cried out and Alps was suddenly showered over the muzzle, neck, and chest with her tangy juices. He had been so into his perverse thoughts of who was where, doing what, that he had nearly forgotten that he had been licking Nita closer and closer to release! He had been almost automatically pleasuring her while he considered his wonderful predicament. The queen climaxed forcefully and moaned loudly as Alps lapped up her juices and probed inside her to lick her clean. Gasping and panting, she finally rolled off, shaking like a leaf from her orgasm.

Instantly, her position was taken by another girl! She was shorter than Nita, so it was most likely Uri. She was wet and sticky, and Alps could taste the salt of his own pre-cum in her, so she was obviously the one who just rode him. The slave pumped his fingers in and out of the two heated lovers beside him, and began to rock his hips under the one riding his shaft, lapping furiously at the pussy over his nose. He could feel his own climax approaching. He should have been unable to get so close again so quickly, but it was very likely because he was pleasuring

four females at once that he was so close again.

He gasped as he felt the wolf girl riding him lock up. She was already climaxing, but she did not stop. She quickly resumed and hammered him faster. Alps moaned as the two females beside him began to move their hips, very receptive to his treatment. Whoever was over his face bucked her own hips now, drawing close to climax, and the girl on his right was going faster in that direction than the one on his left.

The one riding his hips locked up a second time, shuddered violently, and collapsed into the arms of the one on his face, forcing his muzzle about three inches in. He struggled, unable to breathe for a moment. The one on his face finally regained her position and rolled the collapsed lover off of Alps. She was quickly replaced by another lady.

As none of the females had moved since he had finished licking Nita, Alps knew it must be her. He decided it was appropriate, as he was close to orgasm now. She pushed him inside her. Alps moaned long and low, licking quickly, his tongue actually getting very sore. The underside of it kept rubbing his bottom teeth. Nita held still for a moment, evidently savoring the feel, clenching the muscles of her already obscenely tight sex on his cock. She then began sliding up and down his wet shaft, moaning softly, not even trying to conceal her voice.

The female to the right bolted hard and shuddered, holding his hand still against her throbbing pussy as she twitched on her heavy release, soaking his fingers. Alps kept his hand still and she went limp. She lay beside him, breathing heavily. The wolfess on his face held still, suddenly seeming unable to move, but not making a single sound. Finally, as Alps fucked her hard with his tongue, pistonning as rapidly as he could, the girl trembled as if shivering with cold, holding her hands against his tummy, leaning back. Her juices poured out as she came freely on his muzzle. Loud gasps were all she emitted, trying not to scream with pleasure.

Alps slurped up the precious liquid and then slowly and carefully lapped her clean. She rolled off to the side and just lay above Alps' head, not moving. The girl on the left that was still bucking and gasping at Alps' fingers took her place over his gifted muzzle. Alps lapped her savagely, despite his sore tongue, and put both his hands around Nita's waist, pulling her down onto him, thrusting deep, his orgasm closing in. Her's was too, obviously, as she began to moan and pant and cry desperately. Alps heard Misha cry out near his feet as she climaxed hard, and she then lay still. He had no idea who even brought her to climax! Alps moaned. Three down, two to go...

The one on his face now, having been brought most of the way along by Alps' skilled and long fingers, shuddered suddenly and climaxed quickly, flooding Alps' nostrils and almost choking him. She held her position while Alps lapped

her clean. He coaxed her through the rest of her release and dazed afterglow by nuzzling his nose against her sex adoringly, but weakly. He could not lick anymore. His tongue, both sides, was quite raw now.

To his relief, when she rolled off to the side, lying on the other female beside him, no one came to replace her at his mouth. Alps began to thrust his hips into Nita harder, since he could grit his teeth now, with the straining of muscles brought by mating his mistress hard. She moaned loudly, getting closer and closer. The slave moaned joyfully as she lay over him, bucking her hips rapidly, her breasts pressed against his chest. Alps tilted his head back and cried out as his thick seed violently exploded into her tight body in ribbons and torrents. His entire body convulsed from it, his mind stripped away like smoke in a hurricane! Alps opened his mouth to howl, but nothing of the sort came out, just a sharp, long whine.

Nita cried out furiously, her body tense, "He's cumming! Oh Nidaja, he's exploding inside me, I feel him!" Alps winced a bit from it, realizing he was supposed to have warned them so they knew he was cumming. He could not even speak now though, dazed and blindly gushing inside those suckling tight depths.

Seconds later, still bucking on his cock hard and fast, the queen reared up, leaned back, and howled desperately as her own climax rushed over her young and exhausted body. She clenched tight on Alps' rod as she cried out over and over with orgasm, milking him with the movements of her muscles. She collapsed on top of him, and was removed by another lady.

Alps was exhausted, and he moaned softly. He could not go on. He felt a strong tongue caress his shaft for a little while, but it stopped after a few minutes, it's apparent only design being to clean him. He felt his blindfold being removed.

He smiled weakly as the view focused... The grass in front of the fountain was littered with clothing and naked lupine females. Some were laying over each other, and others, like Nita, were just sprawled out on their back. Nidaja was the only one that was conscious and alert.

"I am very impressed Alps... everyone had fun. You did very, very well." she said softly. Alps closed his eyes. He was still not used to the compliments but enjoyed them a lot. He drifted to sleep under the stars feeling needed, wanted, and very, very useful. It would be a short nap, but it was a nap that he definitely needed now, after having exerted himself so heavily and for literally two hours or more at the rate they were going. There seemed to be obvious risk playing outside in the garden like this, but then again, it was the middle of the night, and the only people that should have been left in the castle were the guards and other friends and family that the queen could trust with the knowledge of their little tryst. Nidaja had been right. It was fine for Nita to know

that she could have her slave any time that she wanted him. She had no reason whatsoever for being ashamed or afraid of the consideration of others when he belonged to her completely. The wolf found that he was both happy with his service and impressed and delighted by Nidaja's attention to caring for her sister. Being "used" to bring happiness to their family was a nobler calling than he thought he could ever have. Nothing, to this wolf, could have been more important in his life, and, as slumber, even for just a few moments, took him, it's all that spun in his weary, joyful mind.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

### Chapter 9

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Alps sat nervously at the table, his hands both on it, and his eyes bright and curious, despite how nervous he really was. All around him were books. Stacks of books were on some of the tables. Shelves filled with books were everywhere around him. There were boxes that Alps presumed were also filled with books. This was the library of castle Diera. It took him all day the previous day just to find it in that monster of a structure that Nita lived in.

The queen's slave was here to meet with Misty for tutoring. Misty had told Nita that she wished to see to Alps' training and education herself, as there were a lot of things he would need to know in order to live in Diera, and interact with the kind of people that would be around him on a day to day basis. Also, Misty was convinced that Alps would need to be educated enough to understand his mistress' job so he can listen to her and understand her when she needed to talk to him about any of the difficulties that she was having.

Misty was not here just yet, however, so Alps waited patiently, unsure of his first day of training. He was used to being taught how to do hard labor, but not to do things like read, write, and understand the policies of his governing class. Slaves didn't need to know that. Alps reached over to the top book on a stack that was lying on his table. He opened it up, finding that it was actually a pretty new, handwritten book. Perhaps it was a diary? He had no way of knowing, since he wasn't able to make sense of any of the words. There was a picture of a slink on the page he was looking at, and lines drawn to certain parts of the picture, with writing on them. Alps turned the book sideways, and then his head sideways. Would he really be able to understand these weird hooks and dips and lines?

"It's a book on how to care for slinks." came a familiar voice from behind. Alps closed the book and put it down with a thump, startled.

"I am sorry. I was looking at them while I waited." he explained.

"Do you read any at all? Just a little?" Misty asked. She was wearing robes identical to what she had been wearing when they met. She had wire-rimmed lenses in front of her eyes as well. Alps had seen glasses before, but nothing as classy as these. They were round, small, and perched on her muzzle

without any kind of back-wire like most spectacles had.

"I have never read." Alps said softly. "Is it hard to learn?" he asked. Misty shook her head.

"Not really." She sat down softly and looked into Alps eyes. "But there are actually more important things for you to know, since you will be in close contact with the queen a great deal, and might need to understand at least the basics of what is going on." Alps nodded softly, without a clue of what Misty might mean. He didn't know what other capacity he was to serve other than getting things for Nita, bringing things to others in the castle, and sleeping with the queen. Alps had been with the queen in her loving, gentle way every night this week.

"Well then... what should I know first?" Alps asked, clapping his hands, and resting in his seat. Misty smiled, and nodded to him, as she scooted her chair around the round table, and sat beside Alps, hip to hip. Alps could not help but draw in the scent of her perfume, and wish he could be with her again.

"First, the basis of our current society. If you understand that, the rest is a lot easier." Misty explained. Alps nodded softly, not at all coming close to even dreaming of understanding.

"The basis?" he asked softly.

"The Letai race." she replied.

"The priestess at my orphanage talked about the Letai." Alps said softly, trying to remember what was said. "They were wiped out, right?" he asked.

"Yes, by Mannus about 700 years ago." Misty said, regretfully. Alps knew little about the story beyond the fact that they had been wiped out. He canted his head in curiosity. "Mannus was a powerful Letai sorcerer... We don't know what tribe. He created the Uruk race from bone and dirt and crystals, and began systematically wiping out his own kind, and to this day, we are at war against his legacy of thousands and thousands of magically imbued Uruk, what we call orcs." she said. Alps knew about orcs, and about the war, even though a very small amount.

"Is Mannus still alive?" Alps asked softly. It was a question he had always wanted to ask. Misty shrugged softly.

"Some say he is, though it seems he could not possibly have survived so long. However, we also don't know how he could create hundreds of thousands of warriors from magic and mud like he did, so we simply can't be sure." Misty said. "We don't know why the war began, and why the Letai were wiped out, but

it won't end until either we are gone, or the orcs are gone. And we are not on the winning side, Alps." she said sullenly. Alps flicked his ears. He didn't want to depress his friend and tutor, so he spoke up.

"So... umm... tell me about the Letai..." Alps offered tentatively. "How did they shape our current lives?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" Misty said, seeming to bounce right out of her funk, to Alps' satisfaction. "The Letai religion still exists. It's still a part of our day to day beliefs." she explained, leaning into Alps happily. Alps looped an arm around the older female's middle as she cuddled up to him. He didn't know why she suddenly felt like holding him, but he was not about to complain. He listened intently to her. "You know about the Life Essence, right?" Misty asked.

"Yeah. That was explained to everyone. Your spirit is made out of it. It's in everything that's alive, and all around us. The universe is like a great big ocean and the Life Essence is kind of the water that everything floats around in." he said. Misha nodded to him.

"Right... Everything born comes from it, and everything that dies goes back to it. The one who gave birth to the life essence, the great ocean, and us, is Luna." Alps nodded softly. He didn't know much about that, but he'd heard priestesses mention her.

"The priestess that originally gained the ability to use the essence?" he asked. She was the one who was supposed to have visited Seynoth to learn the secret of the essence, right?" Alps spoke of the large green-hued moon that hung beside the sterile-looking white moon, Ferith. Misty nodded softly.

"Well, her essence that is left, yes. Her reverence sometimes as a goddess is just the height of how much she was revered. Luna... The first Luna, Lived long, long ago. Many of the daughters of priestesses, and so, priestesses themselves, were named after her to honor her memory. She was the first truly great Letai priestess, and united the many tribes of Amani with her love and motherly tenderness. The Letai lived to worship all that lived, and show respect to the life essence, and to Luna, building magnificent temples and training themselves in very powerful magic that don't even exist this day in age." she said. "Their race was rumored to be an off-shoot of the Emerald Amanian tribe, but they were a LOT more powerful." Nita's counselor said softly, in apparent awe.

"Were they green too?" Alps asked, interrupting slightly. He was suddenly very happy to have access to any answer he wanted. It was a freedom he never expected. That is what Misty was offering him. It didn't feel like training, it felt like exploring a new place. The slave really enjoyed it!

"No, they actually came in a variety of colors." she said softly. "However, you will be really interested to know, I think, that some of them were said to have fur like the driven snow. They were white. This description was even given to the original Luna herself, so that many white-furred females bore that name." she said. Alps suddenly wished her were alive 700 years ago. His fur might have been seen as a mark of honor, not scorn. "Anyway, they were very powerful, and Mannus seemed to fear them, so he wiped out thousands of them, leaving the lesser tribes alone for a while, while he slowly expanded his territories, which brings us to the current state of things." Misty churred softly. Alps nodded softly, and widened his eyes as the older lady lupine leaned in close, and kissed his lips slowly. She then drifted back, smiling as she gazed in his eyes.

"Th... Thank you, Misty..." Alps stammered, a little shocked by its suddenness, but deeply happy with being kissed. Misty didn't own him; she could only have done it because she liked him. That knowledge made him feel good.

"These facts are perhaps the most important thing you will need to understand, and over time, as one should *never* forget, and with me, you will learn a lot more about it." she said softly, placing a hand on his knee. Alps smiled at her and nodded again.

"Why were the Letai so powerful?" Alps asked softly, placing his hand on Misty's hand, over his knee, loving having her so close. Misty brought her velvety lips close to her pupil's and spoke with her sweet-scented feathery voice, answering him as helpfully as she could.

"It is said, Alps, that the original Letai tribe, their race..." Misty thought a moment, as if trying to think of exactly how to answer, "It is said that they were the direct descendants of the goddess-priestess, Luna. The children of Luna herself. They were the closest to the original life essence. So they were a real threat to Mannus. And they were the only real threat, it seems. Things went down hill from the point where the last ones were killed." Alps nodded in understanding, and felt the need to bring the subject to something less gloomy.

Slowly, he leaned in closer, and brought his lips to Misty's. She went quiet, and pressed up against him, suddenly throwing her arms around the white wolf and kissing him deeply. They had not really kissed much during their first encounter together. The younger slave was learning that despite her inexperience, she was actually a really good kisser. While that was not likely the lesson that she had come here today to teach Alps, she seemed to sink into the mood quite readily.

After a few moments of this tender, longing kissing, their hearts had begun to beat faster, and the room had begun to feel quite warm. Misty finally pulled away from the kiss, panting lightly, and she smiled at Alps warmly, standing up

slowly, her long fur bristling just a bit. She had a ruddy blush over her muzzle and in her ears. She looked around, and then took Alps by the hand.

"I am not really supposed to do this.. but... come on." she said, gruffly. Alps stood up, his masculinity already swollen, held at an uncomfortable angle in his shorts. Hunched over slightly, he allowed Misty to lead him along. She giggled slightly as she realized his slightly painful predicament. "Oh you poor thing - come on... Let's get you in here..." she said. She led Alps into an office at the back of the library, and she closed the door. There was no light in here. She lit the small lamp that was used only to look for information that was stored in here. The dim light showed Alps that there were boxes in here, and books, and supplies for writing, such as strong-scented inks, and blocks of paper. In the center of this small office was an old, but very sturdy looking table.

"Is this a closet?" Alps asked, trying to figure the place out. "What are we looking for?" he asked softly, wanting to help Misty find what she wanted to show him. Alps gasped as she felt her hand encircle his shaft through his shorts.

"It's an old office... and I found what I am looking for." she said softly, and very coyly. Alps gazed at Misty through half-closed eyes, and caressed her hand softly, his tail swishing softly from side to side.

"Is it okay?" Alps asked in a whisper. "Here in the library? What about Mistress Nita?" he added with concern. "Will she be angry if you ... borrow me like this?" Misty giggled and patted the edge of the table.

"Sit up here." she said, indicating she wanted Alps to hop up on the table. "And no, as long as you don't deny Nita what she wants at the end of the day, she won't mind if Nidaja and I vent our desires on you from time to time." Alps' arousal increased tenfold from hearing that. Even though he now belonged to Nita, he might well still be involved with the others too. It felt almost unfair to have that kind of social fortune. The wolf felt suddenly very rich. He hopped up on the table, and looked at Misty happily.

"I am glad she doesn't mind. I was kind of hoping we could be good friends." Alps wagged his tail briskly, and let what he had just said sink in a bit. He had never considered having friends very much as an adult. His life was dedicated to the service of his mistress and nothing else. Now, things were different. Misty's hands went to Alps' hips, and she untied his pants, and slipped them off of him.

"That pleases me too, Alpsie..." she said softly. His ears perked as she modified his name affectionately. His erection was more than obvious as he wriggled his hips, getting comfortable in the dimly lit closet-style office. "There you go... I bet that's a little more comfortable, huh?" she said, placing both her hands on Alps' hips, standing in front of him as he sat on the table. She looked

down into his lap, giggling softly. Alps' green suede vest, still tattered, hung open as always. Nita had given Alps new clothes, but he wore them sparingly, because he feared ruining them.

"We should... Aahhh.. Be quiet in here, yes?" Alps asked softly. Misty giggled softly, and nodded to him. The slave didn't want to get Misty in trouble. She was in charge of the library after all. The doctor slid her hands slowly up Alps' legs, toward his crotch, as he shrugged off his vest, wanting to let his fur bristle with pleasure uninhibited. Misty kissed his chest gently, and the white slave lupine caressed her ears slowly, sighing happily, and mutedly as those gentle, medicinal hands drew together over his ridged cock.

"Nidaja told me to try something with you... that I really wanted to try." Misty said, blushing a bit. "I feel kind of guilty, but it's part of the reason I brought you here today. You still have a lot to learn, but there is something I want to experience first." she said softly. Alps tightened his legs, letting himself feel all of the pleasure he could as Misty squeezed his cock in a slow, massaging motion.

"Wh... What is that?" Alps asked, already staggering his breath. Misty answered by example. She pumped Alps' shaft in her hands a couple times, making him lean back a little, propping himself up with his hands behind him, before her mouth replaced her hands on his cock. Alps had begun to know that feeling well, and really enjoyed it. He found himself wondering a little what might be so fun to Nidaja and Uri that would make them want to pleasure Alps, instead of just letting him pleasure them.

As the female friends he had made had learned so well to do, his mind was torn away from his internal questions, and dumped unceremoniously into deep pleasure. Alps tilted his head back and groaned as Misty experimentally traced his cock inside her muzzle with her eager tongue, pressing warmly against him as if embracing him in her mouth. The air in the slave's lungs seemed to sink inside him with excitement. He trembled a bit from the sensations that Misty was giving him with just her first sensual oral contact.

Her eyes drifted shut slowly and her tongue tightened against Alps' pink shaft, squeezing a bead of pre onto her warm tongue, which massaged the tip of his erection. Alps leaned back, tilting his head up, and moaning softly, letting Misty know she was doing absolutely fine. The white slave tightened and relaxed his legs slowly, as he finally opened his eyes again and looked down to Misty's face. Her expression was very peaceful, and very content. She seemed to really be into this pleasuring of a slave, and very happy to get the chance to do it. She exhaled heavily through her nose, blasting Alps' tummy-fur with her hot breath, as her head sank down, taking his entire length in. She jerked back suddenly, pulling him entirely out of her mouth, coughing a bit, stifling her gag reflex, before she looked into Alps' eyes meekly, and chuckled.

"Mmm... I can't do that. Nidaja said it's not for everybody." Misty admitted, wagging her tail softly. "But then again... here is where it counts..." she said, her head going back down. Alps gasped loudly as he felt the tip of his rock-hard member seized between Misty's teeth. Surely she would not bite him! She of course, did not. Her tongue pressed tightly to the tip of Alps' member, however, and began to flicker rapidly back and forth, in much the same way that he had done for her some time ago. While Alps was not even the same gender, the resulting sensations were not much different. He fell back onto his elbows, propped up, watching this gorgeous doctor and teacher as she very intentionally made his entire body shake from the extreme feeling of that hard-flickering tongue.

Misty brought both her hands to Alps' lap, and began to cup and caress his sack in one hand, and stroke his member in the other. She let go with her teeth, and held him with her velvety lips, teeth just barely touching now, as her tongue sank down his shaft. She pumped her hand softly, masturbating him into her muzzle with slow, loving motions. Alps had built an impression that everything about Misty was caring and nurturing, and this only cemented that image of the lovely older female. The gold-furred doctor did not take Alps into her mouth again just yet. She let the tip of his cock rub back and forth and up and down over her tongue as her hand, tight, but tender, stroked him off dutifully.

The white lupine slave looked down again, along his tummy, seeing her head there. She was gazing at him now through half closed eyes. The subject of her loving attention wagged his tail slowly, beginning to pant now, from the heat coursing through his body. His fur ruffled as he felt his arousal built to its peak, and the dull, distant thrumming of his slowly building climax creeping through his body. Her motions were so slow, that it felt like it might take forever for it to happen, if it eventually did. He held his legs tight for a while, lustfully enjoying every second of this. Misty squeezed his shaft tightly as she brought her hand up, almost all the way to the tip of his cock, lifting her head and watching as a bead of pre formed there, and then rolled to meet her knuckle as she gripped his rod securely.

"You get nice and wet so readily." Misty churred sweetly. She brought her hand to her mouth, and kissed off the captured bead of pre-cum. She then licked her lips, and made a pleased face at Alps, smiling sweetly. "You must really like this." she said. "I'm very glad." Her hand returned to the base of his cock, and she began to pump it just a little more briskly. She looked into Alps' eyes, and wagged her tail slowly, still fully clothed, as she pleasured the slave sitting on the table in front of her, one hand now supporting her a little beside Alps' hip as she leaned down a bit, her head lowering, lips almost brushing the white lupine's bobbing flesh as she pumped him fondly.

"Mmmph.. Oh, it does feel good... I really do like it..." Alps said, not wanting her to have to wonder at all. She wasn't doing anything against his will

yet, nor was this gentle, tender lover likely to do so. She looked up into Alps' eyes again, as she opened her mouth, and began to stroke the tip of Alps' cock again, with very slow, swirling hard strokes of that almost unbearable tongue. Her pupil groaned loudly again as she captured just the tip in her hot mouth, and suckled on it, one hand still pumping. He could not help but roll his hips a little as the pleasure started to really sink in. She released his tip and looked up at him, licking her lips, having evidently gotten a nice taste of his pre in the process.

"Do you like being in my mouth more, or do you prefer being rubbed on my tongue like earlier?" she asked. Misty was naturally very curious, and learning what pleasured Alps was in obvious satisfaction of that trait. She slowed her hand a bit, stroking his cock with sweet, loving rhythm. "What's the best way to make you cum, Alps?" Misty asked. Alps groaned a bit, as she licked the tip of his member again, hard and slow. He thought for a little while, to all the times he'd made love, and tried to think of what it was that made him lose control the absolute fastest. Finally, he was able to think of it, and blushed a little, twinging closer to release just by thinking it.

"Mmmph... I think I burst hardest when I'm behind someone... pushing into them..." he admitted. "Kind of like the first time I was with you." he whispered, worrying that, with the pleasure of Misty licking him like that, he'd not be able to control the volume of his voice otherwise. Misty giggled softly, and took about half of Alps' cock into her muzzle, pumping softly, suckling tightly against him, drawing his juices to her tongue greedily, before lifting her head with a sweet little 'pop!'

"I want to make you cum Alps..." Misty panted, seeming almost like she was begging. "I want to do it with my mouth though." she said. "Just pleasure you, all the way from beginning to end." Her voice was wavering a bit. She was very turned on by the thought of doing that to him. He still had no idea why she or Nidaja or anyone else liked doing that, but if it made her happy, he would certainly cooperate with her.

"The roof of your mouth." Alps said softly. Misty pulled off of his cock, lifting her head and gazing into Alps' eyes curiously. She didn't understand what he meant. The white slave smiled back, and caressed Misty's ears. He felt compelled to touch her at least in a pleasant manner, so he scratched softly through her fur. "Run the tip of it over the roof of your mouth when you have me inside like earlier... Use your tongue to press me against your pallet." he explained. Misty moved her head down, her skilled hand still gripping the base of his cock, and she closed her mouth around the first five inches of it, before using her tongue to squeeze him against the roof of her hot muzzle.

Slowly, painstakingly slowly, Misty drew Alps out of her hot mouth, making his legs stick out and tremble as the slightly ribbed texture of the inside of her lupine muzzle strummed the sensitive tip of Alps' cock all the way out to the edge

of her front teeth, before she pressed back in, running him right back over that fleshy washboard texture. Alps closed his eyes, unable to bear the pleasure enough to keep them open, groaning very loudly. Misty pulled her head back up and smiled at Alps knowingly, seemingly pleased with herself for that.

"I understand now. That is a very nice technique to know." Misty cooed, before returning her mouth back to Alps' lap. She scooted a chair from the corner by grabbing it with her foot, and she got onto it on her knees in front of Alps, so she could be in a more comfortable position, and use both hands. The hand she'd used to steady herself was now cupping Alps sac, massaging his balls very slowly and gently, as if to coax him to produce exactly what Misty wanted to have. Her other hand remained around the base of his throbbing cock, following her lips up his shaft, sliding easily over his saliva-coated shaft, before sliding back down, an extension of her muzzle now, as she deliberately ran chills of pleasure through the slave!

"Mm... oh Lady Misty..." Alps shuddered, speaking under his breath, "It won't take long like that... Please go faster..." he hissed softly. "I'll cum for you..." He was panting now, very softly, almost out of his mind with pleasure already. Misty did not speed up, however. She giggled softly with his member still in her steamy mouth, and continued to go slow and evenly, massaging his sac, and tenderly dropping the pressure in her mouth, suckling, and relaxing, as her head slid up and down over the first half of his cock, and her hand tightened and relaxed on the lower half of his member. For having not done this before, Alps was out of his mind with desire. Nidaja had to have told her about this technique. It seemed too deliberate.

Alps kept himself propped up, eventually sitting up again, making it easier for him to caress Misty's head encouragingly as it bobbed up and down with a very steady rhythm. The slave whined softly, and rolled his hips a little, but it didn't increase the speed, it only changed the rhythm. He eventually held still, finding that it was more pleasant, tightening his muscles and groaning loudly. Misty was slow and gentle, tender and nurturing once again, as she refused to go fast and hard, which is what every cell in the slave's body was screaming for. She brought her lips from his cock for just a second, speaking in a feathery tone.

"Mmm, Alps... How close are you? Can you cum if I go slowly like that?" she asked. Alps' heart hammered in his chest harder and faster now. Even if Misty was not going faster, the pleasure that she was laying on the slave was bringing him closer and closer to his final release. He nodded shakily, and whimpered, as her hand continued its motion, riding over the sensitive tip of his cock in her muzzle's absence.

"Y-yes..." he stammered, "I will... If you keep doing that for a while. Might take a little longer... but I will." he promised, his chest heaving. Misty smiled almost mischievously, but still adoringly at the borrowed slave.

"I want to know." she said softly. "I want you to tell me when you are going to cum." Alps nodded, almost unable to see anymore, as his mind swam in circles rapidly as her head sank back into his lap, and her hands began to work a little faster. Alps whimpered as her suckling stayed the same, but her coaxing of seed in his sac, and her stroking of the base of his cock moved a bit faster. He felt more and more encouraged and coaxed, gentle but sure, as she bobbed up and down.

Misty continued to drag the tip of his flaring, tingling masculinity over the roof of her muzzle, just as Alps asked, and the sensations from it were getting almost unbearable. Finally, Alps felt the incredible, slightly stabbing sensation of heat surging from his chest, right into his sack, which tightened against his body. Misha's hand, seeming to feel this tightening, stopped massaging him and just cupped his sack warmly. She already seemed to know, but Alps grunted out desperately anyway.

"Oh Misty... Misty, I'm close..." he whimpered. He wasn't quite there yet. Alps jerked in a tight breath as he felt Misty hum loudly around it, sucking on his cock hard, still tugging her head back. There was less gliding like she'd been doing before now, as she tugged him in her mouth. That heated, warm humming, and the soft tugging motion, the tip of his cock still stroking the roof of her mouth, were all entirely more than Alps could possibly withstand. With a loud grunt, he cried out! "Gaah! Cumming!" and he threw his head back, eyes shut very tightly!

Misty loosened her hold on Alps' cock in her muzzle, and opened her muzzle, letting the tip of his throbbing, pulsing shaft rest on her tongue as she stroked his shaft frantically up and down with her tight, wet hand. Alps opened his eyes, gasping at the new sensation right at the start of his climax. He got a very explicit view in that very instant, Misty gazing right back into his eyes as a thick, hot ribbon of white painted her pink tongue all the way to her throat. Alps grunted, and cried out again, a deep, rumbling voice as pleasure shredded his mind violently. The golden lupine female pumped the climaxing wolf's cock eagerly as he splashed jet after jet of thick cum over her tongue, not a drop being missed.

Alps could not take his eyes off that sight, the image burning into his mind. It wasn't just the sight of his hot essence coating Misty's pink tongue that rattled Alps' sanity, it was the elated, satisfied expression in her eyes as she watched his contorted expression of pleasure. Alps actually felt enjoyed and loved. It was a feeling that he immediately became addicted to, as he fell back onto his back, and whimpered loudly as Misty dropped her muzzle down his shaft as deep as she dared, sucking him clean, as the last few shuddering waves of his climax tore through the trembling, sputtering slave.

Misty remained on her knees on the chair she'd pulled in front of the table

Alps was now draped on his back on, his legs hanging off the edge limply. The white male lupine panted deeply, trying to regain his composure. Should he try to make love to Misty now? Would she like that, he wondered? As he was dizzily thinking about this, he heard a door close. Someone had entered the library. Misty ear-perked, and wiped her muzzle, and whimpered softly.

"Hello? Is anyone here?" came a call from a voice Alps recognized. I was one of the regional matriarchs from the town of Kishu. She likely came to speak with Misty on some matter of importance. Alps sat up, looking worried. He was also a little disappointed. He could tell by scent that Misty could use some physical attention.

"Shh... Alps... Stay in here... I will take her outside to the garden to talk to her." Misty whispered. She seemed a little irritated by the interruption as well, but also giggled a little bit, entertained, perhaps, by the fact that she got to finish what she was doing to Alps.

"Will you be... alright?" Alps asked, licking his lips.

"Yes... I'll be fine, Alps... I just need to get outside in the cool air and walk off this musk." the older, motherly Misty answered, petting Alps' head softly. "Don't you worry... you gave me exactly what I wanted." she said, blushing a bit. "Stay put, and then get dressed and... um... Sweep the floor in the library here." she said. Alps nodded, knowing that Misty would not have any reason to lie. The chore she gave him was not a very difficult one. It would help him come down from his experience.

The doctor and scholar straightened her robes carefully, and then exited the storage office, chiming happily to the matriarch who had come to seek her council.

"Hello, Sejie!" she said, closing the door behind her. "Come, let's go to the gardens, I have been cooped up all day with research." Alps canted his head, listening to her, and listening for the door to close.

"Should we go upstairs and have some tea and cookies?" Sejie, who Alps had seen talking to Nita before, asked softly. "My treat, of course." she churred.

"No thanks.. I just ate." she said, as the door closed behind her. Alps could not help but laugh softly at the hidden meaning to what Misty told the matriarch. After resting for a while the slave dressed again and returned to his duties, the first of which being Misty's order to him. For someone he had started to genuinely respect and care about, a simple chore like sweeping became an act of respect and adoration, and this Alps did with a joyful heart.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

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### Chapter 10

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Alps looked around silently. An empty room. An empty bed to sleep in tonight. For the first time in three months he would be sleeping by himself. Finally, he had a day off. It was literally his first in as long as he could even remember. Slaves were not allowed such things as days off. They lived to serve, and that was it. However, Nita and the others had been treating him less and less as a slave, slowly getting him used to the life of what he felt was almost as a free citizen. A free citizen who always agreed to work, at least. His lupine ears swiveled back as he thought about the situation. He could do whatever he wanted in the castle, as long as he had completed his tasks that he had been given, which compared to what he lived with in his earlier life with Chana, was as light as a holiday back then. Anything that he liked. For the past couple months, he'd been learning what he liked. Everything was so new. He'd tried dozens of different kinds of food, drink and treats. He had learned to love music, watching dancers, and listening to the stories that Misty told.

Alps flopped down on the comfortable medium-sized bed. He was in an inn just outside the town of Diera. No one but Nita knew where he was. (This was for Alps' own good. Uri had taken a liking to seeking him out if she knew he was supposed to be sleeping alone. She always brought rope, even though she knew it was not really necessary.) Nita would let Alps sleep in his own room from time to time, sometimes because she was too tired to be playful with him, sometimes because Alps had worked hard that day. However, Alps sleeping in his own room was simply never a guarantee that he would get to sleep alone. Nita took Alps aside early that week, and talked with him.

"You are not any good to me if you are exhausted. I need a lean, strong, energetic and youthful male, not a force-aged, overworked, tired sack of wet sand." Nita had said. So here he was. He looked up at the ceiling. As a slave, he had changed hands only once, but he had seen many ceilings. He had never seen one that he picked himself, however. He chose this as his sleeping place. For the first time, he was free to make his own decisions. It may seem a rather trivial thing, choosing one's own hotel room, but when one knows that one's entire life was to be led being denied that choice, one feels slightly different. As the darkness closed in, the sun slowly setting on a very relaxing day, Alps drifted off to sleep.

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There was a loud bang at the door, which woke Alps from his refreshing slumber. The sound of a brawl outside, in fact, just outside the door. Alps scrambled to his feet. He had no weapon. He could not help anyone, not even himself. A rush of fear pelted him like a downpour. Fear. Alps had not felt that emotion in months, even though it had been a day to day feeling with Chana. He swallowed loudly, and hardened his nerves.

The slave cracked his door slightly, just in time to see one petite female lupine fling hot water into the eyes of a burly, middle-aged bear of a lupine. He reeled back, dropping a sword that was streaked in blood. Alps gasped. He was trying to kill her! He could not let it happen! Alps just could not possibly just turn his back on something like this. Nita would be so disappointed and unhappy with him! The white lupine flung open his door and grabbed her by the back of her shirt. He then jolted her, jerking her through the door, closing it as quickly but silently as he could, leaning against it as she rolled under the bed, taking the opportunity to hide should the door be busted in.

Alps nodded at her, even though it was likely he could not be seen, and he hopped up on the bed. Alps' heart was racing. He could not believe he'd gotten involved like this. He could be killed! Nita would likely not even know why! He pulled the sheets over him and rolled over just as the door burst open. The red-eyed male stood there, fur bristling, his sword dripping, as he looked around. Alps pretended to be asleep. He placed the sword only inches from the white-furred lupine's throat, and pulled the covers back. He grumbled in anger and disappointment. Alps looked up, as if startled awake, and then sat up, scrambling toward the edge of the bed.

"No! It's in my satchel by the bedpost! Take it... Take it! I only have 20 bits with me. Please, I don't want to die!" The large grunting creature growled at him. Alps used a very high pitched, terrified voice, trembling violently. The shaking was not in any way an act. Alps feared for his life now!

"I don't want yer stinkin' money freak. I'm after someone. Shit... Perfect... she is probably half way back into town by now. Freakin' perfect... Damn it, when I find her, I will spill her guts all over the fuckin' street." Alps pulled the sheets back over him, shaking. If this beast were angry enough about losing the girl, he might just kill the odd white-furred slave out of anger alone. Luckily, he did not. He left the room, slamming the door. His thundering footsteps were heard racing down the hall, and then a loud slam as the front door of the inn closed heavily. After that, Alps heard the sounds of his heavy treading down a cobblestone street, yelling obscenities. Breathing a sigh of tentative relief, the slave sat up, and looked under the bed. A very shaky looking lady lupine huddled under it. Alps nodded to her.

"You can come out now. He's gone." She looked over to him. Her amber eyes glinted, and she blinked unsurely. Her tan fur looked rather dusty and untended to. But, she had a definite natural beauty that lay beneath. She looked to live on the streets though. The tattered female shimmied out from under the bed. She got up, panting softly, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"You.. are after the bounty too, I take it. Gimme a moment.. Lemme compose myself. At least you are interested in taking me alive." she sighed in defeat. "Crap... Look.. I can give you jewels.. money.. anything, just.. let me go... I promise, I won't do anything wrong ever, ever again." the girl said hurriedly. She looked around hurriedly, and even at Alps' belongings. "Hey wait.. are you even armed?"

"Huh?" Alps said softly. "What ARE you talkin' about? Who was that ogre after you? Are you hurt bad? There was blood on his sword, please tell me you're gonna be alright!" She looked at him blankly. Alps gazed at her in stunned fear, not sure if someone would come back for the girl. He would possibly have to cut his vacation short.

"Uh.. yeah.. I.. I'm fine.. that was not.. mine.." She was silent for a moment, and then her eyes half-closed and looked almost diabolical.

"Are.. you sure you are okay?" Alps said, sitting down with her, his paws caressing over her lightly, inspecting her for injuries. She might be in shock. She would not know she was badly hurt if she was in shock. It had happened to Alps once before. He was beaten for breaking a crate by stacking it too high. Chana threw him a few times, since he was still very young, and he had been stabbed in the back by one of the broken boards from the crate. He didn't even realize it until he woke up the following day, and had to remove it. The girl Alps had saved seemed uninjured, but she suddenly seemed kind of faint, and leaned on Alps.

"Oh please, brave sir... Help me! Hide me! It was awful... That terrible... thing... He was going to take my... my innocence! He was going to cut my legs so I could not run, and have his awful way with me... Please... protect me!" she began crying incoherently. Alps took his hands off her and just let her cry. If she was almost raped, she would not really want to be touched. Especially by a male. Even less by a freakish one like him. At least this much his intuition could tell him.

"I... I will protect you with my life, I promise." Alps said softly. In fact, he already had. He had risked getting killed to protect her. She gasped, and, tears streaming, looking into Alps' eyes.

"You are a noble hero!" she cried, and then kissed him deeply, suddenly,

tongue in full play. Alps murreled softly under his breath, a fire lit inside his chest and trousers. He did not expect it, but he certainly did not try to stop it. It was not his place to do so, right? It did dawn on him that it was an odd thing for her to do with what she claimed just happened to her. Still, he was not willing to try to question her reasoning. He could tell easily enough that she was in trouble, and was not lying about the person chasing her wanting to hurt her, so he dismissed his questions about motive. Finally she let him go. Alps swayed back and forth a bit and then shook his head, snapping out of it. In this matriarchal society, she had every right to kill the male who attacked her immediately. Had that been his blood he saw on his sword? Alps shook the thoughts away, and responded to her.

"N... not noble... just... a servant..." he said softly.

"Do you really only have 20 bits, or were you just telling him that to get him away from you?" she asked, looking at him intently. Alps canted his head, finding that to be an odd question. He shrugged softly, seeing no harm in answering it. Maybe talking was just making her feel better.

"No, I really do have only 20 bits. That was my allowance." he said softly. The girl blinked softly, and canted her head, looking at Alps' money pouch.

"Aren't you a little old for allowance, mister?" she said softly, her tail drooping.

"It is not from parents, m'lady... I am given it by my mistress. I am off work until tomorrow. I was just staying here to get out of the castle. It is so busy there, that one cannot relax, especially if you are a personal servant." Alps said, still looking her over, craning his head, seeing if there was any blood anywhere on her. Did she really hurt that big monster?

"Did you say castle?" she said, her voice wavering.

"Yeah... I live in Castle Diera. I am personal servant to Queen Razelle and the high council." He watched as the femme's jaw lowered. She shook her head, blinking, and then lit up a little.

"If what you say is true, then I know I can trust you with my life... Can you give me proof of your position, sir... ummm... what's-yer-name?" Alps blinked again, and reached over to the satchel with his money and nodded.

"My name is Alps. Here... this should be enough. I know you have been through a terrible experience, and it is hard to trust anyone, but I promise, around me, no harm will come of you." He handed her a small gold disk with the royal crest on it, and a code number, 1326. It was a royal security crest. Anyone directly associated with the queen was given one in case they were at a social

event and needed access to her majesty to bring news or services she required, without getting harassed by guards. Alps had his for three months now, and had never had to use it because he was never far enough away from Nita, in fact, not even out of the castle, to need it. The girl's eyes widened.

"Do you... know... who I am?" she said in near disbelief.

"No, not a clue... I would think if I met a lovely creature like you, I would most *certainly* remember." She visibly blushed and then shook her head.

"M... my name is Neit." she said, very distantly. Given how terrifying what she went through had been, Alps could understand her hesitation to say her name.

"Hi Neit... Hey... I can get a room with two beds if you want. I have enough..." Alps wagged his tail lightly. He wanted to comfort her, and make her feel safe now. The nightmare would be over now. Helping someone made Alps feel grand!

"N-no... that won't be necessary... I... I have... a favor to ask... if you would be so kind as to grant it." she shuffled her feet lightly. The slave canted his head curiously again, genuinely willing to do whatever was asked. Nita told him he was welcome to do whatever he liked with his day off. It still counted.

"Sure, anything you ask, if it is in my power." he said. He looked into those amber eyes. She looked into his. So much seemed to be said in that glance.

"Make love to me." she said very flatly. Alps did not blink. He did not move. Something in his mind crackled though. His thoughts then raced. Why was this happening to him? What made him a target for the sexual desires of this large city's female populous all of a sudden? Had something changed in his eyes? In his scent? Did something happen to him that fateful day on the stage when he was auctioned to Nidaja? Was a curse placed on him by Chana before he was sold? He croaked out, finally, several words.

"W... why?" he squeaked. "Why do you want... me?" he swallowed. Some vacation this was turning out to be. He risked being killed and ended up in bed with another stranger. He looked at her almost plaintively. He did not dislike her, and, under normal circumstances, would have jumped at the opportunity. But he could not let himself take advantage of this girl who came to him for help; even if she thought it was what she wanted. He wanted to be able to respect himself tomorrow!

"B... because..." she stammered, looking confused and stunned. She hugged her chest, seeming now a little hurt. "Am I not good enough? Am I...

ugly?" she looked as if she was going to cry. Alps was aghast! That wasn't what he wanted to convey at all! His mind spun as he gazed at Neit, heart racing!

"N... No!" Alps chirped. "You are very beautiful... just... I am... different... Why would you want... *me*?" Alps wanted to know why having white fur suddenly didn't matter. At least, not to females. Had *he* changed somehow or just his situation? Neit thought for a moment, and finally snapped her head up.

"You have a good heart." she said, her tail swishing from side to side. Alps watched that full, beautiful tan-colored tail, entranced, and realized that all she was wearing was that shirt he had pulled her in by. Not even any underwear. She must have really been close to a point of no return with that one. How terrible. He felt severe anger for that large male that ran away.

"A... Good heart?" Alps asked, watching that tail, his loins heating up just a bit. His body wanted it, at least. It would not be a stretch for him to do if his mind decided it was okay.

"Y... yes..." she said, "I... I almost lost my innocence tonight... forcefully, to a brutal creature that would have not even had a second thought about me. I would have just been one of many he had taken advantage of I am sure. My purity... It would have been meaningless to him. It would not have been special. I deserve special, don't I?" she said, pleadingly. Alps swallowed again. The idea seemed noble enough, but what if she changed her mind later? What if she regretted it? Alps decided to at least let her know she deserved special!

"I... I certainly believe so..." he stammered, definitely able to see where she was going with this.

"Then make love to me... I want to give you the innocence that you defended with your life... so it is special... so someone won it, instead of just took it." she said softly. Alps thought a moment. It would be almost ungrateful for him not to grant such a request. He would perhaps never see her again after it was done, but she could go through the rest of her life knowing her virginity was lost to someone who cared, and had a good heart. He finally closed his eyes and nodded.

"I will do it... If it is really what you want." he said. The girl squealed with delight. Alps chuckled softly. His eyes widened as she hastily took off her shirt. Two perfect, smallish breasts bounced against her chest as she lay back on the bed. The white lupine swallowed. In that one swift movement, she was nude, and stretched out before him. He took a deep breath. As tempting as it was to just ravage that petite, slim body, he would take his time. This would be ceremonial. It would be tender, and passionate, and not change from that mood unless he was asked to change. He could scarcely believe the speed at which she was ready to make love to him, and bare herself to him without any coaxing.

Everything about her had been extreme, though, so he supposed it was her way.

The white slave carefully crawled onto the bed alongside her, and laid with a leg hooked over hers, squirming out of his shorts, which was all he had on. He was already getting an erection from looking at her, knowing that he would soon make love to her. Still, it was happening so fast. He murreled softly as she rolled slightly onto her side and began the affectionate kissing. Her tongue moved expertly over his, and then, for some reason, became a little clumsier. Alps guessed that she was trying to be controlled, and, as her more animal instincts took over, lost that control.

The royal personal servant caressed her silky smooth body. It was dusty. She had a hard life, he could tell, but her movements were very nimble and sure; any time she actually changed a position, it seemed almost calculated. Perhaps she relied on speed and reflexes in her hard life. Alps had only known the life of a slave. It did not require the ability to escape. If you got attacked, you got beaten up and possibly killed. There was nothing you could do about it. No escaping, no chances. You just laid there.

He held the female lupine tightly now. He knew she could feel his growing erection on her leg. And by the way she had begun to move her hips as well he knew she was interested in becoming better acquainted with that part of his body. Alps could smell the heat of sex rising from her. Her waving tail flagged it thick into the air, as if she was using it to her advantage to make him harder, faster. The slave panted softly. It was working. It almost seemed that she was controlling the situation, but Alps didn't mind. She almost lost her innocence in an act that was out of her control. If she wanted to control this, he would let her. He continued to kiss her, coaxing her to kiss back as skillfully as she had done before. She seemed quite happy in her current position.

Fully erect, he felt himself becoming moist against her leg. She finally rolled away from him, her nipples pert and her chest flushed under her fine light-brown fur. Alps caressed those two perfect mounds and felt his mouth watering. He leaned down and took one precious nipple, one unmolested, untouched nub into his waiting steaming mouth, and sucked upon it very tenderly. She began to pant as hard as he was, her hips moving slowly up and down. Alps gasped as he felt her own wetness touch the tip of his tingling cock. She had maneuvered herself so that her legs were intertwined with his, and as she pulled her legs against him, her wet slit was dragged up against his pulsing member. Alps continued to kiss and lick and suckle those marvelous breasts as he felt his length slowly being swallowed by that tight opening. So hot and slick. The intimacy, the importance of it, made him that much more excited.

She wanted so little foreplay, it seemed. Alps was almost stunned by how little she waited to get Alps into her tight channel. He continued to kiss passionately, wanting to distract her from the pain of the loss of her virginity. She

seemed desperate to get the action of sex itself going, and Alps felt a little strange letting it happen like this, but he could not think of anything really wrong about it.

He felt her shaky hand move down between them, and her fingers curl around his shaft. She began to slowly pump it. This slight exploration of his body was something Alps was a little more used to. He thrust his hips forward instinctively as she tugged his cock, and the slave felt his tingling tip dip into her warm wet darkness. She pulled herself downward on the bed, pressing against Alps with her own thrust, hotly taking his full length inside herself completely. Alps noted with awe that she did not seem to feel the pain like Misty did. She kept right on going. He was glad. He feared making her feel that pain. Alps began to stroke his hips, matching her desired speed. He did this for some time, enjoying the hot cries of pleasure, which she didn't seem ashamed of or afraid to let slip out, and the way she squeaked when his body impacted hers with solid thumps of fur and flesh.

He held his head down, panting heavily with the relaxation on his vacation on this bed he was sleeping in alone, and then, feeling his own tingling getting too strong to bare with this fiery lover, he stopped and pulled out, shuddering. Neit protested strongly as Alps caressed her rolling her the rest of the way onto her back. He slid down her body.

"Nn... No... don't stop... please don't... Nnngaaa!" She tilted her head back and cried out softly as Alps' tongue stabbed into her soaking, steaming folds. She was trickling profusely with excitement, and, by her motions, this was a shock to her, and she was already near orgasm. "Oh by the lights.. you know how to do that?!" she whimpered. Alps smiled and growled approvingly as he held her legs and hips so she would not go out of control and hurt him when her climax finally happened. He was using techniques taught to him for use on royalty on someone who had never experienced lovemaking before. He felt empowered and adventurous!

Alps sealed his muzzle around that sticky sweetness. Eagerly, he probed her deep and hard with his long tongue, curling and twisting that hot pink ribbon of silky flesh, just as he had learned with his beloved friends and mistress. Nidaja had continued to train him, even after he became Nita's property, just as Uri had. He knew very well how to handle the female body, what touches were good, and how fast, hard, or passionate those touches should be. Alps took advantage of his knowledge they had given him to make this experience as pleasant as possible for Neit. She might not even know what kind of pleasure she could have with her willing servant!

The white wolf growled happily as he slipped his tongue rapidly in and out of that tight honeypot, making Neit arch her back in ecstasy. She seemed to be getting very close to climax. He was getting plenty of her sweet and tangy juices

in the process of pleasuring his beautiful subject. Alps growled in determination as he heard her pleading voice, begging, while he held her thighs to keep her from bucking too hard.

"Oh ethereal heavens... In me... I want you in meeee!!" she wailed, arching her back hard, and just shaking violently, ripping holes into the bed sheets with her long, sharp lupine claws.

Alps felt Nidaja would have been proud, as he felt the floodgates open, and her insides buckled as she climaxed with incredible force. However, Alps did not stop! The well-trained slave continued with passion and diligence. Faster and faster he licked, panting and lustng for the feel of this wonderful female tight around his throbbing cock again. He was going to make this intense and memorable, though, and let her enjoy it as much as she could, so she would not think she had been used. This was for her, not him. Alps was going to make absolutely sure she knew it.

Neit declined slowly from her plateau of pleasure after almost twenty minutes of swearing, crying in ecstasy, writhing under Alps' lashing tongue and cupping, humming muzzle, the vibration of his voice taught to him by Misty with love. Slowly, trembling heavily, she started to ease to a deep, slower panting, as her hips rolled weakly. She murmured slowly with demands for Alps to get back on top of her. She was begging now. The white lupine slave felt comfortable now that she would not likely regret this, and got onto his knees.

"Are you ready, Neit?" Alps panted, stroking his turgid member slowly, getting ready for her tightness, spreading his salty pre-cum over the entire length. His fur bristled a bit, as he realized that he had not decreased much in his own arousal, because making her climax like that was very satisfying and arousing to him in and of itself!

"Nnnnng... Yes! Oh please - take me... I want it... Deep... I want it deep!" she cried. Alps eyes widened. For her first time, she certainly knew what she wanted. Alps got on top of her, pressing his chest to hers, looking into her lovely amber eyes. He trembled with need, his cock dripping on her folds as he moved it in place. Neit cried out softly, and lurched toward his feet, sliding down the bed, and impaling her tightly gripping sex completely on it, moaning in passion as his thick shaft entered her fully, hitting hard as their thighs collided!

Alps groaned loudly, holding still a moment, having almost burst with how desperately this narrowly-escaped victim took him. Alps looked her in the eyes and she put her hands on his shoulders, panting heavily again. She tightened her walls around Alps and growled softly, baring her teeth, but not in anger. She was shaking in complete desperation and pleasure!

"Don't... just sit there!" she whimpered, lurching into Alps again, "I want it!"

I need this!" she cried. She began bucking her hips. Alps gritted his teeth and tossed his head back. Even underneath him, she was doing all the work. Alps rocked his hips, and then, finding a good rhythm opposite of hers, began to thrust. She was not going to just let him go. If he stopped now, Alps truly felt she would take him by force.

It struck him then that this might well be what she was doing! She was forcing Alps to have sex to recover her dignity stripped of her by that brute. The slave decided to cooperate with this emotional repair. Alps grunted, holding still as the sounds of their wetness filled the room. The slave whimpered softly, as he felt his tingling building up. They had only just met. How could this be happening to him? He held the sides of the bed, his mind spinning. She was unbelievably tight, and held her legs wide open now, taking him full into her, as deep as he wanted to put it. The slave bucked his hips into her harder, feeling her tightening and relaxing, and hearing her cries increase slowly in pitch with each one. She would cum again, if he kept it up. He wanted that.

Alps then gasped, remembering something important. He held still, though Neit just grabbed his shoulders and pounded him from underneath, her feet braced against the bed to lift her rolling hips into his thighs, taking him deep with long, rapid strokes, panting and gasping in ecstasy.

"Neit... Aahh! Oh what pleasure! You're out of your cycle... Nnnnf! right?" he asked, shaking, feeling his climax actually approaching faster from his position and the fact that Neit was hammering away without him. Neit suddenly wrapped her legs around Alps' middle and rolled him violently onto his back with a sudden shift of her weight, even though she was smaller than him! She held his shoulders tightly, claws dug in, looking into his eyes with raging passion and pleasure, muzzle open with a tortured expression of hanging right against explosive climax.

"Way out! Give... It... to... me!" she grunted, eyes shutting tight, as she rode Alps harder than Nidaja or Uri ever had, making him lurch back and forth on the bed, her body seeming amazingly muscular and agile with each tight-gripped stroke, his cock being sucked inside her. Finding she was out of season comforted the wolf, since he felt there was no chance she would regret this now, and he let himself go!

Neit was totally in control right now, even though Alps started to roll his hips hard and fast from underneath her. At the same time, though, she felt as if she'd gone totally *out* of control! His heart threatened to leap from his chest as it pounded harder and faster in the heat of the moment. The girl took Alps hard and fast, almost painfully on some of her more passionate strokes. She was, at least to her mind perhaps, raping Alps now. He groaned in pleasure, and let it be done. This was, it seemed, exactly what she needed. Neit was going to take full advantage of the slave here and now.

Alps felt her walls contracting around him spasmodically, and her body shuddering on top of his. She was close. She was going to cum! He was ready too. He was ready to cum with her!

"Oh Neit... Yes!" Alps said softly, trying not to startle her. He wanted to get her to tell him. He wanted to know she was cumming. His spurring worked.

"Mmm... yes... gonna... Mmmph... gonna cummm..." she finally whimpered. Her motion suddenly changed. She began to grind hard on Alps, arching her back, taking him in as deep as her body would allow, as she seized up on him tightly! She wanted it. She wanted him to cum. She wanted to take it. It wasn't being given, it was being taken. For some reason, this only set Alps harder on edge!

"YES!" Alps cried, tightening his legs up a little more, his cock slick with her juices massaged hard between her clenching internal muscles as heat surged through the slave's body, warning of his now unstoppable climax! "Cum with me sweetie!" At these words Neit cried out, her back arching. This set Alps off too. A blazing flash shot through his body, and the sudden sinking sensation of his mind falling into the deepest pleasure he could experience crashed through him unstoppably! In rapid, powerful pulses, he felt his hot essence spray the walls of her inner sex violently. Squirt after powerful squirt, he emptied into her writhing, pitching body. He groaned in pleasure as she voiced her own. LOUDLY. Neit howled explosively as she felt his cum splash hard against her cervix!

Alps fumbled for a pillow, but she stopped her echoing baying before he could get it. As her shaking stopped she looked down at him sleepily, very cum-drunk now. Alps panted heavily but dreamily as he looked at the newly deflowered Neit. She seemed to have so much heat and passion in her for a virgin, Alps felt. Still, for all he knew, not everyone was like Nita and Misty had been.

"Th... thank you... hero..." she panted. She looked so drowsy. Alps wagged his tail slowly, feeling dizzy as well. He could not possibly walk all the way back to the castle the way he felt now. And he was exhausted from exploring the market earlier today even before Neit showed up!

"You can sleep here, lovely..." Alps offered softly.

"Thank you again..." she said, slipping away. She looked like she was already asleep. Alps lay beside her, and slowly drifted off himself. He WAS on vacation after all. No sense waking her up for seconds, despite the fact that it was frequently done to him.

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As Alps slept, Neit sat over him, looking at him almost mischievously. She caressed his shoulder and wagged her bushy beautiful tail. She had enjoyed her nap, and awakened to find herself still safe at his side.

"That's right, hero..." she said softly, "Sleep... And when you wake up, you will want to take me to the castle where it is safe, and if I play my cards right, I will be only a few feet away from those crown jewels before anyone even suspects that you have brought the "Lion of Cat burglars" right through the front doors." She laughed softly, and lay down beside his sleeping form, and then, allowed herself to drift off to sleep at his side. She had nothing to fear by this kind-hearted but hopelessly naive lupine lover.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

Comments or Questions?

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

### Chapter 11

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Neit walked down the late afternoon street, holding hands with Alps. She had told him how grateful she was, and pretty much just latched on. The slave was happy too. He was doing something nice for someone in need, and it made him feel good. He looked up at the castle gates. Twice his height, and made of polished steel railing, they were a pretty good defense. Neit gasped as the doors opened, Alps presenting his seal to the guards. She huddled close to her guardian and walked with him, hiding her face from the guards. Alps decided that they were just frightening to someone like Neit, who lived her life on the streets. Even the slave had been afraid of them originally. The long path leading up the front door of the castle was gorgeous. There were trees and flowers, and fishponds. She gazed about in wonder. She never thought she would actually be IN Castle Diera. Its beauty was deserving of all the stories she had heard.

"Here we go... home sweet home." Alps said, as they entered the main foyer. There was the sound of foot beats on the stone floor. Alps heard them approaching fast. She skidded around the corner and jumped to Alps. He felt the impact before he could react. "Uri-OOOF!" Alps landed on his back, skidding on the cobblestones for a few feet. Neit cried out. Uri scrambled to her feet, dusting off her tunic and smiling. "Oh... you brought a friend... Who is *this*?" she brought her nose very close to Neit's. The unkempt, tan-furred female trembled. She saw the long sword on Uri's side. Was she a guard?

"I... I am Neit... I just... I didn't know that... I was in..." she stammered.

"I broke your friend, Alps... I'm sorry..." Uri said with her eyes kind of wide. "I have to remember not to be so sexy, don't I?" She giggled, putting a hand on her hip and then helped Alps up to his feet.

"Yes, Uri... even inanimate objects have wet dreams about you. That explains the morning dew, at least..." he chuckled and hugged Neit. "This is Neit. I saved her from getting killed at the inn I where I was staying. I am gonna see if Nita will let her stay here for a while. Just for her safety."

"Who?" Neit asked, looking at Alps curiously. Uri was circling her, looking at the new female appraisingly. She did not seem the jealous type, so Alps didn't fear for Neit at all.

"Alps, most commoners don't know the queen by her *first* name." the black lupine female stated, "He means Queen Razelle, miss... umm... Neit, did you say?" Uri asked. The younger girl nodded.

"S-so Alps really is the personal servant of the queen? I thought he might have been exaggerating... I cannot imagine being that close to her." Neit said as she looked Uri up and down. A tough fight. She was obviously a fighter. Trouble if she got found out. Of course Queen Razelle would surround herself with only the finest warriors.

"Personal servant, eh?" Uri said, smiling and gazing at Alps knowingly, "Ahhh, I think you could put it that way. He takes care of personal needs anyway." Neit nudged the slave playfully with her elbow, and looked back and forth between him and Uri. Alps had his head down a little. He was embarrassed again. Neit shrugged to herself and looked at the intricately carved stonework inlays of the hallway walls.

"This place is huge... I cannot image anyone living in it... It is like a small, self contained city."

"You know, Neit... even Alps, when he first came here, did not say anything about that." Uri barked warmly. "You must really be from the sticks. Alps is from Luca, a tiny little inland town outside Jalana. I thought that was pretty far out... He adjusted to life here just fine..."

"Adjusted? You mean.. He was not raised for life in the castle? The queen took in an outsider?" Neit looked confused.

"Yes. Alps was a slave to a regional matriarch. General Nidaja bought him as a present for the queen. She ahh... gets to enjoy his assistance too..." Neit's eyes widened. She could not possibly be talking about the same thing she was thinking. No... it couldn't be. Her memories of the pleasures Alps created for her the previous night were clouding her mind, and making her think perversely. She then realized the name Uri had used. Nidaja. The General of the lupine army. Once again, she was being reminded of how much danger she was in simply by being here.

"Come on... let's take you to see the queen..." Alps said softly, taking Neit by the hand. Uri took Alps by the other hand. Neit looked at their hands, twined close and tight. Were they lovers? Was she endangering her life by what she did last night, or even holding his hand now? She walked alongside him. Her legs were heavy. Going to see the queen. Who, after stealing the jewels while everyone slept, she was to become the enemy of, and sentenced by if she was caught. It was not getting any better. Could she really go through with this?

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"Neit... come forward." Nita said with authority. Neit did as she was told. She was in the main hall of Castle Diera. This was a place that the tan-furred girl thought there was no chance she would ever stand. Nor ever have reason to stand. She felt on trial here no matter what her purpose here was *supposed* to be.

"Y... yes your highest majesty and greatest of stature whom we-"

"Hey, cut that out!" Nita grunted, with a slight laugh. "You don't have to go bowing and scraping. I will let you stay, but you will have conditions. Neit groaned inside. There were going to be parts of the castle she would not be allowed to go into, of course, and they would be well guarded. Alps had been talking to Nita for over an hour in private, so surely there was some difficulty to getting her to let her stay.

"Y..yes your majesty?" Neit said with a slight quiver in her voice. She couldn't do it. She would be too scared. She knew it.

"It is my understanding that you made love to my slave last night." she said flatly. "Is this true?" Uri, who had been taking a sip from her water flask, now choked as the water spewed from her nostrils. Neit felt dizzy. This was it. She was going to be killed. Her chance at the jewels (or even her next meal) was blown. She did not know Alps was a *slave*. She had used something *belonging* to the queen without being given permission. That was stealing. Neit sank to the floor. Alps looked at her curiously.

"I... I did! Please forgive me... He saved me... and... I wanted to repay-"

"Hush." Nita said cheerfully. "I am not mad at you. He was going to that inn for a vacation, not to get tired out again. If you need his services again, you *will* need to ask me first." Neit's eyes widened and she gazed at the floor, afraid to look up. Was the queen serious? Did she actually expect Neit to walk up to her some evening when she was feeling a little randy and ask to borrow her slaves? That was ridiculous. Alps just would not get slept with again. She only did it the first time to get him attached to her enough to bring her here anyway.

"Y-yes your majesty... I promise... I won't touch him again without your order... Thank you for your understanding." She stood up and swallowed. She had almost gotten sick right there. So nervous. Along the wall were a few of Nita's other followers. Or were they also slaves? There was a studious looking gold and black-furred female, and a tall, gray-furred warrior, as well as another emerald lupine female who had just walked in. By her fine plated armor, it was obviously Nidaja, dressed to address the public. Perhaps she was just getting back from doing so. The sun was low in the sky, almost gone, and candles had

been lit for this meeting.

"You are excused. You will be shown your room for the evening, but you may move about the castle freely. Understand though, that the guards will let you know when you need to go to bed, or if you are wandering into a sensitive area, and need to be redirected. They will almost always send you to the cafeteria. We do have a curfew here for personal reasons. Have fun tonight, and enjoy the safety these walls provide from bandits and ruffians." Nita explained. She smiled and got up from her throne, and walked through a doorway behind it. Alps walked with Neit through the complex and disorienting halls to show her the room she would be staying in. After leading her to her room, he kissed her on the cheek and walked on down the hall.

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Neit looked around the room. It was well decorated. Hell, some of the stuff in the room itself was worth stealing. She noted the silver lanterns and jeweled pens on the desk. They treated guests nice enough here. She still felt jittery. Why had the queen been so crude as to announce in front of *everybody* that she had made love to Alps? It really was not Neit's first time, of course. Even if she knew her body well, and pleasured herself often long before she met Alps, it was supposed to be sacred. She had made him believe it was. What difference did it make if she lied to a slave? What she was after was surely more expensive than Alps. Why would Nita even care?

She looked around the room, and established two escape routes, one through a window leading outside, and one through the front door and down the hall where another door led outside. She wrung her hands and smiled, wagging her tail. It was now time to explore. After waiting an hour, she heard the bell signaling curfew. This was the time to make her move.

She snuck out her door and looked up and down the hall. No guards. The jewels would have to be upstairs, likely close to the queen's chambers. She prepared her story. She was looking for a bathroom, and was lost. If she was caught, this would be her excuse. She could use it once, and that was it. She moved silently down the hall, and up two flights of stairs. She did not really know the way, but her explorations would show her. She memorized her path, so she could get back quickly if she needed to.

The lurking female came to a heavy door, and gazed through a keyhole to see what was on the other side. She saw Uri, asleep, with someone else. It was the taller, gray furred girl from the throne room. Neit hmmmed softly, flicking her ears. Surely a lovely lady like Uri would find someone to sleep with without

having to share the room. Were she and Alps not actually an item? The lovely bandit silently scolded herself for even thinking about something so unimportant. That was very unlike her. Perhaps Alps' capable pleasuring had gotten to her... just a little.

She looked back through the keyhole, and watched the two ladies sleeping. Was Neit actually lucky to get her own room? How much space was wrestled over here? She moved down the hall, and up another flight of stairs. A nicely gilded door was there. It must be important. She peeked through the keyhole. Nidaja. She was reading. Neit very quietly moved on, making a note to avoid this door on her return trip if she could. Nidaja was not alerted now, however. Her skills as a thief made it so she could move absolutely soundlessly. There was another door a little further down. Looking in, as it was a little bit opened, Neit saw a library. The gold-furred older female was in there, arranging books. Uri skittered past the door quickly while she had her back turned. Another set of stairs, and another. Neit groaned, stopping suddenly. She had come to a dead end, after all those stairs. There was only a window here.

She wandered over to the window and looked out. There was a small ledge at this high level of the castle, leading to a nearby balcony. The thief gritted her teeth. It would be important. Whatever was on the other side of that flowing curtain visible near the balcony would be important. She had to see. She crawled out the window and, with amazing dexterity, put herself on the ledge and shimmied along it before bouncing up and over the railing to the balcony. She noticed that it was an open balcony. There were merely curtains here, just as it appeared. Neit got down on ground level, on her tummy, and looked under the curtains. She gasped, stifling herself quickly.

"So, Alps, how is your energy level tonight?" Nita asked softly. Alps smiled and kissed her right on the *lips*. Neit's eyes widened. What was going on here? Why was Alps in the *queen's* bedroom? And he was in her bed. Kissing her. The slave chuckled warmly.

"I am doing fine. How might I serve you tonight, your... pfft... most gracious excellent sexy highness..." he chuckled again, kind of losing his seriousness. Neit half expected to watch the slave die by the queen's hand then and there. He had just openly mocked her! Or was he making fun of Neit from earlier?

"Oh don't remind me. Geeze... I hate it when I get treated like that... You need to tell your little friend that I am still made of the same stuff she is, she does not have to worship at my feet, I find that kind of gross and creepy." Nita complained. Neit swallowed. She would have to remember that.

The queen sighed and held Alps close. "You work so hard for me. I know it can be tiring. I feel like I have just been insatiable. But it really does relieve my

stress and the others have even said I have been cooler and more collected by far." Alps smiled, his arms crossed over his lap as he gazed at the lovely queen patiently, waiting to hear what she would like tonight. Alps had learned to enjoy just being hers, even if she did not need him for something at the moment.

Neit hmmed softly. What was she talking about? Surely she could not have meant the kissing she had just witnessed. The scenario was starting to really piece together, but the answer to it was just inconceivable.

"Alps, I think I would like to give you pleasure tonight... Just once, I want you to enjoy me, instead of being concerned with how I am feeling..." Neit's eyes grew round again. She was *not* talking about *that*, was she? Alps seemed to blush under his white fur.

"Yes, m'lady... I am yours you know. If you want me to enjoy you, then you get to make that decision..." Alps said softly. Nita stood up, her iridescent robe shimmering in the moonlight spilling in through the window. She shrugged and it slipped off her shoulders onto the floor. Neit fairly gasped. The queen now stood before her slave, nude. Open. Unprotected and uncovered. It left no doubt in her mind now what was going on. Neit had just gotten seconds to the queen that previous night. It would certainly explain how good Alps had been in bed. He was likely being trained for her pleasure.

Neit remembered suddenly that she was looking for the jewels, but as she started to back away, Nita asked Alps to stand up and remove his clothes. He only wore shorts and a light cotton tunic. He did as told. And Neit could not move. She could only helplessly watch. How was the queen going to just "let him enjoy her?" She watched under the curtains.

Nita had Alps sit at the edge of the bed. He was not erect yet. He was obviously used to the routine of pleasure he was owned for. Nita sat down on her knees in front of Alps and murreled softly up to him, caressing the sides of his legs. She licked her lips and gazed into Alps' eyes. Neit flicked her ears. What was that expression? Love? Impossible.

The girl thief gritted her teeth. She wasn't going to do what it looked like? There was simply no lower thing she could do than this, right? As if in answer to her question, Nita's head moved into Alps' lap, and he tilted his head back, closing his eyes, his legs parting a little. His tail wagged lightly over the sheets behind him. The tan-furred female held her muzzle to keep from gasping in shock. She could not believe what she was looking at. Alps was Nita's slave, and she could do whatever she wanted with him, but why, oh why would she do *this*!?

Nita murreled fairly loudly into Alps' crotch, and the sound of wetness made it difficult not to imagine the obvious. There was nothing more intimate and

subservient that Nita could do to Alps. The white slave closed his eyes slowly, his eyelashes fluttering shut with pleasure. He breathed slowly, in a controlled, gentle rhythm as Nita made his member harder and harder with her hot muzzle. She used her tongue, nursing him to his fullest arousal happily. Neit could tell because she would slowly move her head further and further back until, as she pulled back enough, his glistening pink shaft could clearly be seen entering and exiting her tightened muzzle. A light sucking sound accompanied her slow, gentle motion. The expression on the white wolf's face was that of complete elation.

And so Neit watched, unable to move an inch, as a lowly slave received oral pleasuring from the queen of Amani. Neit suddenly became aware of her own burning, lit deep inside her womb. Her want. Her need. She had ignored it for the most part all her life, masturbating if she really wanted too, but never feeling the drive to share herself with another... She made love for the first time as part of a con. A ruse to get the wealth of a rich and highly merited merchant. She had never enjoyed the sex very much, however... Until Alps saved her. He lit that desire in her, and she acted on it, and now, as she watched him get pleasured so perfectly, she needed it again. Badly. She continued to watch.

Nita's head bobbed up and down a little faster, the pleasure of the lupine before her apparent by his heavier breathing. She finally pulled him free of her hot, tight muzzle and gripped his swollen cock with a gentle hand. She ran it up and down, his shaft very wet with his juices and her saliva. Her careful, confident hand glided over his tingling cock with ease. She hooked her hand over his tip, to rub it in a circle, murring softly as he arched his back in pleasure/pain from the over-sensitive nature of that tingling tip. Nita seemed to be pleased by the pleasured reaction of her slave. She used her other hand to stroke slowly up and down his body.

Alps had been in Nita' service for months now, but he had also been in Misty's care for just as long. His fur was clean, bright white, and well groomed. He had the lean but strong body of a runner, and no longer could his ribs be counted through his soft fur. His eyes were bright and healthy, and his spirit was high. He was almost unrecognizable from the dejected, tortured creature that had practically washed ashore here in Diera.

The white lupine slave, happy and healthy, was now savoring the treatment that he should have been giving to the queen, but instead was being given to him. His chest rose and fell a little faster now, as Nita's head bobbed up and down just a little faster. Neit held her breath as best she could, not moving an inch. The jewels and her personal mission were completely forgotten now as what was happening came into place before her. She was absolutely captivated by this drama. A queen and her slave. She was possibly the only commoner to ever see anything like it. She watched as the queen's slave shuddered, and spoke with a wavering breath.

"Mmm dear... Nita... you are so skilled with - Ohh! Nng..." Alps was cut short as her tongue rolled over the tip of his pre-trickling cock with speed and firm pressure, abrading it softly, her silken tongue pressed hard enough to feel like sandpaper. She engulfed his cock again with her steamy muzzle, her cheeks closing around it, her lips sealed over that rock hard shaft. She pulled him all the way in, her head sinking as far as it could into his lap, her nose buried in the fur in his groin, her paws cradling and massaging his balls gently.

Neit, lying on her side, felt a gentle caress down her tummy, and to her panty line. She gasped, and then realized it was her own hand. She could not take it... It was so erotic... Her hand moved down her tight shorts with a little effort, and found her extremely wet sex, pouring her sweet juices from the show. Neit half-closed her eyes, shaking softly. How could she be taking these kinds of stupid chances? Still, at the moment, she could not help it.

As Nita's head moved faster, and Alps' gentle moans became more serious, so did Neit's fingers. Her middle and index finger side by side, almost uncontrollably began massaging her clit in a tight circle, pressing hard. Her own breathing had picked up from her self-attentions. It was broken and choppy from her trying to keep quiet. Alps and Nita were becoming a little louder too, however. This made it a little safer for Neit to breathe, so they never looked her way. What was important to them was not outside. It was right there, face to face.

Nita's head lifted from her slave's thick throbbing cock as the thief watched in wonder, a ribbon of his pre attached at her tongue, glistening, before her head went back down. The queen's hand moved down her own body, and mimicked Neit's activity. Her finger spread her flaring petals wide as she began to finger herself. At first, she just swirled her fingers over her little oversensitive nub, her bottom bouncing in time with her head, but, as Alps groaned long and low, her fingers sank into her needy tunnel, her body shuddering just like her slave's.

She sucked on him harder as she pressed at first two, then three fingers deep into her sex. Alps reacted as strongly as Nita did, so at the very least, something had to have changed in the queen's own approach to pleasuring her slave. Uri shuddered and did the same. She wanted Alps in her so bad now. She needed her walls stretched, her clit rubbed, her body raped for hours by that wolf. But he belonged to Nita. She could not possibly ask to borrow him knowing now that she would be having sex after the queen herself. She faltered a bit, gasping with pleasure and awe as she thought about that fact. She already had. She was just one step in intimacy away from the queen herself. Neit was not at all sure how to feel about that, but the only feelings that mattered right now, as she watched the two lovemaking lupines, was the hot flashes of sensation between her legs as she strummed herself harder and faster.

Nita panted heavily now, and Alps' hips rocked back and forth. They were really getting into it, and so was Neit. She cried out under her breath as she felt the tingling culminating slowly. She was going to cum rather quickly from watching this.

Nita, panting harder now, and obviously very close, was no longer holding her muzzle fully over Alps. First, he was moving up and down with her ministrations too much, and threatened to choke her like that, and also, she could not hold her muzzle shut without biting down right now as her fingers drove in and out of her faster, the sounds of wetness filling the room. Her muzzle was wide open, her tongue curled over the tip of his cock, which was already spurting pre lightly, almost ready to pop, and she had one paw racing up and down his shaft, each stroke just barely making it over the head, and her other paw working her pussy like mad.

Neit's hips bounced back and forth spasmodically as she watched, until, with a light cry of satisfaction and desperation combined from both the queen and her slave, white fluid jetted from the tip of that rigid, twitching pink cock. Neit watched in near shock as the slave's essence sprayed from him into the queen's muzzle. She was instantly a mess from it, getting it all over her tongue, face, and ears from the force of the male's sexual release. Neit and Nita both came at the same time. Or almost the same time, at least. Neit, noting that Nita's body was shaking and her hand had stopped moving, looked down the queen's body, and saw her hot juices pouring from her with impressive volume, spilling onto the floor as she came furiously, her body shaking as Alps fell backwards, and the queen's muzzle sealed again over his still squirting cock, letting herself swallow hard, pulling his seed from him.

"Nita, yes!" Alps cried, the sensation of Nita' resumed suckling, to get every drop, a wonderful shock to the white lupine. His voice, ecstatic from orgasm, set Neit off. She gasped and her pants were instantly soaked by it, her body uncontrollably writhing. She watched as Nita then slowly crawled up into bed with Alps, lying alongside him, panting heavily and very happy. The thief panted softly for a while, silently trying to recover. She'd have to continue her exploration now. Neit sat up, rubbing her head. She felt so guilty, watching that.

"You're a voyeur too, eh?" came a voice from behind. Neit spun around, and covered her muzzle to stifle a scream. It was Uri. She was lying at the other corner of the curtains, her own fingers soaked from obviously the same thing as Neit.

"I...I...I..." Neit stammered.

"No need to explain. But get back to your bed. You don't want the guards to find out and tell Lady Razelle..."

Neit, shocked and a very afraid, did as she was told. She got up and jumped with ease to the roof, and skittered along to around where her room was. She slid down a baked clay drainpipe, to her window, and got back in. The thief crawled back into bed, and, shaking from the aftereffects of the orgasm and the nervousness, fell into a deep slumber. There would be other nights...

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

## Chapter 12

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Alps looked out over the courtyard. It was pretty empty. This early in the morning it usually was. Neit was probably still asleep. Alps wondered if Nita approved of the young lady friend he brought with him. She did not seem upset. Then again, Alps' intent with her had been rather noble at least. He looked up at the sky. It was still a darker, deeper shade of blue, except over the horizon, where pink and orange hues were spilling over it. The slave smiled warmly. Nita and Nidaja would be here soon. They came here both to relax and, in Nidaja's case, to exercise. Also, Nita usually brought snacks. In all his life as a slave, he had never been given sweets or other tasty breakfast treats, and Nita shared with Alps happily. He had grown a real sweet tooth.

The cheery slave sat down on the bench, happy to be the first here. He looked out over the sandy circle in the center of the courtyard. Nidaja was the general of the lupine army of Amani... as well as the royal guard... All the power of their people rested in her hands. The war against the Uruk army had been a long and fruitless one. Their numbers far exceeded those of Alps' race, but the attacks had stepped down a bit over the last twenty years, ever since the terrible raids ended. Almost 80% of the lupine ancestral homeland was lost, but they were allowed to live freely on this area of land, the island of Diera, as well as a tract of land on the west coast of the main continent of Amani.

He had learned so much that his previous mistress thought was unneeded knowledge for a slave. Nita did not really treat him much like a slave to be honest, more like a trusted companion. He was already starting to forget the dark, cold nights behind the sitting chair in the den of Chana's home. He was starting to gloss over having been beaten. It seemed like so long ago. He'd be hit till he could feel the blows continue, strike after strike, long after his mistress had stopped hitting him. But no more. He truly felt that he was finally in a place where no one could hurt him.

Safety. He'd never felt safety before. Education... Questions being answered without having to be terrified of asking them. His life was a dream now, one that he never wanted to wake up from. Nita's empire was losing the war; this was sad news for Alps... and a source of great sorrow for Nita. However, Alps would share this destiny with Nita now. He had promised himself this after the first night in bed with her. He was there for her for life, even if she

got married and had a family, and never made love to him again. His life was hers, and he was glad it was. She was what he had to live for.

Alps thought of these things deeply as he sat out here, alone in the garden. So much had changed. He had a lot more responsibility in a way. Or at least, his responsibilities were a lot more important. His main duty was to make Nita happy. That duty reflected all the way down to the basic lives of everyone who depended on her. Still, Alps had never been happier. He felt something else though. It was something new. He pondered his feelings in silence, as he rested on the bench, the sun slowly creeping up in the morning sky.

"Oh, Alpsie... you beat us here!" a fond, familiar voice piped behind him. Alps lifted his head from his pensive thoughts and greeted Nita with a little motioned kiss to the air between them. She caught the kiss on her lips as it was hurled to her so adoringly. Nidaja rolled her eyes.

"You two are like kids, you know?" she said. She put her pack down and stretched a bit. Alps looked up at her and beamed a smile.

"Well, hello Nidaja," he chimed. "Are you strength, speed, or technique training this morning?" Nidaja took off her overcoat, a leather long-coat that she wore when she was outside. Her body, though strong, was still very feminine. To command more respect for her strength she wore clothing that made her look a little larger. Alps stood up and looked at her carefully.

Nidaja had not changed since the first night really, though his love for her and his friendship with her had made her a very pleasant sight to behold, even outside her physical beauty. Her gorgeous lupine features glowed in the morning light as she placed her coat on the bench. She wore a rather loose and flowing silken vest of sorts and a tight cotton shirt underneath, that held her firm, ample breasts in place. The cool morning air caused her nipples to perk enough to attract Alps' interest and a warm smile. On her hips, she wore a war belt. It was regular leather, but with steel plates bolted to it, to keep her belt from being severed in a fight. One did not want to lose a sword in fleeing or just moving about, especially before one got a chance to fight. Nidaja did not have her sword on though. She was not going to practice with a live blade. She rarely did when she trained for speed or strength training, though she would for technique training. She wore a pair of canvas shorts... loose, short, and durable. They were tan in color, much like his. They held to her lusciously wide hips comfortably and allowed her free range of motion.

Alps patted the bench and Nita sat close beside him, her hip touching his. The slave gave a rather playful smile to her. Nita was wearing a short silken shirt, which showed her midriff, buttoned along the front... also boosting her generous breasts a bit, though hers were not quite as large as her sister's. She wore a suede leather skirt, which buttoned up along the side, and a belt with a leather

pouch, which contained her personal effects, including her crest for identification. Nita placed her gentle hand on Alps' thigh, and gave a fond squeeze.

Nidaja picked up a staff that was lying by the bench. She had left it there the previous day. No one would steal it here, of course. She looked at Nita as she caressed Alps' thigh and laughed, shaking her head. "Oh my goodness... you two slept together last night and are still playful! Can't you get enough?"

She moved out to the center of the sandy circle. "You should put that energy to something useful, Alps. Given how much time you spend with Nita, perhaps you should pick up a sword and learn to defend her? She could use a knight in shining armor," the emerald lupine general chided softly. She raised the staff to eye level. It was weighted and balanced to be equal to her sword, but without the ability to accidentally cut her in half if she made a mistake. Alps blushed slightly, having been the victim of the woman's teasing before. He was used to it and kind of liked it. They teased each other like that, and being teased as well made Alps feel more included... special... like family. It was a good feeling.

Nidaja looked back at him. "I am speed training today, of course. Though it looks like Nita has some exercise in mind too." she said, laughing again, before she began to spin the mock-blade rapidly, stretching, and warming up with it in a routine Alps had seen a dozen times now. He came out here every morning, to help if he could. On occasion, he was allowed to carry things for them or just to give Nidaja a rub down when she was done. He leaned into Nita and giggled.

"Well, she expects me to behave when she's dressed so... enticing and moving about like that? She does have high expectations of me." Alps looked at Nita and then back at Nidaja. "Would you teach me? Would you teach me to defend my mistress and my friends?" he asked. He knew it grated Nita's nerves to be called mistress, but the mood was already teasing, so it rolled off with no more than a flick to her left ear, which she twitched a bit to recover. Nidaja looked at Alps, stopping her routine. She thought a bit, and then nodded softly.

"Sure, Alps. I can teach you. Step right up." Alps looked to Nita, who quivered her bottom lip, mockingly. Her Alpsie was being taken away! She then pushed him to his feet and swatted his rump. Alps looked at Nidaja. Was she actually going to teach him to use a weapon? No mistress in her right mind would ever do that for a slave. They are dangerous if they can fight. It's hard to discipline them. Nidaja handed Alps an equal staff to her own. Alps had carried the things dozens of times now. However, the one he was handed seemed a *lot* heavier now that he held it, for the first time, as a weapon and not just burden being carried for Nidaja. He held it up and looked defensive, unsure of what was to come. Nidaja smiled and looked to her sister. "He's pretty scared. See how the tip of the staff is shaking a little?" she asked. Nita nodded softly.

"It's okay, Alps. She won't hurt you bad. It'll sting if she hits you, but you said your other owners used to beat you badly. Her attacks won't be anywhere close." Alps looked to Nidaja and nodded softly.

"Then attack, I guess, and I will try to defend myself," his voice wavered. Nidaja held her staff up, slightly curved, just like her sword, and tapped the tip of Alps' staff sending it far to the side. Such a small motion and so much power! Alps nearly lost hold of the weapon. He then recovered and held the weapon up, but when he faced forward again, after recovering from that blow, the general was gone. Then he felt a searing hot flash of pain on the back of his shoulder. He stumbled forward and looked behind him. Nidaja was there, tapping the weapon on her shoulder. Alps blinked, looking at her. She was so fast! He had never really thought about how fast she actually would be if he were the one facing her, and he had not, until now, ever seen her spar with someone else. Speed training was right! He winced a bit. It was the first time he'd felt pain like that since leaving Chana's service. He didn't hate Nidaja for it though. He actually felt like laughing. Was this supposed to be fun? Was he getting the wrong thing from it?

He looked sternly at Nidaja and moved forward. She touched the side of Alps' staff with her own and just turned in a very fluid circle, letting Alps' staff slide forward. She glided around behind the wolf and brought the staff to the back of his knee. The slave went to the sand and was on his back, with a dull thud and a deep release of air. He looked up at the sky, stunned. Nidaja took the opportunity to straddle his hips.

"Looks like I win, Alpsie." she said laughing, placing the staff off to the side and touching his throat in a little slicing motion, signaling that, if she had a knife, the white furred slave would not be sucking air anymore. Alps blinked again. He really was trying, but it was... what... twelve seconds? Ten? Less? No time at all, and he was "dead". He looked up at Nita who shook her head softly, smiling. She knew of Nidaja's skill and what would happen to Alps. The places the general had hit did not really hurt terribly, though, so it was not too bad a beating. And now Nidaja was straddling him in the dirt, so it was better! He laughed softly and rubbed the back of his head, looking a little embarrassed.

"Yes, you did win, General Razelle. What is it you will take in your victory?" he asked, touching her tummy softly. "You and your sister care for me after all. What conquest is there in defeating lil' old me?" he asked. The morning sun was darkened as Nita's form moved between his head and the horizon, shading him from it. He looked up at the queen. Nita was smiling and... undoing the buttons on her silken blouse. Alps gritted his teeth. She could not possibly be after that so early in the morning. She had just taken a shower an hour ago. Alps looked to Nidaja, who was blushing slightly. It was morning. The sun was coming up. The garden was not completely private.

"Oh Nita, don't tell me you liked seeing that," she said, hugging her own

chest, realizing that she was, indeed, very perky from the activity and the cool morning air.

"Oh yes... I did!" she said, sliding off the blouse, and placing it on the bench. She was not wearing anything underneath. Alps' eyes widened a bit. Sure, they did it outside at night. A very open and intense night indeed... but it was at *night*. It was not in the morning when the general public was often visiting the castle. The courtyard was visible from the back of the castle. Alps knew it was uncommon for the general public to be granted admittance until noon, but still, there were others here, such as guards, nobles and friends of said individuals who would stand a chance to see. Nidaja looked at the rising sun and giggled softly.

"Well... I'm not gonna let you get into trouble," she said. The regional matriarchs would likely try to lecture you about lowering your guard to someone who was raised as anything but a noble." Nidaja removed the flowing silk vest thing and tossed it before peeling off her shirt. If she was warning Nita about getting into trouble why on earth was she undressing? Alps inhaled deeply and felt that sudden rise of heat between his thighs. His canvas shorts suddenly seemed a lot tighter than when he put them on this morning. He swallowed softly and wriggled a bit, wondering if Nidaja and Nita were only teasing him here and would take him someplace private. He did not want to get them in trouble with the matriarchs.

Alps looked up at Nidaja as she tossed the shirt to the side and her firm, large breasts bounced in his vision. They were covered in velvety fine, short fur, so soft, and so warm and smooth. His paws gravitated toward them. She had him pinned so he had to give her some kind of contact. He wanted to very badly! If they were confident enough to do this, he would do as they liked. He was a slave after all. They were responsible for what they were doing. He was only a thing. He had just never considered it a defense before!

Alps gasped as Nita, completely nude now, moved alongside Nidaja. He had not even seen her wriggle out of her skirt. No, they were not teasing him. He swallowed again and wriggled just a bit himself. Nidaja's hips were right over his so her crotch would apply pressure to his already swelling member as she moved slowly, back and forth, to further tease him. To Alps' shock, Nita straddled his chest, giggling softly. He had not expected her to get in between him and Nidaja, as it placed her rather intimately close to her own sister. He had been blindfolded when they were together last time, so he did not know if they had been intimately close then. But now they pressed their chests together in a rather playful and fun-loving embrace, as Nita pressed her already warm and humid sex against his chest, streaking his fur with her tangy, elicit scent.

Alps crooned softly, unable to move now, as the two emerald lupine females held him rather firmly to the ground with their weight... and their

authority. Alps could not allow himself to forget that he was their slave, and if he wanted to protest it would not do any good. However, he had no intention of protesting as he watched them kiss. It was slightly curious when he saw Misha and Uri do it, but just... shocking to watch Nita and Nidaja do it. But as they kissed he looked over Nita's shoulder at their faces, turned enough to the side for him to see as they kissed passionately, and he knew. Their love was a family love... something bonding deeper than sex, sisterhood, or even lovers. As royalty, they had always only had each other to depend on. No one else.

Nita was very limited in who she could trust since she was the queen, and Nidaja was likely the friend and companion that, for all these years, she had trusted the most. Alps caressed over Nita's rump and lower back as he lets them seal their friendship and family bonds with that romantic and adoring kiss. The slave looked at the horizon, the slowly rising morning sun. He was intimately involved with these two and they did not seem to really fear others finding out a whole lot. Was he really that valuable as a companion that they would let others know they had such a relationship with him? Or was it generally accepted in high society that Alps' intimacy was common with his mistress. He thought a little about these things, before his mind was snapped back into the reality of the moment.

Nidaja's hand had slid down between herself and Nita, and she had scooted back some. Nita was working the ties to Nidaja's shorts and Nidaja was working the ties to Alps' shorts... making sure to stroke over his already firm shaft with her thumb through the fabric. Alps arched his hips a little to show his interest in the lovely female. As if the feel of his already swollen length would not be enough to tell her he was interested. Nita scooted back a little as well, to make it easier for her to remove Nidaja's shorts.

The general slid back and turned around just a bit as Nita worked her clothing the rest of the way off, and she helped Alps out of his on the soft sand of the fighting ring. Nita's scooting back placed her in a position for Alps to do something that had began to come naturally to him. His nose drawn forward by her powerful musky scent, he saw her slit parted slightly from her leaning forward the way she was, her legs spread. He could not resist the temptation and touched the silken length of his hot tongue between those dewy folds, tasting the tart flavor of her sex, freshly showered, and yet, as always, tasting no less of Nita. Alps giggled softly to himself as Nita gasped, and jumped a bit, having not expected him to touch so soon. She slid back a little and placed her arms on Nidaja's shoulders, giving a soft, pleasured sound.

Nidaja laughed softly, taking her place back on Alps' hips, her moist sex pressing his now exposed shaft against his soft-furred belly. She began to slowly roll her hips, teasing him a little bit with her wetness and her muscles, which would contract softly on his length. Her hips held him tighter letting him realize he was not able to get away. His voice raised enough for her to hear from between

Nita's now possessive thighs, as the queen pressed her sex to Alps' generous muzzle. He merely crooned loudly in his approval.

"A little friendly with that tongue, isn't he?" Nidaja asked her sister, who continued to hug the lupine general. Nita jerked her hips again as Alps flicked her clit with the tip of his tongue, experimenting, always eager to find what pleased his mistress. Nidaja and Nita were very different for what they liked. He was learning this over time. Alps had already learned that Nita liked deep penetration, whereas Nidaja liked rapid motion over her clit more. Nearly everything seemed to pleasure Uri, though. Alps smiled as he pressed the length of his tongue into Nita, tasting her all over his tongue. The slight salt on the tip... the tangy bitterness along the side... the warm taste of her flesh on the back of his tongue, which touched tentatively over her clit, brushing against it lovingly. If this was fighting practice, the wolf would definitely train hard and become Nita's strongest guard. He closed his eyes, letting himself feel more than see now, though he could still hear, as Nita released a lightly breathless answer.

"Y... yeah. He does like to do that. It's something I am finding I especially enjoy. And when I am in cycle... when he can't actually have sex, I know he will be able to do that... and he knows that I will reward him like last night," she said, gasping again as Alps' tongue penetrated as deep as he would let it. Alps spread his legs a little, and braced his feet in the sand, holding his knees up. This cradled Nidaja's rump a little, and pressed her forward on his body, holding Nita close still. Nidaja sighed happily, and reached down, letting her fingers slide under Alps' cock and pressing him tighter against her wet folds, almost penetrating, but not quite, teasing herself over his length, playing with him as she might a sex toy. For now, Alps actually was her living sex toy, but he felt a degree of trust and friendship and kindness from her that warmed his heart and never left him feeling used, even if he was used pretty heavily for her own pleasure. He did not mind, certainly.

Alps began to pant softly himself, as the pleasure Nidaja was stealing for herself was not wasted on him either. The white wolf's tail jerked every time she would let the tip of his rock hard member pass over her entrance and seem to want to let it slip in. Alps wanted so badly to just feel her tight body around him, even if she was not actively making love to him. Just to feel those muscular walls inside her closed around his shaft... pulsing, throbbing. That heat which he had learned so well and could now feel in dreams, so familiar he was with it. The willing slave placed both his hands on Nita's hips, holding her steady as he allowed his tongue to dig deeply into her, his nose pressed on the short span of flesh between her anus and sex. Slowly massaging her with his nose and licking deeply, he could only think to cause pleasure, just as she had last night. The mouth was so capable, and he had not really thought as much about just how much until last night. Nita's hot muzzle... so searing and so gentle... So powerful, yet so caring.

Alps arched his back and softly cried out as he felt his length slip into Nidaja. By the loud sound of intense passion from the general it was obvious she had not intended that just yet, but when it happened she was not disappointed. Her hands went up to Nita's chest where they began to play happily, just as Nita's warm, clever digits already played upon the general's own breasts, teasing, touching, flicking pert nipples, tugging, caressing, hefting, holding, grasping, anything her hands could do to give Nidaja's body pleasure, to send shivers down her spine, she did. Alps pressed his tongue deeper inside the queen's sex, feeling her walls clenching on it, reacting wonderfully to the oral fixation the wolf slave had.

He was breathing heavily now, driven wild by the sensation of Nidaja's tight, searing body grasping his cock deep inside her, pulsing wetly. She held still for a moment, kissing Nita again, reminding her that they were sharing him and each other. Alps did not feel funny about it at all now. There were too many other things for him to feel. The queen's personal slave began to roll his hips heatedly as Nidaja began her slow up and down and back and forth motions, enjoying the feel of the wolf inside her. Alps' white fur bristled and he cried out softly. The evenings of doing this had raised his stamina and endurance, but he still could not last long under this kind of stimulation. Just giving Nita oral alone was enough to make him nearly climax.

Nidaja's tight sex wrapped like a tight glove around his length, suckling on him, nursing him toward his climax, was more than enough to complete the circuit. It would not take long. The passion between them was rising too, so perhaps they were not just going to play around as much as usual, for real fear of someone disturbing them. Alps followed their lead with their growing passion, gripping his fingers on Nita's hips, letting his tongue slide back and forth between her swollen labial lips faster, more desperately, the pace of the general now almost feverish, as one of her unsteady hands dropped to Alps' tummy to give her more leverage for the motion she enjoyed. Nita's muzzle dipped while she was using her tongue to flick at Nidaja's nipples, which bounced heavily as she slammed herself up and down harder on Alps' body. Moaning deeper, more desperately, each sound she made seemed to change slowly in pitch, the lady lupine slowly working toward climax. Nidaja's fur bristled, her breasts were wet with sweat and with Nita's saliva as she licked, nipped and teased her sister's nipples, eager to make sure she had more than enough pleasure from this.

Nita's sex suddenly seized on Alps' tongue with a surge of heat and wetness on his muzzle and face. The queen cried out and shuddered, bucking into Nidaja who slammed down almost painfully on Alps' hips. Nidaja cried out gleefully to the queen and held her, as Alps almost choked on her warm nectar as it poured from her and spattered on his chest with her eager thrusting, humping motions. There really had not been any warning. Alps pondered, as he held firm and ridged for Nidaja, if he had hit just the right spot or something. Alps leaned his head back, letting Nita's sex cool a bit, watching as his mistress held

Nidaja, who was now very frantically rising and falling on him. Nita cried out happily, but weakly to her sister.

"Oh... oh yes... oh dear heavens yes, Nidaja. Go for it... cum too. Feels so good... together... hhmmm... oh... again... I can cum again... I want it to be together!" she cried, pressing her sex back on Alps' muzzle. Confused slightly, but obedient, Alps began to eagerly and rapidly lick Nita. Her sultry and perverse words to Nidaja were even more effective than the lady general's heated thrusting, as Alps whimpered softly into Nita's sex, feeling himself close in on the storm of pleasure that was about to be unleashed on his body. He was going to cum soon. He did not know if he could outlast these two, but he would try to let them enjoy theirs with his own. He closed his eyes, trying to focus on the sisters' pleasure. Nidaja was hammering him pretty hard now, her sex slick and hot, still tight enough to tug at his cock as she rose up off of him, and then press it with the delicious feel of penetration as she would fall. Her muscles were so strong, inside and out. The general cried out now, her breath coming in bursts when she descended, their bodies making a soft impacting sound from the force with which she took him. Never had he been ridden so furiously before.

"N... Nita... I dunno. I'm real close... I can't stop... can't hold back... Oh blinding light..." Nidaja crooned. She closed her eyes tightly, and held Nita's shoulders. "I want to... but... can't... stop. Feels so good... so close... so close. Oh... ohh..." Nidaja's voice was becoming uncharacteristically high pitched. Alps knew she got like that right before she came. This made Nidaja a *lot* more of a woman than the tomboy she was otherwise. It was hard not to feel like a female with nine inches of lupine flesh buried inside her. Alps lashed at Nita's sex with his eager tongue, feeling his own longing teetering on the edge. Every cell in his body was begging for the girls to climax so he could too, his legs trembling. Nita cried out again, her voice also higher pitched, her body shaking a little.

"I'm... right there. Oh Nidaja... Alps' legs... He's gonna pop too! Come on... cum Nidaja! Cum with us... Alps... Cum inside her. Let her feel your hot seed inside her. That'll make her cum. Oh... oh, let me know when you cum. Gimme a sign. I'll come too. Oh I'm already... so... close..." Alps just couldn't take it anymore. Nita's pleading voice, those graphic words! Nidaja's powerful stroking, panting, her moans of pleasure! No amount of sexual training could stop his orgasm from happening that very second!

He let Nita know in the most intense way he knew how to give her an idea of just how powerful his orgasm was. He howled. Right into her sex, he howled... a very feral lupine howl. As he did so, the vibrations from his explosive and rich tone, his strong voice, sent a shockwave of powerful vibrations as deep as Nita's ribs! The howl was stifled just a bit by the introduction of Nita's dense, warm nectar to his open muzzle. Gurgling just a bit, Alps swallowed, and shut his muzzle, dragging in a deep breath through his nose, and taking a heavy face full of Nita's fluids, scent-marked sexually to the ears. As he pulled in that powerful

breath, he yelped again softly as he felt the second powerful wave of his orgasm not just flow from him, but get violently dragged out of him by Nidaja's convulsing body, the general crying out in a rage-pleasure growl and stifled scream, holding Nita tight as she quivered over Alps' face. The male slave pulsed seed helplessly into Nidaja's tight, suckling, convulsing sex, which coated his inner thighs and tummy with its nectar as it drew in his warm life essence deeper into her welcoming body.

Alps' toes curled a bit, and gripped sand, as he felt himself shudder as more and more of that thick fluid pulsed from him into Nidaja. She held Nita, both of them panting so hard, as they twitched and spasmed over him. Alps could not get used to just how unusual it was... a slave, being so intimately involved. He felt he would never get over it, but then again, maybe he would. How long had it been? Not terribly long, but this was a fairly regular occurrence. Intimacy. Perhaps it was just fun for Nita and Nidaja and Uri, but Alps felt himself very emotionally bonding to them, and felt that, anymore, he would not want to live a life without them in it. He was serious about what he said to Nidaja. He would protect Nita. No one would be able to hurt her while he was still alive. Alps shivered just a bit as he thought about that.

Was he... falling in love? With Nita? With Nita Arcana Razelle? The queen? A lowly slave loving her? Alps closed his eyes and sighed a long and happy sigh. Yeah, so what? He could love her, even if she did not love him the same way back. Nita was easy to love. So was Nidaja. Alps' life was happy now and it was because of them. He had perfect reason to love them. Alps' mellow mood and relaxation were shattered by a male voice, close by, and Nita and Nidaja's simultaneous lunge for their clothing leaving Alps rather lewdly exposed, and sticky and wet on the face and chest and tummy. Alps scrambled and sat up Indian style, weakly swaying, with his hands over his soaked lap looking up at the source of the voice.

"...Had to be the most... interesting thing I have seen in a very long time," he said. Alps looked at him. A tall, black-furred wolf, seeming to be rather heavily muscled and wearing leather armor that was not merely black, it seemed to have a finish that did not shine or reflect ANYTHING. Not light, not shadow, not sheen... nothing. This covered him completely, except for his head. He had gloves made of the stuff and boots... and pants and a coat. Nita and Nidaja scrambled to get their clothes on. Nita growled rather savagely to him.

"You had best have a *damn* good reason to be here, stranger, or you will be dining on your tongue tonight. What you saw here is *not* to leave this courtyard!" Alps recoiled a bit. He'd never seen Nita so angry! "It's private business between just me and my sister, and our knight. It's a right that we are given in the royal doctrines," she hissed. Alps gasped softly. A knight? He was called a knight? That was oddly... embarrassing to him. He knew that she was lying of course, as it obviously could be frowned upon if a commoner found her

so romantically entwined with a slave. Knights, however... True knights were always as close to nobility as a male could be in Amani's government. They gained, as a result, some perks, one of which being they were not bound by the same rules which limited their choices for mates. Alps kept his mouth shut though and let the tall male wolf speak. His eyes, where Alps' were violet, were crimson. He was one of the older Amani tribe. There were very few left, and almost nothing of their history remained to be told. His voice was soothing, but dark, and deep, and hollow, as if he were speaking from somewhere else, and the sound did not... *quite* match his lips... or did they? It was hard to tell.

"I beg your forgiveness, your majesty. I mean no harm and news of this will reach no one. It is, as you say, private business and I count myself fortunate and blessed to have seen the true beauty of her highness and General Nidaja, both of who I have admired for some time. Ahh... but forgive my impertinence. My name is Lunaris. I am... a hunter." He sat down on the bench and handed Nita her skirt. Nita hastily put it on, as Nidaja got into her own clothes, grumbling something about locks on the gates.

Alps looked at him with wide eyes. A hunter. Misty had told Alps about this. They spent their lives hunting orcs, paid by cities and towns for the crystal eyes of those magical and cursed creatures who would attack towns if their camps grew large enough near the outskirts and border towns. Hunters usually didn't live long, but this one seemed to be doing well for himself.

"Very well. A hunter. I do not recall granting you a morning audience. This had better still be important," she said. "And I mean *very* important. You burned off my afterglow," she grumbled. The large wolf smiled and nodded. He looked to Alps and asked softly, chuckling,

"And your knight? I have never seen him before... rather... young." Alps shifted uncomfortably. Nita glared at him again.

"He was just... umm... assigned." Nidaja said, obviously trying to help Nita.

"Wow," Lunaris chuckled, "Where do I sign up to become a knight. I wanna have an assignment too." he chuckled. Alps carefully got into his shorts and then snapped a rather severe look to the larger wolf. How dare he make such a comment to Nita, being a stranger as he was? Alps stood up and growled to him.

"You come unannounced on unscheduled business with the queen, and you dare to insult her that way?!" Alps said harshly, stepping forward. Alps' heart suddenly sank. What the hell was he doing? He wasn't *really* a knight!

"It would seem your knight still has some life in him, even after the beating

he just got," he said. "If I'd been screwed like that my legs would be unable to hold me up!" he said, laughing. "Stand down boy, unless you want to get hurt. I have important business with the queen that does not concern you." Alps lowered his brow. He did not like this fellow at all. He was far too sure of himself. And it seemed almost as if he was making fun of all of them, right there in the courtyard. Lunaris leaned down and picked up a staff, pointing it at Nita. Alps gritted his teeth and gasped. Nidaja was on her feet, but her legs were obviously still shaky.

"Drop it, and state your business." the general said coldly. "You are not going to play your stupid hunter domination games with us. You are in our lands and you will respect and follow our laws, and moreover, as Sir Alps had stated, you have no right to speak to the queen like that." Nita's eyes were round and then narrow as the staff was pointed at her. Alps looked to the side, where his staff had dropped when he was pounced by Nidaja. He leaned down and picked it up. He raised the wooden shaft up shakily to face Lunaris. Nidaja and Nita looked up with shock and fear. Alps looked at them and realized just why. The slave just made himself a target. Slowly, Lunaris turned. Alps' heart sank again, but he tried to remain as cool and calm-looking as he could.

"Well, well, well..." Lunaris said, pointing the staff at Alps. "This will be a great chance for me to prove my worth as a hunter to the queen. I shall test my skills against their knight. To be this close to them, you must be a personal bodyguard or something, as I would have seen you outside the castle walls if you were not. They looked scared when you picked up the stick. Maybe they think you could tear me apart, and feared for the fight they would see. Or maybe they are lying about your station and fear you are about to lose your head. Let's find out." He took a fighting stance. Alps lowered his brow and glared at him threateningly. Inside, however, he felt sick. Why? Why did he have to pick up the staff? He looked at Nita and Nidaja. They were not moving. Alps was on his own with this one. He had chosen his path. He gripped the stick tighter, and prepared for the attack.

## Sirius, Book I

### Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

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Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

### Chapter 13

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Alps growled long and low as he faced Lunaris. Who was this guy? How did he get in here? Why would the guards let a character like this in? The slave looked over to Nidaja and Nita. They both looked very concerned as they put their clothes back on, and very irritated. They did not seem to be in a hurry to call the guards, however. Alps glowered. If he was a hunter, what was he doing here..? Hunters were not in the employ of the queen. She had her own army at her disposal. Hunters were only valuable to merchants and border towns who needed them. The slave swallowed reflexively. This guy... could kill him... And he knew it.

Alps looked to Nidaja. She was not going to help it seemed. Had he made a mistake? Was she unable to help him for social status reasons now, as he had been the one to challenge Lunaris? Alps wished he understood! She was now sitting on the bench where Alps should have just stayed today. He held firm to his staff. He got himself into this; he would either get himself out of it, or get some nice rest in the infirmary afterwards. He lowered his voice, trying again to seem more threatening.

"... I am not going to go easy on you... You interrupted something very private, without an audience. How... did you get in here anyway?" he asked. Nita and Nidaja looked at each other and nodded.

"Yes... right... before Alps cleans your clock, you better tell us... How did you get in here? This is NOT the kind of place you just walk into..." Nita grumbled.

"Your majesty..." Lunaris said, with noble flair. "I am a hunter, and am here on official business. Your guards do not know me, and made quite a fuss to my getting in here, but this was important... so I let them... go to sleep for a little while." He said. He smiled cruelly. "... Just as I will do to your little whelp that can't even hold a stick correctly!" And with that, he lunged for Alps, and tapped his stick to the side, somehow wresting it from his hand. It clattered over by the bench, leaving Alps unarmed. Lunaris brought his staff up to attack. Alps felt overwhelmed, and was thinking as fast as he could, which made everything seem to move in painfully slow motion. Alps did the only thing he could think of. He dropped to his knees, as he would if a mistress was going to punish him. Lunaris' swing missed Alps' head by mere inches. Alps then did something that

surprised even him. He lunged. With all his weight and strength, he put his right elbow into Lunaris' side, under his ribs. Lunaris skidded back a little, holding his side as Alps got back to his feet. Nidaja applauded.

"Way to go Alps! Protect your mistress at all costs! You heard him! He overpowered the guards. His reasons for being here cannot possibly be worth that kind of breach in security! Take him out! That is an order." she said, but remained seated. Alps moved back over and got his stick back hastily. A little defense was better than none, he supposed, even in this fight. He looked to Nidaja again. What was she talking about? She was the best fighter here, why did she not want to fight him? Alps sighed. This was a terrible position to be in, but he really did not have a choice now except to see it through.

The slave began to think about Nidaja and the way she held the weapon when she practiced. Alps moved his hands to hold it like that, using both hands to get better control of the weapon. He then rushed Lunaris. He made several attacks, but they were all blocked. Alps memorized how Lunaris blocked his attacks, which was fortunate for him, as he was able to block them himself when Lunaris launched a few of his own this time. The vibrations that ran down the stick with the black lupine's powerful attacks were painful to the young slave's hands, but his attacker was wearing black leather gauntlets, so he did not feel the same, Alps was sure. When one is being attacked, and feels they might lose their life, some odd things go through their mind. For Alps, he remembered being a slave.

There were times as a slave where something was too heavy for him to move, so he let some of that weight work for him, back when he was moving stones. He lowered his voice again, and panted out, already getting fatigued.

".. Are you not tired of playing yet? Let's end it already... Gimme all you got, cur!" he growled savagely. Nidaja, in the corner of his eye, looked shocked. Alps growled again softly. He would not let this guy fight with Nidaja. He would not go down without giving it everything he had. Alps thought for a moment, and realized it. For the first time, he truly realized it, through and through. He loved Nidaja and Nita. Deeply. He would protect them both, even if it meant his life.

Lunaris rushed with a very powerful thrust aimed at Alps' throat. Alps slightly, just slightly moved to the side, and thrust as well, so that Lunaris' thrust grazed the side of his neck, and his own staff found a home with a deep \*thud\* in the middle of his tummy, just under the overlap of his leather armor. He keeled over in the force of a thrust which Alps used to use to clean chimneys and dig fence post holes in frozen clay. Alps then spun around backward, to Lunaris' side, and brought the staff down on the back of his head with a strike worthy of fifteen years of woodcutting experience. Lunaris went down like a bag of cold, sloppy oatmeal. Alps held his staff rigidly, looking at his unmoving attacker, panting, unable to believe he actually hit him. He looked at Nita and Nidaja.

Both of them had their jaws agape. He moved over to them and said softly,

"I... I did it... I beat him..." he was still unable to believe it. Of course it was luck... He had no idea what he was doing, but by luck alone, he protected the queen. He blushed slightly as he thought of being rewarded. Not in the sheets, where he was used to it, but by a medal or something, in front of strangers. The thought of that was terribly embarrassing, and he actually hoped that they wouldn't! Suddenly, however, Nidaja jumped up and rushed past Alps, to Lunaris' side.

"Omigosh! Lunaris!!" she knelt by him, and began to shake him. "Get up! C'mon, he didn't hit you *that* hard!" Alps dropped his stick and looked at Nita.

"Wh... what the..." he stammered. Nita shook her head, and began to laugh loudly! Alps blinked, and looked over at Lunaris. He was sitting up now, holding his head.

"Ahhh... owww... shit... Thought you said he was a slave, Nidaja..." he brought his hand back. There was a nice coating of blood on it. Nidaja took out a handkerchief, and applied it to stop the bleeding. "Man... that was a knight's swing if I ever felt one... Am I the one who the joke is on... or was he the one we were testing? Which is it?" He remained sitting down in the dirt, his hand wiped off on the kerchief as he held it to his head himself.

"Don't worry, Lunaris... Nita will heal that right up... I... I did not think Alps would actually attack..." Nidaja said, very apologetically. The white furred slave looked to his mistress.

"Umm... this was... a test?" he said, now pleading more than anything. After all, he was responsible for the injury on the large and menacing wolf. On top of that, had he just failed the test? Surely he must have. Nita sighed softly and replied:

"Yes Alps... This was actually a test that Nidaja put together to... well... to see how far you would go to protect me. She wanted to train you to fight, and I said your heart wasn't in it. Nidaja noted that you are around me more than anyone else now, and she just wanted to make sure that you would put your life on the line to make sure I was safe. That's a big deal around here. All of our guards are given the same test. Not usually by Lunaris, but sometimes. I don't think I have seen any of them actually *beat* the tester though." Alps gritted his teeth softly. Had he done well, or caused a problem? He was still very confused!

"Well..." Lunaris said, getting to his feet. "I was told you were a slave, and to go a little easier on you... But after you blocked a few of my attacks, I felt you had some training, so I kind of went all out on you. I severely underestimated either your abilities..." he glanced up and down the slave, "Or your luck... But I will say

this, Nidaja... He's got some natural talent. Too bad he was not trained as a child. He'd be a match for me, I assure you. He learns fast. Teach him if you like. He'll be valuable." Lunaris said this with casual disregard, as if merely noting the merit of a meal or something. Alps smiled, however, and nodded, his face warming, and his entire body feeling light and numb, as the adrenalin lost its hold. He felt like he was going to be sick. "Though... not to say I am not gonna get you back for this..." Lunaris said. Alps' heart sank. "There will be a rematch, once you are trained. Then we will see who really wins." Alps looked to Nidaja, who only shrugged.

"You could have at least waited in the main hall until we got back you know." Nita grumbled. "I am a little upset that you just... watched us like that... That's not very nice." She huffed softly. Lunaris laughed and shook his head.

"It's nothing I haven't seen before... And I do come here on business. I have heard rumors that the cat burglar known as "The Lion" has been spotted nearby. I am here to catch that nefarious thief, and bring some justice. I will keep my eyes open around here, and make sure that if that burglar is lurking about, they will be caught, with your leave of course..." He bowed to Nita courteously. It was a definite change from his actions earlier. Alps sighed softly. He was very much taken in by that con. He smiled slightly though. He had exceeded expectations. He had perhaps made his mistress... his beloved Nita, happy. Nita and Nidaja got up and dusted off their clothes and nodded to Alps.

"Come on, Alps... let's go inside..." Nidaja ordered softly. Or was it an order? Alps had, in the past weeks, begun to feel less and less like a slave... and more and more like... a friend? He was happy though. He was still so much happier than he'd ever been in his life.

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Later that night, Alps found himself straightening up his room. Again. Alps' quarters themselves were as large as the home his previous mistress owned. His quarters were attached to Nita's, and across from Nidaja's. When he had first moved in, he had regular servant quarters, which were still better than anything he had in the past. He worked less than he used to, and, unaccustomed to what to *do* with free time, since he never had it before, he cleaned. His room remained spotless, to the point that Nita made fun of him by going on a dust expedition in his quarters with Misty and Nidaja. The slave finally sat down, but just as he was seated, he heard the sounds of footsteps tearing down the hall. A fast paced walk that Alps was not used to hearing here.

Alps opened his door, and saw Neit moving swiftly around the corner. It

was a bit late for her to be out and about, and she didn't have a reason to be on this floor in the first place. Alps decided to follow and catch up with her, so he could send her back to the floors of the castle she was supposed to be. He plodded along behind her, and saw her shadow hook the next corner. Alps moved faster, his footfalls trained for silence so as not to wake his mistress while doing morning chores and making breakfast. He watched her tail vanish behind the doors to the rooftop garden. The door swung shut behind her.

Alps canted his head slightly. He found himself wondering intently what she was up to. He looked up and down the carpeted and tapestry-lined hallway. No one else was around. He did not want her to get caught and get in trouble, since she was, after all, his guest. Alps opened the door carefully, and looked around. The garden seemed empty. This was the only door that went to it. He wondered if she was laying down someplace. Perhaps she liked sleeping under the stars and that is why she snuck up here? He quietly looked around, and began to walk. As he neared the north tower corner of the rooftop garden, he heard the soft clink of metal. He followed the direction of the sound, and found Neit behind some hedges with a backpack, and dark clothing. Alps gritted his teeth. He asked softly,

"What are you... doing?" Despite his voice being so soft, it seemed like a scream as it broke the silence. Neit paused for a second, then cried out, and fell over. She looked up and rubbed her rump, smiling at Alps, and blushing. The slave looked intently into her eyes, worried that she was stealing food or something and coming up here to eat it. "What's in the pack?" Alps asked curiously.

"It's... Ahh... I was..." Neit looked away and thought for a while. She then smiled softly and rubbed the back of her head. "I was... waiting for you." she said. "I wanted to use this on you..." She reached into the pack, and pulled out some rope. Alps blushed deeply. Nidaja and Nita had already done that to him before. Uri did it all the time. He couldn't tell her that he was used to it though. It needed to be special to her! He shook his head softly.

"Neit, we will get caught up here... You are safer if you stay on the bottom two floors!" he chimed. Neit got up to her feet.

"No, no.. I mean... I want you to use it on me. I have never been... tied up, and you are the only one I trust to do it. I wanna have some fun. I will not get to stay here forever you know... I have to get back to town soon, since the guards have likely already caught those bad people that were after me. I knew it would not be long... just... one time. I wanna be completely overpowered and taken by someone I trust... since I gave you my virginity... I wanted it to be you." Neit seemed very nervous. Alps smiled softly and looked around. He was off duty tonight, and Neit was obviously telling the truth, as nervous as she was. Alps nodded softly, and said, in almost a whisper, placing a paw on her cheek,

"I have... wanted to try this too for a while, but since I am a slave, I could not.. You... really want to do this?" he wagged his tail slowly, feeling the heat building in his body. He had made love just this morning, and yet, so readily, his body begged for more. He wondered if he would ever tire of it, but decided quickly he likely would not. Alps stood up and Neit stood up as well, holding her pack. There was plenty of rope in it, and a knife, as well as some other tools that Alps could only guess had some other pleasure purpose. The wolf looked around a bit, and then smiled, pointing over at a place in the garden. There was an ivy-covered archway with railing that Nita would hang flowers from to get them out of the sun if it was too hot. It was a sheltered area, and just perfect for Alps' intentions. He led Neit over to it. The girl looked back at the tower for a moment, and sighed, before following. Alps brought her under the archway, just a short, shady place, lined on either side with benches.

He took the pack happily from Neit, who sighed again, and then smiled, seeming, perhaps, a little more comfortable. She slowly undressed, as Alps began cutting and tying lengths of rope. When Alps turned around, he saw her lithe, youthful body. She was well muscled, and perhaps was a slave or servant herself, by the looks of it. Alps moved over to her, and placed his hands on her hips. He leaned forward slowly, and brought his lips to hers, then felt a pang of... guilt? Perhaps. He was in love with Nita, and naturally was more inclined to share himself with her. Nita had made sure to tell Alps that he was welcome to be with Misha, Nidaja, Misty, Uri, or anyone he wanted. So he did.

Alps let his tongue slowly snake into Neit's muzzle, feeling her warmth against his body, her touch elegant and sensual as she began to undo Alps' belt, and then shirt, unbuttoning and untying with unusual comfort and skill. Alps' clothing fell away. He then moved back just a bit, and looked at the lovely girl, her amber eyes tracing Alps' body a moment, a soft blush on her cheeks. Alps leaned down and picked up a pair of slipknot rope cuffs he had fashioned. He pulled Neit's hands up carefully. She watched curiously as Alps placed the rope-cuffs on her. Her arms were held high, and she almost had to stand on her toes. The slave smiled as he looked into her eyes. The rope cuffs were linked over the railing for hanging plants, but they held Neit pretty securely too. Alps placed his hands on her hips, and slowly slid down her body, letting his own body caress hers. He inhaled deeply and let his tongue slide out, and over her breasts. He traced her areola as sensually as he could.

This was not someone he had to pleasure. This was someone he was sharing pleasure with. He was just being nice and giving back what he was about to take after all. Alps was not sure why she wanted this, but he was not about to deny it to her, and let someone less trustworthy in her eyes have to be the one to do it... to make this fantasy come true. He closed his hot muzzle over her nipple, and began to suckle softly.

This elicited a soft moan from the lips of his guest, as she wrung her paws a bit in the makeshift cuffs. She arched her back a little, pressing her chest against Alps' careful and tender muzzle. He let his teeth scrape over the slowly wrinkling, firming flesh of her nipples to send that wonderful static through the girl's body. Alps switched breasts, letting her hang there helplessly being pleasured as best Alps could. He was, after all, now pretty well trained for this. Nita and Nidaja were not afraid to tell Alps what felt good, as he was their source of pleasure, so he was left with a deep working knowledge of lovemaking that he could share with Neit. He slowly slid down to his knees, and placed his strong hands on Neit's rump. With a soft squeeze, he pulled her forward, his head held low, so that it moved between her thighs. The white lupine rose again slowly, so that Neit's knees were draped over his shoulder. She was able to sit somewhat perched there, her legs wrapped over his back, and his muzzle was in the place that he very much enjoyed having it. As he inhaled deeply again, he took in the tan-furred girl's scent. That scent worked its way through his entire body, and he felt his length harden quickly. That scent... that wonderful scent of sex, always aroused Alps so quickly.

He slipped his tongue out of his muzzle, and into his fortunate guest. As his tongue slid between her swelling labia, he tasted that familiar and precious tang of her nectar. Eagerly then, he began to move his tongue. Neit was very vocal of her enjoyment of it, swearing softly, and moaning loudly as her hips moved in slow rhythm, side to side, back and forth, eager for ever single touch of Alps' skilled tongue. The pink velvet rasped over her clit with each in and out stroke, her hips pushing forward as it entered and drawing back slowly as it exited, taking the pleasure Alps offered greedily. Alps held her rump, keeping her in place, as a great deal of her weight was supported on the rope. She was already breathing heavily, and her nectar already coated the wolf's muzzle. His eyes shut slowly as he resigned himself to enjoy the meal he was about to make of this near virgin girl. Slowly, painstakingly he used his tongue, letting the tip slip deeper, curling slightly to tease with fluttering deep inside her over her g-spot. Neit began to pant more heavily, shaking her head.

".Oh... A-Alps... I want you in me... I wanna... cum around you... I wanna let you feel me all the way down your... thick... oh my body burns for it." She hung her head, panting, her mind seeming completely swept away by lust. Alps wriggled out of the grasp of those legs, and pressed his chest to hers. He was slightly taller than her, which was going to make this a bit easier. As he pressed against her, the slave gasped, Neit very agilely wrapping her legs around his hips. He gritted his teeth as she pressed his length against her sex. The white lupine looked into the tan-furred female's face. She looked back longingly. "... Since the first time... we were together like this... I have lusted... longed... fantasized... I have nearly gone mad for want of feeling it again... Just one more time from you!" she panted, before she began to move her hips, the angle changing just enough that, willing or not, Alps was swallowed into her hungry body, fully, her wet tunnel pressing around his entering length and then eagerly

milking along the full stretch.

Nine inches buried deeply inside her, she used the rope binding to lift her self up a little, and slide back down, her motions no less effective than if Alps were in missionary position with her, and making love frantically that way. Alps brought his hands to the railing too, leaning his head back, moaning as the pleasure overtook him. Already, he was panting. The wolf held rigid though, his hips barely moving, but unable to be completely still, with this kind of enticement. Neit continued to rather desperately impale herself, already far along in her pleasure. But she seemed to be holding back as well, perhaps waiting for Alps to have his.

The lupine slave placed one of his hands on Neit's rump, as she worked her body harder against him. Alps gasped as he felt her cervix impact slightly on the tip of his member, from how hard she was dropping herself on his length, trying hard to take him in as deep as he would go. His hips began to jerk spasmodically. Despite all the time he had spent with Nidaja working on his staying power, Neit was quickly taking him to his peak with her obvious desperation for pleasure. Alps grunted softly, and returned Neit's eager thrusting, her chest pressed tightly to his own. Alps could feel her rock hard nipples through the thick soft fur of his chest. He could feel Neit's juices running down his leg. Alps shut his eyes tightly, and felt a warm tingling surge through his body. He barked out a soft warning to Neit.

"I... I'm gonna cum!" The male wolf winced slightly, and then felt all hell break lose in his companion. He strained against the rope, and cried out with pleasure, bucking heavily as hot fluid surged down his legs, and spilled over his feet. Neit was a bit of a gusher. Alps nearly fell, but held tight to the railing as his own orgasm tore through his body, the lovely Neit pounded even harder against him, nearly taking him off his feet as she squealed with orgasm. Alps held tightly to the railing, his hips pressing up hard into the writhing, bucking female as thick, opalescent ropes of lupine essence pulsed into her, much of it returning from her tight body to run down his quivering legs, so heavily did she thrust back on him.

Alps finally felt his sweating palms slip, and he lost his grip, falling onto his back, leaving the still tied up Neit hanging there. He could not believe how quickly that had happened, as he tried to regain his senses, sitting there on the path at Neit's feet, in a pool of their juices. He looked down at his lap. Utterly drenched. He would need a shower. Blushing slightly, and panting, he looked up in time to see Neit stifle a scream as a pair of female hands wrapped around from behind and grasped her breasts. Neit looked behind her to see Uri. She and Alps *both* blushed deeply. Neit struggled, exposed to Uri.

Alps had not even considered the possibility of Neit and him getting found by Uri, who was very attached to other girls. He had no idea how to deal with a

conflict over Neit being... well... fonder of Alps' gender as a rule. Would she frighten Neit?

"Naughty, Naughty little Neit.. Taking a wolf here in the garden and not offering to share..." Uri growled. She grinned brightly. The black lupine was also already naked, and her fingers were wet. She had obviously seen the whole thing. Neit wriggled and whimpered a bit as Uri kissed along the back of her neck. "Ohh... but I know the *real* reason you are here.."

"W... wait.. I'm not like that! I'm not! Ask Alps... I like... Oooh..." She whimpered trying to struggle, but, being tied up, there was not much she could do. Neit stopped struggling a moment, as Uri whispered something to her. She gasped, and her eyes went wide, and she just hung her head. There was a short pause before Neit finally said, in almost a whisper, "Y... Yes.. I understand... and you... promise not to say anything?" she seemed nearly in tears. Alps watched between them, curious, and a little frightened. Was Uri going to do something bad to Neit? Why would she? The slave moved to the bench, canting his head softly again, trying to figure it out as Neit pressed her hips back against Uri, her head hanging low. Uri growled from behind her ear.

"I promise... but the slave... needs to help out..." Uri said, beginning to softly massage Neit's breasts. Alps stood up shakily. He was not sure how much help he could be, since Neit had really taken it out of him. His legs felt like jelly. Uri looked to Alps. "I want you to release her from the ropes, and help her lay down on the ground, and then I will tell you what to do. You can just watch a bit, like you did with me and Misha on the boat..." she said, smiling warmly. Alps saw that warm and caring smile again, and felt comforted. Uri was not trying to hurt Neit at all. He spoke softly to the slightly frightened girl.

"It's okay, Neit... Uri's nice. She won't hurt you... she is just wanting to teach you about some of the other nice things lovemaking has to offer. She knows even more than I do." Alps explained helpfully.

The young tan girl nodded emphatically, almost too quickly, as Alps undid the bindings, and as soon as they were undone, he felt a sinking blow to his gut. Neit's knee had come up hard to impact him, and then she was off like a shot! Alps was immediately on his knees, coughing deeply, half choking, from the force of it. Tears formed in the corner of his eyes. Why did she do that?! The slave was immediately supported by Uri, who called out furiously after the fleeing girl.

".Neit you BITCH! Forget it! You are on your own now! I would get off the island of Diera as fast as you can, since your face will be on every wanted poster in the city!" she screamed. Alps croaked out softly. Uri held him against her chest, caressing him as he caught his breath, and finally managed to get out,

"Uri... what did you do!? What did you say to her... why did she... Ooohhh..."

The white male felt like he was going to be sick. His tummy was really very tender after sex, because he was so relaxed. Uri cooed softly, and caressed Alps' ears gently. She was actually trembling with anger. Alps felt an odd sense of happiness that she was staying with him, instead of chasing Neit down. He felt that perhaps he was just more important to her.

"Oh Alps... I am so sorry.. I saw her from my bedroom window the other day, spying on you and Nita, and sneaking around, and when I talked to Lunaris earlier, he told me about a cat burglar... And when I saw her tonight, with the rope, going to the north tower, I knew. I did not think she would hit you when I told her." Uri sniffled a bit, and hugged Alps close. "I was gonna have some fun with her as punishment for lying to you before I turned her in though... I did not ever think she would hit you though, especially not right in front of me. I thought she at least liked you a *little* bit... I hate seeing you get used like that... next time I see her, I will put a boot right between her eyes." Alps sputtered and fell forward, into Uri's arms. That hurt a lot. All of Alps' life as a slave, he was used to being used, and it never hurt like this. He sighed softly, and said,

"Nita... will be angry with me won't she... when she finds out I invited a thief into her home?" Uri shook her head softly.

"No. Nita was proud that you wanted to help someone. She will be mad at Neit, not you." Uri said. "Don't worry about it Alps. You have a lot more happy memories here to live. Throw away this bad one..." Uri helped the wolf to his feet. Alps kissed her lips tenderly, and his dear friend leaned forward slightly, into the kiss, her eyes closing. She blushed, just a little, and said, in almost a whisper.

"You know... that is the first time a guy has ever kissed me like that. I mean... you and I... we've slept together... but... I mean, it was for fun. I..." She went silent and kissed Alps again, holding him in her arms tightly. Alps sighed deeply as the nude pair kissed under the ivied archway. Uri was right. There were a lot more happy memories to come. He should not worry about the sad ones, but, as he thought about it, Alps knew he would still always have *some* happy memories of Neit, and he secretly hoped she found her way out of Amani safely. Uri took Alps' hand, and led him back inside.

"My room's the other way..." Alps churred, realizing that Uri was leading him down the wrong hall. Uri smiled, as she led Alps toward her bedroom.

"Alps... Neit used you. And she hurt you." The shorter wolf girl held his hand tightly. "I want you to learn what it's like to be cherished by *real* friends." She led Alps into her room, and smiled as she pointed to Misha, who was sleeping on the bed soundly. "Let's play a little game, Alps." she piped cheerfully. Alps' tummy was beginning to feel better, and his heart was warming quickly again. Another playful adventure with Uri and Misha. Alps wagged his

tail frantically. This promised to be fun!

Then again, so many of his adventures with them off late had been taking a more realistic turn. It was not so frequently a shared fantasy together with them. Sometimes, Misha and Uri just took him to their bedchambers, and quietly, happily made love to him. The more he thought about the company they were about to share together, the less pain he felt, both in his gut, and in his heart, from being used.

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

## Chapter 14

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Alps looked at Uri curiously as she moved toward the bed, slowly shucking her clothing. He wondered what she had in mind. The black-furred female sat down on the bed, and Alps remained perfectly silent. He didn't want to wake Misha if Uri wanted to let her sleep. Indeed, Uri put her fingers to her muzzle, to shush Alps, and make sure he didn't make a sound. She then motioned him over to the bed, and patted the edge of it near her, smiling to the slave. The white male nodded and sat down, very careful not to disturb her.

"Are you up to it?" Uri very lightly whispered. Alps had to crane his head and focus his ears, swiveled toward the guard to hear her. Alps nodded seriously. His tummy didn't hurt too much, as long as she didn't tie him up and ride him again, Alps would be fine. He'd let her know not to if she tried that, but he got the feeling that was not what she had in mind. Alps swallowed and strained to control his voice, as soft as he really could.

"What will we be doing? Is it another bedroom game?" he asked, leaning in close to Uri, and taking advantage of the chance to hold her. He slipped his arms around the lovely guard, and smiled to her. Spending time with Uri and Misha was always fun. They didn't always have sex with Alps, but they always played with him. Their role-plays were sometimes adventurous, and sometimes sweet, but he always enjoyed the little drama they put into their lives through it.

"Alps... I want you to seduce Misha." Uri said softly. Alps flick-flicked his ears and nodded. He could do that. Misha took very little coaxing anymore, despite the fact that it was known she was not especially fond of males. Uri and Misha both considered Alps a girl-with-benefits. He was never sure how to take that, but as long as they felt happy to fuck him silly from time to time, he didn't mind, even if it might have been able to be viewed as derogatory. Alps would happily seduce his short-furred friend.

"Sure, I can do that!" he whimpered cheerfully, wagging his tail slowly, "Misha loves to be licked." Alps explained, expressing that he knew how he was going to do it. Was Uri just going to watch? It was okay if she did, he didn't mind. Sometimes, Misha or Uri enjoyed just watching, and sometimes, after one was done, they would tag the other, and Alps would have to play with the fresh replacement.

"Without waking her up." Uri added, grinning evilly. Alps eeped softly, and canted his head. Was she joking? How on earth could he seduce a sleeping female? She would not even know she was being seduced. Did Uri want him to have sex with Misha in her sleep? Was that even possible?

"You want me to do this in her sleep?" Alps asked incredulously. Uri shushed him again, putting a digit over his muzzle this time. He blinked softly.

"Yes... in her sleep. I want you to get her wet, get her ready for you... then take her.. nice and slow, and make her cum, all without waking her up." Uri was still smiling almost obscenely. Alps swallowed again. He nodded slowly, and started to undress. He might as well get this part out of the way. Uri slowly drew back the blanket, showing that Misha slept nude. Alps smiled a little. That, at least, would make things a little bit easier. He wondered if this was a game that Uri played often. Did Misha get fucked in her sleep a lot, and not even know it?

Alps took a moment to think about what he was doing. It was not only exciting; it was actually slightly dangerous. Misha and Uri were guards for good reason. If Misha woke up, she might well attack Alps before realizing who he was. He'd have to stay ready to jump away at a moment's notice. Uri would calm her, if indeed that happened.

The white lupine got onto his hands and knees on the bed, holding himself over Misha's sleeping form. He inspected her quietly, already feeling himself begin to swell at his loins with excitement. If he were not already excited, he soon would be. Uri moved to his side, and began to slowly run her fingertips over his sack, and his length as it filled out in her hands. She didn't seem to want to give pleasure, as it were, just get him fully aroused, as, once he was completely erect in her hand, she moved back to watch again. Alps was fine with that of course. His heart was already racing from the idea of taking this sweet guard in her sleep.

Misha was sleeping on her side, somewhat balled up. Alps decided that he would first need to get her onto her back if he was going to get anywhere with her. He carefully kissed along her neck, being quiet, and feather soft in his touches. Misha shifted a little, but not the way Alps wanted. The lupine slave looked up to Uri, who was watching, perched on her knees, at the end of the bed. She was very slowly and delicately manipulating her nipples, getting into the mood of voyeuring the slave and her lover.

"Don't stop. If you get her good and wet, and get yourself inside her before she wakes up, you will get a nice reward, okay?" the black-furred guard said, swishing her tail mischievously from side to side. Alps swallowed and nodded slowly. He was eager to know what the reward would be! He stroked himself a little, getting some pre on his fingertips, and then he stroked his wet

fingers down Misha's cheek. He didn't really know *why* he did that, and felt rather depraved for it, but it made him feel more confident for some reason.

He moved a hand to Misha's shoulder and slowly pulled her from her side, onto her back, in the position he wanted. He was very careful not to wake her. If she shifted or made any noise, he moved his hand away, staring at her face intently, trying to read her. She seemed to be dozing peacefully enough, but the occasional shake of her eyes under her heavy lids showed she might also be dreaming. Alps looked back to Uri, who was still teasing herself a bit, and nodded to Alps, letting him, in case he was worried, know it was okay.

The male lowered his head slowly, and inched backward on his hands and knees now that he had Misha in a position that was a little easier to work with. Her hands slid down to her tummy, as she lay there, looking very sleek and velvety and beautiful. Alps traced some of her thin, short fur, and then moved his lips to her right breast. He felt utterly sinful about it, but he took one of her soft gray nubs into his mouth and began to work it against his tongue and softly between his teeth. To his distinct enjoyment, it began to firm and eventually become much more ridged, wrinkling the flesh of her areola. He finally pulled his lips away, and then moved his mouth to the other, treating it in much the same fashion, as he felt his desire building all though his body. Alps enjoyed seducing and giving this slow, sweet attention.

Misha did not move at all as he did this, however she did begin to breathe a little more deeply. Alps smiled around the nipple he had in his mouth. It was working. If he could get her nice and wet, slipping into her was all he needed to do to win Uri's little game. As long as he could do it without waking up Misha. He moved one of his slightly trembling hands to her large breast, which seemed so heavy that she might not notice him bothering it at all. She shifted, but only slightly, as he hefted it to his muzzle, and suckled a little more firmly on her perked, hardened teat. Alps felt a slight roll in her thigh. He smiled to Uri, who was squeezing her breasts now, looking to be locked in anticipation.

The white lupine moved his lips to the opposite breast, hefting it as well, rolling it in his hand, enjoying how large Misha's chest was. It was one of her most prominent features, since she was tall, and of rather slender build aside from them. Alps enjoyed getting to hold them, even if she didn't prefer his touch over that of her lover. To the slave's delight, the guard arched her back, pressing herself into his touch, though still obviously dreaming. Alps supposed the topic of her dream had merely become more pleasant.

Taking both breasts in his hands, Alps began to massage Misha's chest, pinching her nipples between his fingertips, and licking them occasionally. He lowered his head and began kissing her hands which rested over her tummy, and finally, began to slide further down, wagging his tail fondly. His kisses trailed slowly over her lower tummy, under her navel, and then he drew a deep breath,

drawing her scent.

It was intoxicating. She was already very aroused, even in her dreaming state. Alps wondered what was going on in her dream. Who was she making love to? Or perhaps, what? Her fantasies could involve self-pleasure too. Uri was certainly involved in that activity. The slave looked up into her eyes as the black-furred girl pressed two fingers against her clit, and wriggled them a bit, crooning under her breath in pleasure. Alps wondered if Uri would end up becoming too loud, and ruin his chances of succeeding with her game.

The white wolf decided to go ahead and get Misha used to more intimate contact, rather than just trying to take her. He moved his muzzle down to her hot sex. Her legs were still pretty tightly together. This would take a little persuasion, at least. He touched his lips to her soft, firm mound, and nuzzled slowly, in a lazy circle, trying to get a little pressure on her clit to coax her to spread her thighs for him. She would have to be relaxed, legs open for what Alps was going to do.

He suddenly felt a pang of guilt shoot through him, as he had when he was being ordered by Nidaja to take Misty. Was this right? He thought about it a moment, as he nuzzled his grey-furred friend and Misha slowly spread her legs, the aroma of her sex caressing his face like the heat of an oven opening in front of him. He shuddered a bit, his mind swept away a little by that scent, and he stroked along her slightly swollen labial folds with his careful and slow tongue. That answered his question. It was not wrong in the event that Uri was asking him to, because he was an extension of Uri.

Alps also felt a little more certain of how his relationship worked between them. Uri and Misha didn't love him in any fashion beyond a close friendship, but he could be used as an extension of their will and love to one another. They liked using him to pleasure their lover. Ever since the first night on the boat, Alps had been a gift to be given. This made his heart swell with happiness, not because he wasn't loved by them romantically, but because he was being used for something that was very sacred and beautiful, instead of just a menial task. His service to those around him now felt less like being used, and more like being cherished.

His tongue pressed between those silky folds and Misha drew in a sudden deeper breath. Uri paused what she was doing, a knowing and playful expression on her face, but one that melted into a smirk. She had thought Alps woke Misha, but she continued to roll her hips very softly, and her eyes continued to flicker with dream. Alps grinned at the shorter femme, his tongue still buried in her mate, and then resumed his 'work.' The white lupine murreled as he heard a soft, sleepy moan from Misha and her breathing began to change slowly.

Carefully, and in near slow motion, he extended his warm, long tongue deep into

the guard's tight sex. She was untouched by any other male but Alps, and it was uncommon for him to actually have full intercourse with her. She usually enjoyed his tongue while Uri took his length, since she genuinely sought that kind of attention from time to time. So rarely had she made love to him in its fullest masculine fashion that Misha had remained nearly virginally tight. It took a little effort to get his tongue in deep, but Alps managed, since he was getting a lot of practice by living here. His tongue slipped in slowly, back and forth, curling it and twisting it inside her to give her a slow but sure pleasuring.

The incident with Neit was completely out of his head at the moment. It was as far in his distant past now as Chana was. That unpleasant memory, both of his former mistress and of the betrayal of his thief friend, could not reach him here. He was safe. And he was very, very ready to make love to this hot, sultry, sexy-even-in-slumber guard!

The white slave drew his tongue out of the writhing, sleeping guard slowly, and carefully he moved over her sleeping body. He looked up at Uri, who was now stuffing two fingers into her sex, legs spread, very graphically visible for Alps in her silent, heated masturbation. Alps swallowed loudly, and moved himself into position, the tip of his twitching, rock hard shaft at the entrance to her body. Her juices, freely flowing now, as well as Alps' saliva, had her very wet. He pressed in slowly, carefully, feeling her spreading around him so tightly. Alps knew that she had to be able to feel every single inch as he slowly, carefully rocked his hips, to give her just a little bit at a time.

Misha most definitely felt it, though. Fortunately, in her dream, it was exactly what she needed and wanted. Just as Alps was pressing the last few inches into her, she moaned in her sleep, and braced her feet to the bed, and pressed into him, sinking that last precious amount of his pulsing hot flesh. The slave trembled, and held still, as her eyes continued to flicker with her wonderful dream, and her hips slowly rolled, arced, and writhed. Alps looked in triumph over to Uri, who was panting heavily now, thumping her sex with a balled up hand, two fingers slipping rapidly in and out of herself. She nodded softly admitting Alps won, watching through sex-hungry eyes, and then whispered in a hot, heavy breath.

"Oh Alps... go... take her... see if... you can make her cum!" The white wolf whimpered softly, and nodded. He began to firmly stroke his hips against Misha's, listening to her moans as her hips rode against his own. Making her climax would not be a problem in the condition she was in, but making her climax without waking her up, that would be a little more difficult. Still, he was curious about it too, and he continued to thrust into the moaning guard. Misha subconsciously gratefully bounced back against him, panting now. Alps felt himself slipping deeper into the warmth of his growing desire, the longing to flood Misha deep inside.

Alps held himself back, however. In part, it was out of respect for Misha, not wanting to pop in her if she was sleeping, and also, he didn't know what Uri had in mind for his reward, and he wanted to be more than ready to receive it. He grunted softly, steeling his strength and endurance and thumping his hips against Misha's a little harder, while trying no to shake her too much. Finally, in her sleep, Misha spoke!

"Oh goddess... Yes, Uri... oh it feels so real... it's my... mmmm... my favorite one!" she whimpered. Alps perked his ears forward, and Uri grunted, fell forward, and screamed into a pillow, muffled nicely. She jerked and spasmed as hearing her mate call out her name forced her over the edge into climax. Alps panted heavily, and pistoned harder in and out of the lovely female faster and deeper, rolling his hips to stroke a spot deeper inside that he had found Misha was crazy about.

"Alps... make her... oh lover..." Uri panted, her mind hazy. Alps whined softly, and rocked his hips faster. Misha was breathing a lot heavier now. Her heart was pounding, but she was locked in her dream. It seemed that fantasy that was playing itself out in her mind had Uri pumping her full of a very life-like toy. She gripped the blankets as Uri watched Alps take her, the white lupine feeling himself coming closer and closer to his intense release. He growled softly, and held back, even though he was rapidly driving his hips into his beloved friend! Misha began to tremble.

"Uri!" Alps hissed in breathless whisper, "She's gonna pop!" Alps rolled his hips hard and fast, making sure not to shake her awake, keeping the furious motion at her hips, pumping his thick, pulsing flesh in and out of her, feeling her stretch so tightly around him. Misha's hand finally moved, finding purchase in the flesh of Alps' back. He grimaced, and shuddered. It was very painful, as the guard was not conscious, and had no idea she was hurting someone. It benefited Alps, however, in that he was driven back from his climax just enough to withstand her sudden squeeze of his cock, and her yelp!

"She's cumming!" Uri whimpered, trembling as if she were gushing again, which was possible, since she was humping her hand again, which was pinned down the front of her body. Alps didn't need to be told that the sleeping lupine was climaxing though. He could feel it, her jerking, spasming muscles, over and over again, around his hot, wet flesh. Alps lowered his head, rolling his hips, forcing in and out of her with some difficulty as she slammed her hips into him, riding out her orgasm as she liked.

"Oh Uri, I..." Alps grunted, lowering his head again.

"No! Don't cum!" Uri cried, giggling. She said this rather loudly. Misha suddenly jerked, and grabbed Alps around the middle, then rolled right off the bed with him, both of them falling with a loud wumph into the floor. Uri laughed,

and Alps found himself pinned underneath Misha, his tingling cock still buried inside her. She reared back to hit him, and then, waking and realizing who it was, stopped, and then shuddered, feeling the settling afterglow through her body, and the still twitching cock inside her.

"What the fuck?!" Misha cried, looking down, seeing where she and Alps were joined. She then looked at Alps, who gazed back as innocently as he could with nine inches inside a gorgeous female guard. She then snapped her gaze to Uri, who was laughing heavily, licking her wet fingertips.

"Gotcha!!!" Uri cried, sitting up, wagging her tail. Misha squealed, and got off of Alps, who was trembling a little bit. He came so close to climax when he was first firmly pinned like that. It was odd how much that aroused him. He sat up and watched as Misha pounced her mate, lightly bopping her with gentle, open hands. Alps was happy to see they were both laughing.

"I didn't think you'd actually do it!" Misha cried, wagging her tail, still dripping from her sex. Uri giggled as Alps slowly crawled back onto the bed. He got onto his knees obediently. Alps was still sporting a very much aching hard on, and felt tense and tight all over with need.

"I told you one of these days you would wake up and find yourself being fucked silly." Uri giggled, and then ooohed softly, looking over to Alps. She smiled and reached down to this cock, stroking it fondly. The slave closed his eyes and arched his back a little, rolling his hips into her gentle motion. "Misha, love... I promised Alps if he succeeded, I would give him a special reward." Misty looked down at Alps' shaft, and chuckled pleasantly. "Can you help me with it?" she asked, smiling hopefully. The older guard nodded softly.

"Absolutely. And I know just the thing." she said. Misha got beside Uri in front of Alps, also on her knees. Alps swallowed softly, and smiled at them both, as it appeared they were sizing him up some how. Uri looked lovingly to her mate, and asked her what it was that she wanted to do to Alps. Misha smiled and placed a gentle hand on Alps' chest. "Stay just like that sweetie..." Misha said softly. The slave smiled anxiously, but nodded obediently.

Misha hugged her lover and whispered into he ear. She cooed loudly, and seemed to really approve of the idea that the other guard posed. Both girls turned to face Alps, slowly moving down off the edge of the bed, on their knees in the floor.

"Turn and face us, sweetie." Uri said breathlessly. Alps nodded and shifted, turning by wiggling his rump until he was facing them. He wondered what they were up to. The slave trembled a little with anxiousness and anticipation. Uri was the one who moved first, slowly drawing closer to Alps, and bringing her lips to his twitching shaft. He groaned happily as he felt her kisses

slide right up the side of his shaft, all the way to the tuft of fur past the base. He leaned back a little, and then gasped, as Misha's lips moved to the other side. He flexed the muscles in his legs as he drew in the pleasure of what he was feeling.

While Alps had enjoyed the touch of both of their muzzles, it had never been at the same time. He had never even considered the way that would feel. Misha was the first to use her tongue as she drew her cool, wet nose pad up his length in a counterstroke to her mate. Their teamwork made Alps realize why they worked together. In a fight, they could work better together than they could with anyone else. Even now, they seemed to read one another's motions and intents.

The white wolf released a long, shuddering sigh as he felt his tingling, burning length slide into Uri's mouth, their reward driving Alps slowly to a quaking, shuddering frenzy. He tightened and relaxed his legs slowly, as Uri gave him the most intimate touch that her muzzle could possibly allow. She drew her head back and forth, suckling tightly, giving the white lupine as much affection as she could ever manage. This was exquisite in and of itself, but then, Uri slipped her head back, and Misha took over, her longer, hotter mouth taking Alps in. She thrust her head down, burying her nose in his crotch-fur, and then suckling hard, before releasing back to her mate's shorter muzzle. Uri bobbed her head lovingly, as Misha started licking hotly over Alps' balls and the base of his shaft. Alps' mind was being stripped away quickly now, his sack drawing tighter as he felt himself being literally dragged through every field of pleasure he ever knew.

However, beyond every single sensation of physical pleasure, their efforts did a lot more for Alps emotionally than it was likely either of them could understand. He felt as if he were simply being worshipped over. Both of their efforts were only for his pleasure now. They were very much into what they were giving him, and it was almost enough to make the slave lupine cry. He gasped in deep breaths, feeling himself coming closer and closer to release, and wanting nothing more than to give them what they were diligently working to get.

"Close..." Alps whimpered knowing there wasn't much more his body would take before he released. Misha gasped as she let Uri take a go at the wolf.

"Yes... yes, c'mon Alps... All over us... We both want it so bad! You are such a good, good slave! You are so obedient and kind and had working... You deserve this!" she cried. Alps whined loudly, feeling the beginning spasms already. Even if they stopped dead in the tracks and jumped back, he was certain he'd go off like a fountain in front of them!

"Oh yes, Alps!" Uri cried, letting the wolf's cock slip from her mouth. Alps'

shaft was immediately engulfed by Misha, who took over for Uri. "We appreciate you so much. You are such a wonderful slave! Thank you!" Uri barked, panting heavily. Alps' heart glowed, and he threw his head back, tensing up.

"Here he goes!" Misha cried, moving her head back. Uri pressed her cheek up against the cheek of her lover, and they held each other's hands over his pulsing, thick, hard cock, and pumped together, watching Alps' eyes.

The slave looked down into their eyes as they looked into his for that brief instant, and saw the depth of their friendship to him. He was not just an extension. He was something to share their love with! He was something to give of their heart. He was not a thing. He was more than that. His heart soared as the wolf jerked tight, eyes still gazing at their beautiful faces, pressed side to side together in front of his hips. Emotionally and physically at the same time, Alps climaxed.

Uri and Misha held their faces together, and squealed with delight, as thick, hot streamers of fertile lupine seed draped over their muzzles. They held their tongues out, taking his taste, getting some of those sticky ropes of masculine essence into their mouths, and swallowing eagerly. Their hands, held tight over his shaft, pumped up and down rapidly still, milking him for every drop, before they lovingly and tenderly took turns suckling on him, as every single last drop was coaxed from him, ultimately causing Alps to fall backwards, twitching with over-sensitivity.

Their queen's slave looked up, as his heart took its on sweet time to calm down, panting heavily. Uri and Misha were hugging and kissing now, on their knees in front of the bed, standing up, and, to Alps' stunned silence, they licked one another's muzzle and cheeks, cleaning his seed from each other. His mind became hazy as he watched them, and he sighed happily, surrendering to his exhaustion, and embracing sleep.

As he slipped into slumber, listening to the cheerful and loving chatter between Uri and Misha, he wondered if he would have as nice a dream as Misha did, and, if so, what would he wake up to? Was it possible to wake up to any greater happiness than he was living now?

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

*Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)*

*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

### Chapter 15

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Nita paced softly along the corridor, waiting. Waiting. It had only been ten minutes, but it felt like so long. She wrung her hands softly, and then sat down on a small bench that was faceted to the wall neatly in this corridor. A door opened, and Nita had no more just sat down that she hopped back up. Nidaja entered. Nita peered at Nidaja intently, but she only shook her head.

"I... I'm afraid he's sick with it too..." she said softly. Nita sat back down heavily. This was the far eastern wing of the castle. It was used as a small hospital when a member of the royal family got sick, or hurt. And right now, Alps was here, and very, very sick. The day before, he had been feeling kind of bad, and told Nita that, and she told him to take it easy. While he was walking with Nita to her military briefing, he collapsed in the floor, and had a powerful seizure. He had hit his head on the floor hard, cutting it, and then bleeding rather severely. It was perhaps the most heart-wrenching thing the queen had ever seen, as he shook, bleeding in the floor. She had screamed. She called for Nidaja, for Uri, for the very light itself. Anyone to come help her! It was Misty who found her, blood-soaked, holding a still lightly twitching white slave, sobbing heavily. She had held him once before, bleeding, dying... when she gave him the order to kill himself with her own knife. Misty had found them then, too. It brought back those memories, surging in violently...

Nita closed her eyes tightly, and then looked at Nidaja.

"Wh... what? Why now? Why is this happening?" she said, biting her lips. Nidaja sat down and put an arm around her sister, cooing softly, reassuringly.

"Hey sis... it's not like he's gonna die or anything.. He is just gonna be sick for about a month. With lots of bed-rest, and about another month to recover, he will be just as good as new..." She smiled softly. Nita shook her head, standing up again, putting a hand on the corridor wall, to steady her self. She had neither eaten nor slept in over a day, with worry. She could not believe how much this was tearing her up.

"It's the twilight fever, Nidaja. He could be... blinded... And he could be sterilized... He could even get paralyzed from it." she said, near tears. "You said

so yourself... he's in a coma already... He won't wake up." The queen rubbed her eyes. She had not cried for anyone like this since her mother passed away. But her mother was shadowfallen. It was a powerful spell that blew her away in an instant. It was not like what Alps was going through now. It was said that in twilight fever one is plagued with the worst imaginable nightmares through the entire illness, and it could last a month to a month and a half. Some had even had their spirits broken by it, and become zombie-like, unable to enjoy anything in life after enduring such nightmarish hardships, stricken like one in years of war and torment.

Uri had gone through it when she was younger, and it took her two months just to recover from the mental strain of it, over three months for the physical strain. And she knew it was entirely likely she would never carry a child. This was fine with Uri, of course, since she had Misha, and Misha couldn't make her pregnant anyway. But still it was hard for her, and the thought of Alps going through it now distressed his owner a lot.

"Nita..." Nidaja said, getting up and putting an arm around her, and then hugging her close. "That does not always happen, and Alps is strong... He's been through worse just digesting a meal before. Think about how he lived before we took him. Alps is not a foppish little house-servant or something! He's a slave, and he's had a rough life. It's made him rugged. He can withstand this better than someone who has led a sheltered life." Nita sat down again, and shuddered a bit, nodding to Nidaja.

"I know... But, he... He's mine - and I don't want any of those bad things to happen to him! I want him to live a full and rich life now... Oh, now that he is away from the people that didn't love him! And I know they mistreated him. He won't really talk about it... but I know he was mistreated. I am not going to have him cut short when life is beginning to be nice to him." She inhaled deeply, leaning back. "I will feel better... if I am trying to do something about it." she said softly. "Nidaja... I... I have duties here I must attend to, as I have put them off since Alps collapsed yesterday." Nita bit her lip again, thinking about that moment, rather unpleasantly. She shook her head again. "I want you to find the absolute best doctor... The best medical treatment for Alps. Find anyone in this whole city who knows more about Twilight Fever than even Misha. You heard her; she specializes in surgery, not viral illnesses. Somewhere in this town, there has to be a really good doctor for this kind of thing specifically. A revolutionary... I want you to find them, and bring them to Alps. That way I can make sure none of the bad things with the twilight fever happen to him." She said. She got up shakily, and then headed down the corridor, leaving Nidaja with said task. Nidaja gaped. It would be like searching for a black pearl in a barrel of coal. Where should she start? The Emerald Amanian general padded down the corridor, and out the door.

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Nidaja looked around silently. She had been in this part of town a few times before. It was the best place to find information about hard to find people, or hard to find items. It was not, however, the kind of place royalty would generally hang out. She had on a dark cloak, traveling incognito. She had her royal crest in her pocket to be presented to whomever she found who was worthy of the task of taking care of Alps. She would offer them whatever price they asked. That was her instruction from Nita. Find the best. And she would.

She turned down a small back alley, and then down another. This part of town had many fairly large buildings in one area, so the alleys were tight and many. There were shops, pubs, inns, homes, all kinds of stuff here. It was also the poor side of town. Nidaja hooked another alley, and then opened a heavy metal door, stepping inside. It was a rather filthy tavern; with a girl half undressed serving the drinks. It was sad to the general, a female, bringing herself down to the very level of a male to scrape by. Nidaja smiled to her silently, and sat at a table, looking around, her muzzle showing under the hood, but not her eyes as she tried to find someone who looked like they might be social enough to know something.

In this tavern, there was very little light since lantern oil was not free, so most of these kinds of places held back on the light, letting their patrons bring their own lamps. In this place, there were only two. There were about twenty-five people here, various lupines, each with a very disturbing story of their life to tell. Many were criminals, a few wanted for murder. But Nidaja was not here to arrest anyone. She perked her ears suddenly and looked up at the sound of a female's voice. A voice boldly arguing with the tavern owner.

"-No, I said I would have the money to you by the end of the month. It's still the beginning... No, I said I would have it this month, and I mean it, I just need a little more time! I lost all my supplies at my last job, so I have to purchase more... It's a hard time for all of us. I just need a place to sleep at night, I won't ask for food or drink... I will rummage in the trash if I have to, just give me a dry place to rest!" the voice cried loudly. Nidaja glared. It was her. Neit. The lady general would not mind blowing her cover here for this. She moved up to the tavern owner, and looked between him, and the tan colored master thief. She grabbed Neit by the neck, and threw her on the floor, causing her to crash through a few chairs. The tavern owner shouted out.

"Hey! You can't just come in here pulling that crap! Get ou-" he was cut off as Nidaja held her crest in his face. He went silent, and nodded, backing up a bit. Nidaja never took her eyes off Neit, who slowly got to her feet, shaking off peanut shells and tobacco leaves. The tavern owner called out to the others.

"Don't interfere... This is none of your business." He said nothing more than that. Neit put her hands at her side and shouted.

"Who the *hell* are you?! That hurt! How *dare* you just come in here and throw me like that!" the younger female exclaimed indignantly. "I know a lot of connections here, you are gonna be found strangled somewhere tomorrow, whore!" Nidaja was quiet for a moment, glaring from under her hood at the furious tan female. She then growled long and low. The general lifted her head enough for Neit to see her face.

"I intend to make you pay..." Nidaja growled savagely, causing the thief to gasp deeply in recognition. "Not for trying to steal from Castle Diera... but for hurting Alps. He was innocent, and a little naive, and you took advantage of his kindness. And I intend to take it out of your hide..." the green-furred wolf growled. Neit went pale, and stammered. Her eyes were almost comically huge in recognition of just what turn of fate had found her.

"Oh... Holy... Shit..." she backed up a little, and fell backwards over a chair. "No... Oh no. Come on. I... I have to. I... I'm already in enough trouble, that robbing the castle itself won't change my sentence. Hitting Alps - that was just to escape. Don't... Oh please don't kill me!" she said, biting her lip, about to cry. Neit likely knew the level of contempt Nidaja had from the rumors about her relationship with the white furred slave that were already rather common inside the castle while she was staying there. By the look on her face, it seemed she knew. This was the end. A pissed off general in a tavern where no one ever actually sees anyone do anything. There would be justice served, without a trial. Swift and severe. The general could almost see the thoughts running through the young girl's mind. Did Nidaja have a sword? A cross bow...? How long had she been looking for Neit - just to dispatch her...? Just to kill her... searching like this? It was all over. The tavern was silent.

Nidaja grabbed Neit by the collar of her vest, pulled her to her feet, and then did a quick double spin on her left toes, her arm flicking out both times that her right side passed Neit, landing two powerful and rapid blows to the side of her head. The thief spun around and landed on her back, her legs bent under her a bit, crying out. Neit rolled onto her side, and stood up shakily, adrenalin fighting the pain, but not very much. She spit out blood. She had hit her muzzle on the floor when she fell the first time, it would seem. She cried out softly again, dazed. Nidaja approached coldly. The general had hoped she would get the chance to do this. Screw Lunaris. He could find this master cat burglar himself. Nidaja would just take her cut for Alps' sake.

"Alps... Is so kind... And so sweet... You could have had the best friend of your entire life in him. He would have held you loyally and lovingly forever..." Nidaja explained, growling the entire time as Neit quivered in fear. "He would have always been there to tell you it was okay. Even if you had been

discovered... Neit, If you had stayed with Alps and been his friend, and not tried to steal anything - not tried to betray his trust like that, if then you had been caught by even Lunaris... Alps would have protected you... and Nita, to keep him happy, would have given you a light sentence, versus death, which is what you are very realistically looking at right now." There was a long pause now, as the general let that sink in. Her attacks would not be all physical, not for this one.

There was murmuring around the room. Nidaja swiveled her ears to listen to some of it. 'Who is Alps?' 'I heard he was the queen's new slave.' 'Did she really try to rob the castle?' 'I bet she's a hot lay.' 'Oh my god, it's the general.' 'We are so totally fucked.' 'Does the general have a thing for that slave?' 'You gonna ask her about it?' Nidaja shook her head softly, growling louder, shutting everyone up.

"But you threw that friendship, and that kindness, back in his face... And to me - and to Nita, doing that to someone so genuinely loving and caring, you stole something that night more valuable than anything else in that castle. Little tramp... You are gonna PAY!" Nidaja flipped backwards, her right foot flashing upward, impacting the bottom of Neit's muzzle hard enough that she came off of her feet and flipped backwards as well, but while Nidaja landed neatly on her toes, Neit landed on her belly, sputtering, and spitting out a *lot* more blood from that one. She bit her tongue almost completely off, a lupine fang putting a neat hole in it somewhere around the middle of the tip. Neit sobbed softly, trying to stay limp in the floor.

"Please... dun' kill me!" she cried. "I... I will apologize to Alps! I will make him happy again, I swear! I will do that, if you promise not to take my life! I will do anything for him - I will even become his slave! Please stop..." she wept, putting her head on the floor, burying her face in her arms. Nidaja padded close to Neit, and grabbed her by her hair. The green-furred female thought silently to herself a moment. This was a side of her that Alps never saw. Before being a general, Nidaja had to be a soldier. She had to become a knight - and knights were tough, and severe. That was how it worked. Her white slave lover had never really seen Nidaja fight, not genuinely. Still, this was not a fight. She was just beating the crap out of a common thief. She turned and slammed Neit against a support beam in this dark, dank tavern, the lantern hanging there swinging back and forth precariously. Nidaja growled severely at Neit, as the tavern keeper looked down and noticed that the thief's feet were not even touching the ground. Nidaja was holding her up with one arm, against the beam.

"It's a little late for you to be saying that now. Alps has taken ill with Twilight Fever, and knows only the treachery you showed him to keep him in his nightmares. What terrible things do you think he is dreaming about, huh?" Nidaja shook Neit a little, until she cried out again. The emerald wolf looked as four of the tavern patrons stood up slowly and left. Some still saw the twilight fever as being contagious. While it was not fully understood, it was known not to

be contagious, but still, there were those who were skeptics, and those four evidently did not want to be anywhere near it. Neit wept softly.

"Oh I'm so sorry!" she cried. "I... I wish I could help! I would even risk getting the illness to help. He... He's really sick?" she asked, hanging limply against the pillar where Nidaja held her. The emerald wolf dropped Neit, who fell like a sack of wet sand on the floor, crying softly. Nidaja sat down, feeling a little better now that she had taken some payback from the little thief. Neit slowly got to her feet and moved over to the table, rubbing her eyes, still wet with tears. Nidaja canted her head, and looked at her inquisitively, with more than a hint of irritation.

"What are you doing? I let you go - aren't you gonna run for your life you little thieving bitch?" Nidaja took out her crest, and shined it a bit, as if to remind the bleeding, drooling, slobbering mess of a thief she was in the presence of royalty. She bowed her head, and began wiping the blood on a towel that was lying on the floor by the bar. The other patrons began to talk quietly amongst themselves, many of course, speculating who this precious Alps was to someone so important as Nidaja and Nita, whose identity was much better known, while the name Alps simply was not. Why was the general here beating up a thief girl? Neit finally looked back up to Nidaja and said softly,

"I... I wanna help Alps. I don't want him to get... paralyzed... or blind. I... I..." She hung her head a bit. "I really am sorry for hitting him. He does deserve a lot nicer treatment. He took me in when he thought I was in danger... I was running from town guards. He protected me, and risked himself in the process. I cannot thank him for that now, because I will likely never see him again... I'm saving up to move to Jalana - to start a new life. Uri told me never to show my face in Diera again. I had intended not to..." she said. "Tell me, Ni-Nidaja-" Neit said, shuddering. "What... can I do to help? I will do anything.." Nidaja looked up at Neit, and said softly, a growl still in her voice,

"I am looking for a doctor... a healer, magician or herbalist who can help Alps. Someone who can make sure Alps' suffering is light, and his scars from this are few. I do not want him having loss of sight or anything like that either, so I am trying to find the best of the best. I came here for information on that." she said. "But now, I kind of doubt anyone here would provide me with information, since I have blown my cover. It was worth it to beat the fuck out of you though..." the general said, grinning a white, toothy grin. Neit nodded softly, bleeding quietly, but understanding. She then perked up and bounced a little in her chair just a little, before she realized that everything that could get twisted and pulled and bruised... was. She oooched softly, then said, in almost a whisper,

"I know of someone..." she looked around nervously, "Who is said to be able to cure almost any illness... He... He is passing through here, but already, he's healed a stabbing victim, the husband of a rich regional matriarch - just with

magic! There was not even any recovery time, just... Wham - he was healed! I know where he is!" She quieted herself again, lowering her head. "I will take you to him if you want. He's... He's a lapine shaman..." she said softly. Nidaja's eyes widened.

"A lapine?" she lowered her head. This was very big news indeed.

Most of the lapines had moved to the western continent of Saigoss, because of the assaults on their kind from Mannus, the leader of the army that Nidaja's forces were fighting a losing battle with. While the fighting had been less hectic the past decade, it was likely because Mannus was putting more resources into building a new fortress, slightly closer to the skirmish territories. His borders would widen again after it was built, surely, and many towns would be lost.

The lapine tribes had all lived in the east, and were killed off or driven out early on by Mannus' raids. Mannus had created the Uruk to wage war against the Amanian people as well, sterile, lacking any means of reproducing on their own, and getting out of their master's control, there were now tens of thousands of them, warring against Nita's Amani tribe. Powerful spells over more than 800 years had made their numbers simply incalculable. And each one bore the will of their master, golems of various shapes and sizes, looking often enough like lupines with hideous deformities, no ears, short or missing muzzles, glowing crystal eyes, all thinking only of ending the life of anything unfortunate enough to be in the way.

Mannus' territories kept expanding, and the lapines, a peaceful nomadic people, were wiped out among the first, simply for being too close to the center of Mannus' new territory. One had not been seen on the continent of Amani in over 150 years. These people, the lapines, were known for their powers of healing, and also for their unproven and eerie rumored ability to communicate with the dead. Left alone by Amanians, even 800 years ago, they were always seen as dark and mysterious, and now, they were treated in many cases like a fairy tale.

Those who did believe in them now treated them with fear and respect. Their fame to those who knew they were real had only grown to legend. Still there were large parts of the population that did not now believe that they ever existed. So had time masked their being, and eaten to dust their history.

Neit stood up and nodded softly. "I will take you to where he is... I promise he's there. He's real. I saw him, and he is a powerful healer..." she whispered. Nidaja stood up slowly and walked out with her, after placing a single cut emerald in the hand of the tavern keeper. It was likely worth as much as the tavern itself. This was for the chairs that lay broken. The tavern keeper looked at it, and startled, stuffed it in his pocket. This was *not* the kind of thing you just carried around and let people know you have! He nodded to Nidaja, who left with the

same girl she had just beaten the stuffing out of.

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"Come on! Quickly, this way! He is supposed to leave for Jalana on a ship tomorrow, we have to hurry or he won't have time to help Alps!" Neit said. Nidaja ran along behind her. They were still weaving through alleys and the like. They were getting closer to the port section of town. Nidaja followed quickly. She panted heavily. Was it going to be this easy? Was she going to be so fortunate as to find a healer of the level that the lapines were known to be? Finally, Neit stopped running, and Nidaja, lost in thought, nearly crashed into her back.

"Whoa! Warn me before you stop like that!" she cried, shaking her head. She looked ahead. They were looking into a tunnel. These were the aqueducts, where they emptied out into the ocean. It was the city's source of fresh, clean water. It was dark in there. And quiet. "Umm... Neit, the aqueducts are like... Three miles long, and dark... Are you sure he's in there?" Nidaja asked.

"Yeah! I'm sure that's where he is staying. He does not wanna be noticed and all... He only comes out at night." Neit said. "I... I did not bring a lantern... I completely forgot." she said. "I can go up and get one from a store down the road." she nodded off in some direction. Nidaja shook her head.

"No, you have no money, remember, and when you are with me you are *not* going to steal something. I have it taken care of." Nidaja drew a slender silver rod from her belt under her wrap around cloak. Neit went right down to her knees, sobbing. "Oh please! No! No... I - I helped you didn't I? Don't kiiiill meeeee!" She put her hand forward on Nidaja's foot, petting it lightly, pathetically. Nidaja closed her eyes, shaking her head and sighing.

"Let go of my foot before I kick you in the head..." she said calmly. "I'm not going to kill you." she said. Neit stood up shakily, snuffling.

".. Th.. then what is the weapon for?" she asked, nodding to the rod. Nidaja mumbled a few soft and arcane words over it.

"Starartru'curureneldadae binlinarthu'dae.. gilistaval mirelda linista'tir." she said, and the rod suddenly shined with bright, powerful silvery light, illuminated in the shape of a blade. Neit gasped and backed up a bit, before cooing out,

"W... Wow! That is a... Very impressive trick!" The thief was very

impressed. It was the first time she'd ever actually seen magic used. Nidaja nodded silently, and headed into the dark tunnel. Neit ohhed and sauntered along with her. "He is not too terribly deep in here, they said... Just far enough so that he would not get woke up when couples came down here to hide from prying eyes and have fun when there is not enough money to get a room at the inn." she whispered. Nidaja groaned as she stepped in something slimy, suddenly worried that it was from one of those loving couples.

She sighed and nodded silently as they walked. Nidaja was not nearly the sorceress her sister was, but she did know a few spells. And this silver light spell was one of them. She plodded along, avoiding the debris and stuff that clung to the sides of the aqueduct. The water rushed along its merry way, past them, to the ocean. They rounded a few corners, in silence, until Nidaja saw a soft light. She looked to Neit. The thief nodded softly.

"That's him, around the corner there. There is a little alcove for cleaning supplies like rakes and shovels that the maintenance people use down here. He has pushed it all to the back wall, and is camping in it." she said softly. Nidaja padded along slowly. This would be the first and possibly only time she would ever seen a real lapine. The others would be so jealous if they knew. Especially Misty. She crept cautiously around the corner, to find a little campsite, a tent, and a fire, glowing warmly. Sitting in front of it, eating some kind of soup, was a very curious and handsome creature.

Nidaja stopped and looked for a moment, since she seemed to not be noticed right away. Neit held still against Nidaja's back, peering cautiously. A rabbit, he was about 6 feet tall, and of rather well muscled build, scantily dressed, only wearing a heavy looking leather loin cloth and a fang necklace. He had light tan fur, which was short, and very soft looking. There were marks in his fur that looked like he had dyed some patterns into it in dark red paint of dried blood. There were three lines over his chest and three lines on the side of his face on the left side. They were a much deeper earthy brown, and looked a lot like dried blood. Perhaps that was the effect he was going for. Nidaja softly spoke, finally, causing the rabbit to look up, his long, but broad ears swiveling to face her even before his head. He did not seem alarmed.

"Sir..." she started. He gazed at her with dark brown eyes that seemed to gaze right through her clothing and into her soul. She licked her lips a bit, and resumed talking. "I... I - My name is-" she stammered, trying to get started. The rabbit cut her off, however, before she could continue.

"I know who you are, Nidaja... And you have come for the sake of Luna's Knight... Alps..." he said slowly. "I have seen it in the fires of destiny... The powers behind this fate are a tough chain to break." he said softly, his voice not echoing at all. In this ever echoing cavern, his voice did not echo. It was as if he were out in a field, and not in this dank, dark place. Nidaja's jaw hung slack.

How in the world would he have known that? Alps' presence in Diera was not even common knowledge. Most people did not know Nita even *had* a slave, much less... his name. Nidaja choked slightly. What did the rabbit call him? Perhaps he was only partly right, but it was still impressive! She asked him softly,

"Luna's Knight? Alps is just a slave. Sir, I -" he cut her off again, looking back to the fire as he spoke.

"He is as I say, though he does not remember... you won't understand either. Not until the fires burn with a violet light, instead of red. Look into his eyes. You will see that fire, Lady Nidaja." The general sighed softly. Great. He was insane. How could he help her? "To heal him... you will need to give to him a medicine I can make. It is... different from the other medicines that you are used to." He held up a bottle. "It is not free though. I will need you to... do something for me... to help me make this medicine. If you truly wish to help him, this is what you will do. I look into the fire, and she flickers... so many ways..."

Nidaja sat down on a rolled up blanket, near the fire, nodding. This was more than a little bit creepy to her. The rabbit took out a yew staff, and held it out to the general. It had a silver tip with feathers all around it, and leather bindings with cryptic writing on it between the banding. Nidaja looked at the staff carefully, as he closed his eyes and waved it on either side of her. "The fires of destiny... They have told of Alps' blindness... Unable to see, he will be prone to disasters that will steal away his life, and misery as he feels he is no longer able to serve the ones he loves. You... Only you... can help him avoid this fate." he said, with a deeper voice that echoed just a bit. Knowing about the illness itself pretty well sealed the deal to Nidaja that this was worth looking deeper into. This rabbit knew something.

"How can I help you?" Nidaja asked. "I don't know anything of medicine - just about fighting." she said. The rabbit smiled softly, and looked at Nidaja with those deeply peering eyes.

"You have no skill that can help, but you do possess the ingredient that I need, and the life essence to give the medicine it's most potent property. If you truly wish to save Alps, and save your sister the grief she will feel when her love can no longer see her beautiful body, you will agree to what I ask of you." he nodded, his eyes closed, his voice filled with confidence, but seeming... sad. Nidaja gritted her teeth... Now *that* was something he could *not* have known unless he could, indeed, see those things in that fire, as he said. Nidaja leaned forward, paying close attention. Neit sat down near the water, keeping her distance. This was spooking her too, and she did not have the nerves that Nidaja had, trained from a cub to fight in war. The general nodded softly.

"Then... Tell me. But, tell me first, what your name is. So I know how to

address you, noble sir." she said. She smiled a bit. Finally, she got to finish a sentence without him knowing what she was going to say. Normally, a female would never address a mere male so courteously, but the legends had said that the roles were reversed in Lapine society. The females tended to a more submissive role, she had been told. She could not demand anything of this shaman. He looked up at her and smiled softly again, those alluring brown eyes gazing into hers. The rabbit answered softly, still without any semblance of an echo.

"Those I meet in my travels know me as Xanthas." he says. "Easier, I think, to call me Xan." he put his staff down and stood up carefully, moving to Nidaja, and placing a hand on her head. Nidaja noticed that he did not, of course, have that long, fluffy wolf tail, since he was a rabbit. It finally fully dawned on her that he was, in fact, a lapine. It seemed almost like fantasy to see him there before her. His little bushy, tear-drop tail twitched a bit as he held her forehead. The general noticed how lean and muscular this rabbit was. For not even being a lupine, he was actually extraordinarily handsome. Nidaja wondered how other lapines saw him. She wondered if there were other lapines he could meet at all. She looked up at him as he took his hand from her head.

"How can I help you, then, Xanthas?" she asked. "If I have no skills..?" Xan smiled again, and said, rather calmly,

"I need you to help me perform a ritual with which this kind of medicine is made... I need your body to be able to do this ritual..." he explained, seeming almost apologetic, and still slightly sad. Nidaja gritted her teeth.

"And just... How... do you intend to use my body?" she asked, feeling her blood already begin to boil. He had better not even be thinking about that.

"I need you to take your clothes off now, Lady Nidaja." he said. He remained expressionless as always as he said this.

"Uh oh." came a whisper from Neit, shrinking back away from Nidaja. She knew full well what the general was capable of.

"You think I am dumb enough to just do that? You are probably going to cast a sleeping spell on me, and then have sex with me!" Nidaja protested. She could not believe the audacity of this creature, even if he did see more than he should in that stupid fire. Xan shook his head softly.

".. Oh no... I won't do that... I have to have you awake for it..." he said. Nidaja's jaw dropped. Totally beyond comprehension!

"Then the ritual - or whatever - *is* sexual?!" she stammered. Sure the bunny was handsome and all, but Nidaja was *not* loose. She would not put out

just under the pretense that the rabbit was going to help, if it was still possible her participation was not necessary. Xan nodded softly. The only reason she had been with Alps was her love for her sister. She trained him, even if they had ultimately become very close friends in the process. She had no reason to have sex with this rabbit if there was another way.

"Well, it has to be. Your life energy is what I need to make the medicine, and the best way to get it is to pull it from you when that energy is at its highest tide... Which only occurs at the peak of sexual pleasure." he explained, bowing his head, as if slightly shy about it. "There is no other way to help your friend. It has to be the life energy of a young, passionate female. And it has to be the life essence of a female who holds a special place in her spirit for him, or it would be completely inert. I apologize for the inconvenience of it." Nidaja shuddered a bit at the thought of being taken by the rabbit. It was not a disgusting thought really... It was kind of exciting, but if she did not have to, she would not.

"Is there no other way to gather life energy of the type you need to help Alps?" the general asked. "Surely someone as skilled and wise as you knows another way." she barked.

"I do." Xanthas said, his voice eerily unwavering.

"Then why don't we do that?" Nidaja asked, insistently. Now she was getting somewhere.

"We would need your blood for that." Xanthas said softly, matter-of-factly. The emerald lupine blinked and canted her head, then held out her arm helpfully.

"I love him, and I love my sister, enough to give you as much as you need." Nidaja said. Perhaps the rabbit had merely not known how important this was to her. She felt better, knowing that she might avoid having to have sex with someone who was not even her species.

"I would need all of it." Xanthas said softly, drawing a slender knife from his canvas pack. Nidaja jerked her arm back.

"Are you serious?!" she cried.

"Quite, I'm afraid. But, I can feel in your heart, the conflict." he stated. Nidaja swallowed and nodded, feeling a bit afraid again. "You would give your life for them gladly, but now, the other way seems to suddenly be more inviting." he stated casually. It was as if he were teaching her in as subtle a way as he could. The general thought for a while. Was there no other way? If he really could help Alps as he said, it would definitely be worth it, but... Nidaja ohhed! brightly, and pointed to the thief sitting by the water, trying *not* to get noticed.

"Hey! How about her? She's younger than me. I bet her life energy will work, and she had *better* want to help Alps that badly..." Nidaja said, glaring at Neit. The girl thief gritted her teeth, and then sighed, nodding softly, bowing her head. Yes, she would do it. To save the slave, but herself as well. She would not choose the blood route, though. Sex all the way. She would redeem herself in the process, perhaps, and not have to leave the city afterall. Xan shook his head sadly.

"No... No, I can't use her... Even if she loved Alps, which she does not, someone has beaten her up, it seems, and she doesn't have a strong enough life essence as a result." he said slowly and evenly. Nidaja flinched.

"Doh! Well... Fuck!" she murmured. Xan's voice broke the soft silence immediately. This time, it sounded a little different, and echoed through the cavern like Nidaja's and Neit's did.

"....Well, I'm trying to, but you are being difficult..." Nidaja's head snapped up, and she saw Xan's head still down, looking apologetic, unchanged in expression or position. She blinked.

"What... did you just say?" she asked.

"I said that it looks like the other girl, Neit... She was beaten up. That makes her life essence a lot lower. Also, even if not injured, she might very well not be enough. Your family is a lot closer to the wellspring of life - It's why your fur is green. It would have to be you or your sister, to guarantee he's healed." He added. Nidaja blinked again.

"No. After that." she said.

"I did not say anything after that." he said, shrugging. Nidaja looked up and down the visible area of the aqueduct, and then shrugged softly, and sighed.

"Well... if this is the only way... Then I guess... I have to..." she said. "But I guess you were certain of my destiny too."

"Yes... I am." Xanthas remarked softly, his voice free of echo again. It was like a thought in the darkness. "If I did not already know how our meeting ended, I would have merely told you there was nothing I could do for him." he stated. Nidaja nodded, and looked to Neit.

"Does she have to be here?" Nidaja asked. Neit ear-flicked softly. She wondered, for that brief moment, why she suddenly found herself wanting to stay.

"Yes. I need her to help too. While I work, she will need to put these crushed bones on the fire, and keep it burning the way it needs for this ritual." he

handed the thief a small leather pouch with powdered bones in it. "Taking your life force I can do on my own, but converting it into something that can help Alps, I need help..." he said. Nidaja nodded softly and was not at all happy that her body would possibly be seen by this thief who she still hated, despite her help. "When I tell you to, Neit, I will need you to scatter this dust on the fire. It will make some sound, and change color, so don't be startled." The young cat-burglar was already startled and afraid. This creature knew her name too! Did she have some strange fate he knew about too? "When it starts to change color to orange and red," he continued, "like regular fire, I need you to put more of the bone dust on it, okay?" he explained. Neit nodded softly, so nervous already, and feeling a little odd. She was going to watch this rabbit... Do something sexual to Nidaja? It was a very weird feeling. She sat across the fire from the general and Xan, and opened the pouch, waiting for the order. The lapine nodded to Nidaja.

"Okay... I need you to go ahead and take off your clothes." he said softly. There was something so very seductive about his sweet and tender voice now. Nidaja nodded slowly, and did not even feel nervous about it suddenly. It was as if she were with Alps. Was this some kind of spell he was already casting? She didn't care. Whatever made it easier. She swallowed softly, and Xan rolled out the blanket, letting her sit again.

Nidaja started to slowly undress. Xan nodded to Neit who then scattered some of the sand-like bone chips on the fire. The small blaze hissed and crackled, and began to glow white and blue. It was very, very odd for a fire. Neit 'Oooooooed' softly as if she was a child playing with a sparkler.

Xan looked to Nidaja as she undressed. Slowly she took off her robe, wearing only a blouse and a pair of short canvas shorts underneath. The ones she usually sparred in. Nidaja slowly pulled off her blouse, unbuttoning only the top button and peeling it up her body, over her head, and off, then placing it on the ground nearby. Xan sighed softly, licking his lips a bit as Nidaja's sculpted breasts bounced into view, her arousal already starting from the idea of just... Doing this right here making her nipples harden, pink and teasing. She blushed a bit, and looked at Xan as he watched. He nodded softly, encouragingly.

Nidaja looked down to his loincloth. It had not moved any, so he seemed to be remaining calm. It made Nidaja feel a little better. The rabbit really was looking at this like Nidaja felt he should. This was only an important and necessary ritual. She then lay down on her back, and arched her hips, to lift her rump off the blanket, as she pulled down her shorts. She was wearing nothing beneath of course, as she always felt panties made her too hot, and kept her too moist there, messing up the texture of her fur, which she had a lot of pride in.

The general then lay back against another rolled up blanket, slightly propped up. Xan smiled, and nodded to her, as he drew close. He took a jar out

of his pack, which was lying against the wall.

"This will... Tickle a little bit." he explained. "None of this will hurt, don't worry about that. It will actually feel very, very good. But you might need some help walking home. You will be really tired when I am done." he said. Nidaja blushed slightly, and could not help but smile.

"Is that a promise?" she asked, slightly coyly. She blushed deeper, unable to believe she just said that. She glanced at Neit, who sprinkled a little more dust on the fire. She seemed a little stunned by the comment too.

"Well now... Your true self shows through a little. Don't be afraid to enjoy this, Nidaja." he said softly. "I need your life energy, Nidaja, not the life energy of a nameless general, for this to work." Neit inhaled deeply, and suddenly felt even guiltier about what she did to Alps. The gentle slave made love to her when she still only had the unwashed body of a young girl of the streets. She was no where near as beautiful as the wolf who lay there before Xanthas, and no where near the friend that Nidaja was, for wanting to do this to help him. And Alps loved her, like Nidaja said. Neit realized for the first time what she had let greed take away from her. She stole his trust away from him and she decided to herself then and there... That it would be the last thing she ever stole. Nidaja inhaled softly, and sighed.

"Y - Yeah... I guess you are right! If I gotta do this, why should I not enjoy it, huh?" she said, smiling a bit. "Besides, who else will I ever meet that will get to participate in a real Lapine ritual." she said. She opened her mind a little and just relaxed a bit. Xan opened the jar, and began to slowly trace a design into Nidaja's fur. She did not dare ask what he was using. It was red. She did not want to know. She decided that for her purposes, it would be red dye, and that was all. That thought comforted her.

True to Xan's words, his caress of that red coloring tickled a bit. Nidaja tried not to giggle any. She shivered a bit though, her nipples getting even harder. Xan traced a slow zigzag pattern all the way down Nidaja's left side, a very beautiful pattern, actually. Its meaning she could not possibly fathom. The general inhaled softly again, trembling. Another hiss came from the fire as Neit tossed a little more bone onto it. Xanthas removed his loincloth as Nidaja watched. He was already slightly aroused, his pink member stiff, though not standing fully erect yet.

He traced his lines on his cheek and his chest again with the red dye, leaving it fresh, as he lowered his head, and began to tenderly, oh so carefully lick one of Nidaja's exposed nipples. The general gasped hotly, and Neit watched silently. Xan's tongue was so smooth, and a lot shorter than a lupine tongue, but seemed to be a bit stronger too, with being a bit thicker with muscle mass. Rabbits would chew their food, not bolt it, so the tongue had to be

stronger.

Nidaja felt her hand drift up, and she did the one thing she had been wanting do since she first laid eyes on Xan. She caressed his long, beautiful ears. Her fingertips traced their rims, and she began to massage them between her fingers. Xan seemed to smile around her turgid flesh as he licked that nipple with slow, gentle touches of his tongue. He then moved to the other nub. Nidaja could feel herself becoming wet slowly. So hot. That tongue was so hot and intense. She found herself thinking about having it caressing her sex instead of her nipple, and how he could press it against that already tingling little button between her legs. She blushed softly, and uttered a very soft and tentative moan.

She slowly spread her legs a little, hoping to invite the attentions of the rabbit. She remembered then that this was a ritual. He was bound by whatever this ritual demanded, and could not really take suggestions from the wolf general. Nidaja's chest began to rise and fall deeper, as she felt his strong hands slide down her body. Xanthas was older than she was, and likely a lot more experienced with this, and it showed, as he squeezed her thigh with a careful and strong hand. He was stronger than Alps was, and more... dominant. Nidaja could only think how suddenly alluring it was to have a male dominate her. She had never even considered it before. Could she convince Alps to be so strong with her? He murmured a soft incantation, something the general had never heard before, as he held her thigh, and then he slowly moved down Nidaja's body.

Another hiss from the fire as Neit watched, wriggling a bit on the smooth and large piece of driftwood she was sitting on. This was a little arousing to her as well, and she remembered what it was like, watching Nita with Alps that evening from the balcony. She swallowed softly, knowing she could not pleasure herself like that this time. She straddled the piece of driftwood though, knowing that the pressure on her sex would help her calm down. She swallowed again.

Xan slid down Nidaja's body, on all fours, letting his long ears sweep her nipples, and then down to her belly. In one of his ears, he had a little bone earring. It teased at Nidaja's nipple as it brushed over it. The general arched her back softly, and whimpered with need, sliding a paw down to her nethers, spreading them, about to place her middle finger on her clit to provide her with some pleasure. That dye... It had been a spell to excite her. She understood now. She had no other reason to be *this* aroused. However it felt so wonderful. Also, it meant that the lapine actually cared about whether or not she really enjoyed it. Even if it were only necessary to make the ritual work. This was much better than having all her blood drained. Xanthas pulled her hand away and softly said,

"Nidaja, just relax. I will make the burning stop - don't worry..." His voice

echoed. It was closer to the voice she heard before. Was that really Xanthas? Or was it the one before? Was it... One and the same? Nidaja's wondering ceased as she felt it. That hot, broad, strong tongue, touching right over her sex. Her hips lurched back a bit as he tasted her, and she forced herself to calm down, as his muzzle pressed into her mound. Both his hands went to her legs, holding them up and out of the way, basically folding Nidaja in some way.

The emerald general moved her hands down behind her knees, to hold her legs back for Xanthas. He nodded softly, and pressed his muzzle more firmly against her, as that smooth, hot, wet tongue continued to work. In slow caresses that felt a lot like petting, he stroked the tender, hard little bud of her clit, teasing it, rewarding it and savoring it.

He released a shuddering sigh, and Nidaja took in his scent... a soft musk, like she'd never smelled before. An aroused Lapine. She whimpered softly, and looked between her thighs. With the rabbit's positioning in front of her, she could not see that arousal which was teasing her nose. She looked to Neit instead who she saw was rather shamelessly rubbing herself on the driftwood, her hands holding it like they might a mate's chest. She stopped shifting back and forth when she noticed Nidaja looking at her, and blushed deeply, getting some bone dust and putting it on the fire. It did not really need it yet, though nothing was harmed in doing that. She swallowed, her own chest rising and falling a little more rapidly. She had no idea it would be this arousing just to watch. Maybe Uri had been right. Maybe she was something of a voyeur.

Nidaja looked away from Neit. She would slap that girl in the back of the head hard for enjoying this. Later. Right now, she was enjoying it a lot more than Neit was, and felt smug about it. Let the girl watch. She won't get this kind of attention. Not from the rabbit now, or from Alps when he recovers. Nidaja moaned loudly suddenly, as she felt Xan's tongue probe deeper into her. It was not a terribly long tongue, but Xan was very persistent, and forced his muzzle tight against that warm, wet sex, pressing in as much tongue as he could.

Nidaja's eyes shot open, her chest sinking in suddenly with a deep gasp as she then felt the glory of what a rabbit has better capability of. Without such a long tongue and with more muscle that tongue could move very fast. Xan flitted it back and forth over Nidaja's clit, and she groaned loudly, shifting a bit, feeling the heat rising fast now in her body. She panted deeply and felt herself sliding toward that undeniable state of feral need that would cause her to not even care if *Neit* was the one pleasuring her!

She glanced at that girl for a moment, which was, again, shifting back and forth on the driftwood. She was panting softly as she watched, dipping her paw into the bag of bone-sand again, and sifting it on the fire. Nidaja looked back at Xan, who was moving his head from side to side as he swirled and flicked his tongue so rapidly. Nidaja's legs twitched with the rhythm of that tongue. He

seemed to know where Nidaja needed to be touched, and what felt best for her. Alps was not this skilled in bed, no matter how good he was. The general panted harder, feeling herself slipping quickly toward climax. The rabbit would not relent, as his tongue rapidly dipped in and out of her, sliding over her clit, and teasing and caressing and keeping her hot. She called out softly,

"Mmmff! Ohh...! Xan! If you keep... Doing that... I'll... I'll..." She winced softly, feeling his muzzle close around her sex, and it was almost all she could stand. She rolled her hips into the mouth of the lapine, who knew so very well what he was doing. Her hands moved to her chest, and she tweaked her nipples hard, wanting to cum *now*. She could think of nothing else but her powerful release now! She didn't care about Neit, who was riding an inanimate object not four feet from her. She only cared about the wildfire coming to a flashing point within her searing body!

That wonderful tongue, which incredibly knew even better than her own fingers what felt good to her, where to move, and how hard and how fast, sent her over the edge suddenly and violently! Xan knew it before Nidaja did, apparently, as he suckled heavily, closed-mouthed, on her sex, drawing her juices out of her. The lupine female wailed loudly, her voice echoing through the aqueducts as her climax crashed down hard around her, making her entire body shake as the rabbit drank that sudden deluge of nectar!

Nidaja whimpered softly as, on top of the powerful rise of heat in her orgasm, she felt what was almost an electrical tingling of her sex. Xanthas was drawing on her life energy. Nidaja heard Neit whimper from her perch on the log. She blushed a bit, reeling in afterglow, relaxing a bit. Xanthas smiled and gazed at the general. His muzzle and cheeks were a soaked, matted mess. The general actually felt a little pride in the smile he was wearing.

"I had to test your life energy for impurities." he explained, Nidaja seeing his thick, hot cock bouncing in front of him, looking very much in need of attention. The wolf hungered for it. "If you wanted to help Alps for the wrong reasons... It simply would not do. But you love him... You care for him. So yours will be the best energy to use." he said. Nidaja dizzily considered that a compliment, as she nodded to Xan.

"Mmm... Then you are not... Done then... I take it?" she panted hotly. There was actually more than a measure of hope in the sound of her voice, and she knew it.

"No. Not yet... To really bring your energy - your very soul - to its highest tide, I need to work a little harder." he said. Nidaja blushed softly. His voice was echoing again. It was more comforting, that voice, than the one from before. She arched her back softly, and murmured softly,

"Mmmmmph.. well. Then get to it..." she said, a little startled at herself for saying it. Xan smiled softly and said lightly,

"Hehe... Very well, my lady... It would seem the sigil of lust was given correctly." he lowered his head, and to the general's less-than-hidden delight and loud moan, the rabbit licked softly along Nidaja's labia. She flinched a little, still a little sensitive from her climax, as he heard a more desperate sound from Neit.

She glanced over, to see her breasts bouncing softly as she shifted back and forth a little faster on the log. It felt a lot better than she had thought it would, and her shorts were not enough to really keep that sensation from reaching her sex. She finally rather recklessly turned, and sat on the log, her legs spread. She dipped one hand into the bag of bone dust to put more on the fire, and the other down the front of her shorts, which were undone already. She cried out softly as she cast the dust on the fire, the lump of her hand under the fabric of those shorts moving from side to side rapidly, and then slowly, as she panted, watching.

Xan finally slowly got up on his knees, letting Nidaja see him. He was as fully aroused now as he possibly could be, easily 8 inches, perhaps even nine from what the wolf could see. She had thought that perhaps rabbits would not be quite that... well endowed, given that they were usually a smaller race than the lupines. However Xanthas was a little taller than she was. Nidaja was again shocked at herself as she cooed with delight at the mere sight of his shaft, bobbing with need.

The bunny shaman lifted Nidaja's leg, her left one, and then her right, into his strong hands. He licked his lips slowly, still soaked from the general's juices. Her fur shined more silver in this odd light than green, and Xan also looked as if he were a deep silvery color. There were no reds or browns or greens in this light to reflect back, so these two were more monochrome now. It was odd for her to realize it now, but she did, as he held her legs up. This was like a heavily erotic dream!

Nidaja whimpered softly and held behind her knees again as Xan slowly brought his hips to hers. She heard heavier panting and coos of pleasure from the driftwood log, and knew the thief was enjoying the show. Nidaja would definitely smack her in the back of the head but could care less at present. Xanthas slowly, evenly moved forward, his hips drawing to Nidaja's like the setting of the sun. Nidaja's hips lifted up a bit, like the rising of the moon. She could not help it. She wanted this so badly now! How could she possibly have complained before? She looked between her legs, just to take in the seductive and erotic view of that tapered tip pressing into her folds, and being slowly swallowed by her hot, needful body.

Xanthas moaned softly himself, and let his hips continue to drift forward

like the even, slow coming of a storm. Nidaja moaned long and low as she watched his length slide into her, stretching her labia apart, the length of that cock caressing fully over her clit. She inhaled sharply as she felt his balls caress against her tail hole as he pressed fully into her, and stopped, sighing deeply at the feel of Nidaja's inner walls, tensing, relaxing, still twitching slightly from her orgasm a short while ago. It was like being suckled on. He held her knees, letting Nidaja move her hands to where she wanted them now. Her breasts. She eagerly squeezed them, surprising herself again as she lifted a nipple to her lips and lapped it heatedly. Xanthas began to slowly move his hips.

"Oh dear heat and pleasure take me... Uhh... Ooooohh..." Nidaja moaned, squeezing her breasts tightly, nipples perked red between her pinching fingers. So sensitive! Everything felt so good! Was it the spell? Or was it the rabbit? She could not tell. She felt so hot! She wanted that heat to go away, and what Xanthas was doing... felt like standing in a cool breeze on the hottest of days. It was bringing relief. And soon, the relief would be complete. She arched her back a little, and called out softly... "Ohh... Xan... Don't - Ahahh - Don't stop..." she pleaded as if in fear that he actually might. There was another hiss from the fire, and a passionate moan from Neit, who had taken her shorts off while Nidaja's attention was on the cock sliding into her, and the thief was on all fours, in front of the fire. The bag of bone dust was in front of her. She would rise to her knees every once in a while to replenish the bone dust in the fire, but whether she was replenishing the flame, or just watching, her other hand stayed down the front of her body, between her legs, stirring her sex, as she watched. She was shamelessly masturbating to the ritual now.

Nidaja did not care at all any more. In fact, she only moaned louder at the sight of it. She looked back down her body, slightly folded with the position she was in, as Xan began to caress her sex from the inside with his swollen cock, slipping in and out of her tight depths, thrusting slowly and seductively. She watched it as it moved, almost hypnotizing in a sexually enflaming sort of way.

Nidaja's toes curled, as Xan began to move faster, making soft sounds of pleasure to match Nidaja's own. The sound of sex filled the air now, as Neit plunged her fingers inside herself, and Xan's cock slipped in and out of the now desperately willing wolf. The emerald lupine female panted harder, feeling herself drawing closer again. Xan too, was speeding up now. He was enjoying it. He should. He deserved it. He was helping Alps. He was a good rabbit. Nidaja pressed herself harder against him, matching his inward thrusts with a backward thrust, to bury him deeper.

"N.. Nidaja... Tell me! Tell me when you are ready to cum!" he panted loudly, his voice echoing. Neit burst. There was no other way to express it. She cried out, her hips lowering as her paw worked herself beyond climax, her thick syrup spilling over the stone floor of the aqueduct, spreading into its own glistening pool between her out-spread thighs! Tears were in her eyes as she bit

her lip, panting through her nose, and moving a very soaked paw out in front of her to help her hold steady. She put more dust on the fire, and pressed her rump against the driftwood again, sliding it back and forth, savoring the feel of climax and slowly enveloping afterglow, crooning loudly and lustfully. Nidaja nodded at Xan's words.

"I'm... Oh! I'm not far..." she said loudly "You are so... Ooohhh!" She laid her head back and pounded against him harder. Xan held her legs behind the knees, keeping her sex tighter around his cock as he pumped harder. His hips slapped heavily against hers as he was obviously working himself closer to his own climax.

Nidaja hoped Xanthas would make his release obvious too. The green general now *wanted* to reward him! The slick sucking sounds of Nidaja's hot inner walls wrapped so tight around his member almost echoed too, as Neit just panted now, and Nidaja cried out in pleasure.

"Ngg, Nkk, Tell me!" Xanthas ordered, pumping his hips harder, pistonning his shaft rapidly now for the return-humping general lupine!

"Mmmph! Mmmph! Not yet - getting closer... Ohhh, oh f... feels so... Mmmmm!" she whimpered back desperately. Nidaja was beside herself with need. The spell was surely partly responsible for making it feel even hotter than usual, but that didn't matter. She was on the verge of a mind-shattering climax!

"Let it happen! Nng - mph - nnf! Ohh, let me know when you are almost ready to cum - don't... mmmph.. Oh General... Don't cum first and then... tell..." he said loudly, his hips jerking back and forth harder. The rabbit too, it seemed, was close. He was panting heavily as well. Neit was rubbing her sex again with her wet paw, looking quite deeply lust filled as Xan rocked Nidaja back and forth with his powerful movements.

"Closer..." Nidaja moaned, her voice wavering as if afraid, her hips rising and falling to meet with those powerful thrusts, her breath loudly hissing through her panting. Her hips and inner thighs were drenched with the wetness of her sexual longing and her first orgasm.

"Oh yes! Tell me, Nidaja!" Xan ordered, holding tightly, his back claws scraping the rock floor of the aqueduct, off the blanket they were on. Nidaja began panting increasingly desperately, faster, shorter breaths, little excited cries mixed in, before she finally cried,

"NNNKK! OH XAN! I'm GONNA CUM!" She shut her eyes tight. Even if the rabbit stopped moving, it would not make a difference. She was that close by the time she finished saying she was ready. Xan, it seemed, was waiting just for that. He cried out heatedly, and held Nidaja's knees tighter, as the wolf felt hot,

thick seed spray into her, and a powerful rush of electricity from the rabbit. It did not hurt, but it stunned her slightly, and then, like a rush, she came. It was by far the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced, and she howled in a fit of pleasured rage!

That climax was so intense, as she wailed with each hot explosion, that it almost hurt! She howled again and again, just like Alps would when he was climaxing, Nidaja's voice peeled through the aqueducts, a loud, piercingly perfect note. She felt the thick, hot seed of the rabbit splash heavily against her cervix, coating her inner walls completely as he jetted hard into her, wincing himself, seeming as if he were overloaded. Xan cried out softly, and his eyes glowed for a while, a deep red color... The color of blood, and then went dim and out again, his soft brown eyes heavy lidded as he felt that warm, wet sex suckling lightly on him, pulling all the seed he would give.

Relaxing, he let Nidaja's rump go, and slid his cock out of her carefully. The removal of his thick length caused his rich white seed to spill out onto the blanket, coating the base of Nidaja's tail as she panted, feeling extremely dizzy and wonderful, deep in afterglow. She looked to Xan, who picked up the bottle he had a little while ago, and uncorked it. He moved over to Nidaja again, and waved that bottle around over her, murmuring weakly a soft incantation. He then moved over to the fire, still burning with that blue light. As he got close to Neit, she crumbled to the ground, squealing with orgasm again, her eyes shut tight, scattering that bone dust one more time on the fire, her hips pressed against that drift wood again. Her juices splashed out of her, onto the eroded rock of the natural aqueduct. The little thief looked totally wiped out.

Xanthas smiled softly, and shook his head as he put the bottle into the fire. The fire was promptly extinguished, though a soft bluish white glow continued from the bottle, which Xanthas corked. He looked to Nidaja, who was illuminated slightly by the silver rod that was beside her. He moved over to her, and spoke softly, as she lay on her back, sprawled out, enjoying the warmth of afterglow.

"You... are very weak right now. But unlike when you normally have sex, you are not going to just recover in a few minutes, and be able to move around like normal. You are going to feel like this for the next two or three hours." Xanthas said. "I will put the bottle in your belongings. Do not uncork it until you are with Alps. Point the bottle at him, and touch it to his lips, and pull it away slowly. That is important. Okay, Nidaja...?" he asked. It seemed that, while Xanthas was a little tired, and perhaps a bit giddy with his happy expression, he had already recovered. His thighs were still soaked, and his shaft still rigid. Physically, it would probably take a little while to calm down. Nidaja's head swam, and she was very content. A three hour afterglow. She would just have to suffer through it. Darn.

Neit moaned softly from the floor of the cavern, in front of the extinguished

fire. "You however..." he said to Neit, "Will be fine in a couple minutes. And you have to help Lady Nidaja get back to castle Diera. I know you are not wanted in the castle, so just get her to the gates, and leave her there. She can do fine from that point on, okay?" Neit murmured a soft affirmative. Xanthas sat back down beside Nidaja, who continued to pant deeply, cooing happily.

"I wish..." she said softly, "All medicine tasted this good." Xanthas chuckled warmly at her statement, and shook his head.

"The rest is up to you, Nidaja. Take good care of that slave. He is not the last one of his kind you'll see, but he may yet prove to be the most useful..." he added cryptically. Nidaja nodded softly, barely even registering what the rabbit had said. She murmured, in a soft, drunken tone,

"Good journey to you, Xanthas. You have a good heart... and a kind soul." she said softly.

"A powerful heart yes." Xanthas said, his voice having stopped echoing again. "But a soul... What I would give to have one of those..." he said, rather darkly. Nidaja did not hear another word from him. She simply passed out. When she awakened, only a half hour later, he was gone, a mystery having come into her life, and then left, with just as much obscure intrigue.

Neit was waiting for her, and would help her to the castle, and accept the repeated slaps to the back of the head, but no amount of slapping would tell Nidaja anything more about who Xanthas was. He would to her, remain a story to keep her up at night, staring at the stars, and wondering.

## Sirius, Book I

*Diera*

*Comments or Questions?*

*Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)*

*Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>*

### Chapter 16

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Nita gazed at Alps with tired, tired eyes. She had not slept at all that night, while waiting for Nidaja to return with news on medicine. She did not want to loose him. She didn't want Alps to suffer, even if there was no way to prevent her from loosing him. When the shadows first closed in on her lover, she got a real taste of just how strong her feelings for him were, and now she was here, fearing losing him. Misha and Uri were sitting there with her, relaying a story to try to cheer her up. Uri was the one speaking.

"Well.. I knew I was not really allowed to take him into mine and Misha's secret place, but I had to... so I opened that one room, that we used to keep a second weapon store room in case of emergencies... you know the one, and I got into the harness, and I just let him go. I did not tell him to do anything; he just did whatever he wanted. Can you guess what that boy did?" she asked softly. Misha shook her head, and Nita just continued to watch Alps, as he slept fitfully. Unspeakable nightmares plagued him. It was the trademark symptom of Twilight Fever.

"What did he do?" Misha asked.

"He just massaged me. Made me feel really relaxed and good... Didn't do anything sexual at all, I tell you." she said softly. Nita looked up and smiled.

"Probably because he was just drained on me and Nidaja..." she half-whispered. Misha looked at her and nodded, giggling softly. Uri sighed and caressed Alps' forehead. It really was not making Nita feel any better. She looked to Nita and said very softly,

"It'll be okay... He will be just fine. Alps is lucky like that. He's very lucky. That's... Kind of his thing, you know? Good luck." She blushed softly. Of course, good luck. He got royalty, military, and any girl he could want, really... He had a good life; surely he would fight to keep it. Just as she was thinking this, as if on cue, Nidaja opened the door.

"I'm back!" she chimed, seeming as tired as Nita, but in a pretty good mood. Nita's head jerked up.

"Nidaja! It's about time you got back!" Nita exclaimed. "Oh Nidaja, you didn't have to stay out that long! You are late for your monthly report by your regional matriarchs!" The general slapped her head, grimacing.

"Oh! I forgot all about that! Nita! There is some medicine here for Alps... The shaman who gave it to me was supposed to be one of the best, and he said it would cure him, out right." Nidaja said brightly. Nita stood and clasped her hands together, tears streaking down her face.

"Nidaja! That's absolutely wonderful! You really came through this time! I owe you one! I owe you more than one! Here... I will give the medicine to Alps and you can go and give your meeting." Nita said, holding out her hand. Nidaja nodded curtly.

"Okay... Xanthas said put it to his lips, and then draw it away slowly, and the rest will happen on its own! You don't even have to make him drink, he said." Nidaja explained. Nita nodded softly as Nidaja handed the odd little bottle to her. She bounced happily.

"Okay, great! I will administer it in just a moment. I need to wash up real quick. You go ahead and get to the meeting." Nita said loudly, still crying with joy.

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Nidaja padded into the meeting, where there was already quite a bit of murmuring and talking going on. The lupine female looked around at the unfamiliar faces, and the familiar ones. This was one of the larger meetings she had called in quite some time. Nidaja sat down on the stool at her podium and cleared her throat, rapping her baton on her podium.

"Attention! Attention please!" she called. There was silence. She smiled softly. She was in a great mood today. She liked to be praised when she did well, like anyone else. Particularly by her sister. "Great... today, we have some important planning concerning our outer perimeter town defenses to discuss, so, many of you have never been here before, due to how far your towns are from the central cities. Still, I am pleased that you all made it." Nidaja inhaled deeply. Her chest was suddenly feeling rather tight, as if she were getting a little worked up. Meetings, most certainly, were not the type of things to get her worked up. She wriggled in her seat a bit, chased any thoughts that may be causing it away, and continued. "We have lost two outer perimeter towns in the past month, and I do not intend to lose any more. I would like everyone in these towns to start building palisades around the inner part of the town, to make them harder to invade. If Mannus wishes to invade those towns... He... Umm..." Nidaja felt her

mind drifting. She could swear she felt a soft, gentle pair of hands caressing over her tummy, and then her breasts. She licked her lips softly, and shifted again a bit in her seat. "Ahh... He... He will have to make a larger effort... And loose larger chunks of his army... To do so..." Nidaja was blushing now. What on earth was getting into her?

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Back in Alps' bedroom, Nita returned, and looked to Uri. She already had the bottle open, and at Alps' lips. She was looking down in his lap. He was tenting the sheets. Nita gaped and blushed a bit, giggling.

"That is a pretty odd side effect for the medicine to have." the queen said. "I wanted to give him his medicine, but I guess it really does not matter. Getting it sooner is more important than me getting to give it to him." Nita sat down beside Alps softly. She pulled the blanket off of him, and canted her head in curiosity. Misha and Uri slid down beside his hips and sighed dreamily. While the two were involved mostly in each other, they had learned to be pretty happy with Alps too. Uri's hand was immediately around his shaft, though she did not start pumping it or anything. It was very, very hard, like one might find morning wood - and he was already a little wet.

Nita took over holding the bottle at Alps' lips. He began to inhale deep breaths, as if Uri actually was stroking him. Uri let go, fearing she might get scolded for working him up while he was sick, but his shuddering, excited breathing did not abate. Nita blinked softly, and looked at the bottle. A soft, bluish haze slipped from the bottle, into Alps' muzzle with each breath he took. Nita looked to Uri and shook her head. "No, no... I think you should. It looks like he is supposed to get this way. Go ahead. Do what you like, I'll hold the bottle. Just go gentle, and be careful with him." she said softly, a little alarmed really, but of course, there was no accepted treatment for this illness, and this was certainly a combination that had not been tried.

Uri did not have to be told twice. The black-furred wolf casually slipped off her clothes. The scent of her arousal spiked the air, not held back by the leather chaps she wore. Were Nita or Misha undressed, their scent might have been the first to rise, but for the moment, Uri's arousal dominated the mix of scents in the room. Uri looked to Nita and licked her lips softly, before nodding to her, and slowly, she straddled Alps, and began to rub the tip of his engorged member at her entrance. This would likely be the shortest amount of foreplay the wolf would ever experience, but it did not really matter. He was asleep. Uri held Alps' swollen member in her quivering hand, looking at Nita, who slid her free hand under herself, and began to caress slowly at her inner thigh. "Mmmph... It's

strange. Even when he's just laying' there, he excites me."

"I know." replied Misha. "Seems almost like he was born for this." she chuckled softly, and slid down alongside Nita, one of her gentle hands sliding up along the queen's hip. "I will say this... While we were very close friends to begin with, Alps has certainly put a lot more peace between us. I guess just because he's not capable of dishonesty. He makes a nice friend to bond with, and cement the friendships of those around him." Uri released a long, slow moan as she sank down onto Alps' throbbing shaft, feeling his member spread her folds wide. She inhaled deeply, and trembled a bit.

"Do you think..." she asked, looking to Misha, "Do you think he will remember any of this? I mean, is it right to take advantage?" She looked down, her body already tingling. There was something taboo, and therefore, enticing, about taking the not so innocently sleeping wolf. Misha shook her head and chuckled.

"No, I am sure he does not know you are doing this to him, and I rather doubt he will remember. Besides, I consider it payback since he did it to me. Maybe he will think he had a nice dream. It could be about you or any one of us. But he won't know we actually did anything to him. However... Is it right? I don't think it hurts anything, or violates him, since he does this to us when he's awake anyway. If you were someone who'd never felt him intimately like this, I could see a problem, but he would be happy, I think, to know that he pleasured you even though he was out cold." Misha laughed again as she looked over at Nita. The emerald lupine was still holding the bottle to Alps' lips, watching the blue haze from it, not removing it until that was over, to be sure. She was looking down to where the male and female bodies connected now, watching intently. She really had not watched this closely before, in good light, to see what it looked like - the coupling of male and female, complete intimacy. Nita stood slowly, and nodded to Misha.

"H - Hold the bottle. And I will lock the door..." she said softly. Misha blushed a bit and nodded. Nita's scent had just joined Uri's in the already sexually hazy air. The lady lupine elegantly trod to the door, and with a soft \*click\* it was sealed. They would not be disturbed. Nita then turned, and just... disrobed, rather unceremoniously, her violet and white royal garments falling to the floor around her feet. A simple tie was all that held it on her shoulders, which made it easy to get out of. Normally, one might wear something beneath, but Nita wore nothing. It gets hot in the folds of elegant robes, and besides, she liked being able to slip out of them at a moments notice these days.

As 'common' as it might seem, she found her intimate time with Alps very stress relieving and her performance as a royal family member had noticeably improved since she obtained the white wolf as her slave. The occasional quickie in the bath house or bedroom before a stressful meeting was making all the

difference for her. She stepped slowly back over to Alps and watched happily as Uri began to rise and fall on the lupines thick, hard shaft. An almost pained expression of immense pleasure stretched the fair girl wolf's face.

Nita blushed a bit, and sat down, taking hold of the bottle again. Alps was breathing harder... A little deeper again. Misha, her hand free now, stood up, and carefully removed her own clothing, so as not to be the odd one out. She then sat down directly in front of Nita, her head laying on her knees, looking almost worshipping up to her friend, as she administered the odd medicine to Alps. She licked her lips slowly, looking up at the queen, as if for permission. Nita blushed deeply, but slowly nodded, parting her thighs slowly, evenly, almost teasingly, like a drawbridge being ever so slowly lowered as an army is coming toward the gate to the knight trapped outside, wanting in.

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Nidaja looked down at her seat. It was a plain wooden chair, nothing special about it, no frills, no velvet or leather, but it was different from everyone else's at the table. It was moist. She was getting very wet. Her body was ablaze, tingling all over, and her loins were feeling the sensations most of all, as if a phantom tongue were lapping at her folds, spreading them, teasing them from side to side. They did not move, she could tell there was no movement, just the feeling of it, and it made her so incredibly hot and wet. This was certainly not the time for it though!

She grumbled to herself, silently, as she took a sip of water, trying to make it look like she was merely flustered or winded from the fast paced walk up to the conference hall. It was Xanthas. He did something to her which left an after effect. If she saw him again, she would tie his ears in a knot! Nidaja shuddered, feeling an unmistakable sensation of thick, pulsing flesh dipping into her. She gasped, and looked up. Everyone's eyes were trained on her now. She licked her lips, and tried very hard to keep a straight face. One of the regional matriarchs spoke up finally.

"Gen... General Razelle?" she asked softly. "Are you feeling okay? You're... panting." Nidaja clopped her muzzle shut, having not even realized that she was. She shook her head softly and swallowed hard.

"I am f - fine. I just... Ran all the way up here. Let us... Mmmm - continue..." She shifted a little in her seat. Nidaja prayed silently that this odd after-effect would wear off. She wanted to finish the meeting without much incident. She resumed, finally, after taking another drink of water. "Since you spoke first, M-Matriarch Akriel.. Would you please tell me the current order of the

village of Diam?"

Nidaja decided it would be easier to let the matriarchs do most of the talking. She could not hold her breath, but she could silence it well. As a trained fighter, it was learned to allow one to run silently. Heavy breathing can be heard. Her heart was pounding very fast. While the initial sensation of that length sliding up into her had stopped for a while, and just left itself pulsing, feeling as if she were being spread tight around it, the sensation of motion began now, slowly, cruelly in and out, as if someone were very 'carefully' making love to her from beneath.

The chair, directly under her sex, was likely soaked now. She would not be able to stand up with all the matriarchs there. She would dismiss them and then duck away to a back chamber and get her self under control and cleaned up after the meeting. Nidaja gritted her teeth. Her scent! Would the others be able to smell her heated condition? They were all the way at the other end of the table, so possibly not. Hopefully not. Nidaja listened, feeling that slow internal motion, and wanting to slide her hands under the table and relieve this burning the way she would if she were waking from a dream that left her feeling like this, but she could not.

"W - Well, let's see... What's to tell?..." Akriel said, having not expected to be put on the spot like this. "We had a perimeter breach last week by an orcish scouting team... But they were snuffed out before they could have seen anything of use at our Raul Hills Encampment there. Also, we had two murders that remain unsolved. We are thinking that they were part of a robbery that occurred about fifteen miles away, but we are still looking into- but all of it seemed like wordless yammering to the general. Nidaja could not even focus on what she was saying past there. She just gazed into Akriel's eyes and watched her lips move, so she could respond when the talking stopped, but her mind was someplace else entirely.

She knew the feeling. The size, the shape, every single stroke. It had its own signature. She wasn't feeling a repeat of Xanthas. She as feeling someone she knew far better. Alps. Nidaja had been with a few other male servants in the distant past, having learned long before Nita what kind of stress relief sex was. No one male felt much like the other, and definitely none felt like Alps. She wanted to buck her hips. She wanted to control the pleasure. She wanted to cum quick and quietly, so she did not arouse the suspicion of the others. Why was this happening to her? Was it...?

Nidaja widened her eyes a bit, and then calmed herself, as it seemed unnoticed. Or perhaps the eyes widening was at the right time for the conversation. But she finally understood. And felt completely stupid for it. She was supposed to give the medicine to Alps. It was linked to her. The very essence of what she did to Xanthas in that aqueduct was trapped in that small

bottle. Xanthas had intended for *her* to give that medicine to the slave! She swallowed, feeling the pace quicken a bit... It felt so good, but was being done so gently. She found herself wondering if Alps was feeling Xanthas' end of that experience, and how Nita, Misha, and Uri were handling it.

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Nita leaned back a little, supporting her weight on one hand, her other holding the bottle to Alps' lips, the blue haze still flowing. Uri had just begun to speed up a little, but was holding her breasts in her hands and leaning back some, so as not to put any weight or strain on Alps. Only his cock felt any kind of pressure, as it slipped in and out of her tight body. Uri was accustomed to females primarily before meeting Alps, and her frame was quite a bit smaller than Nita, so she had perhaps the tightest sex out of all of them, and perhaps the most eager to be filled.

She released a soft whimper as she watched Nita lean back, and let one of her hands drift over to caress over her soft, lovely breast, the queen's pert pink nipple tracing between her fingertips, throbbing at the light, timid, curious touch. Nita released a deep breath, and slid forward just a little, letting her hips slide off the edge of the bed. Misha's head was between the queen's thighs, and her skilled lesbian tongue had set to work against her already arousal-engorged clit and labia.

The grey-furred guard deftly and lustfully spread those lips around her tongue, and fluttered it, rapidly, from side to side. Nita gasped sharply at that, and held still. She wanted to touch and caress and play too, but she needed to hold that bottle. And her other hand was holding her weight, as she leaned back a little, to enjoy this. She held her legs wide apart, to give her friend perfect access to those steamy folds, and that tingling nub of her clit.

The queen watched in wonder as Alps' pink, wet member slid into Uri, all the way to the base, and then almost all the way out, about nine inches, for her to see. She wanted it in her. She wanted to feel it, sinking like that, enough to touch her cervix. She closed her eyes, and whimpered softly, and opened them again, only able to imagine it pulsing inside her, her tight inner walls massaging that length while she watched Uri's body take it fully. A little faster the black-furred female moved, bucking her hips a bit, squeezing her breasts each in turn, as she began to massage over Nita's chest, tugging and squeezing and plucking at her nipples playfully... ardently. Her heavy breathing was showing how much she was getting into it, and Alps' hips were beginning to roll a bit with the motion too, so he was certainly getting into it. He was already panting deeply.

"Mmmmmph! Oh by the light... Nita! He seems to be responding well to this. I... I don't know if I can outlast him! Oh Misha, I am already so c - close!" Uri whimpered. Nita pressed her hips a little harder into Misha's muzzle. She was starting to feel her loins lighting up too. She panted heavily, and nodded to Uri.

"Cum on him then!" Nita cried softly. "Let's cum together! I long to see what I would look like, wrapped around him as I am cumming, right as I - oh nnnk!" The emerald queen closed her eyes tight, and fought off an impulse with a shudder. Talking like that had nearly sent her over the edge. Uri gasped loudly at her friend's idea, and began to ride Alps a bit harder, her hips thumping against his, the wet sounds of sex audible now. Nita rolled her hips against Misha's tongue-work desperately, looking down at her pleasuring friend, observing how wet her face was from dining on her sex so lustfully. Misha was panting as well, as she stirred her clit with a claw tip, her other paw on Nita's hip to keep her from bucking too hard. Uri closed her eyes and continued to pluck softly, playfully, teasingly on her own nipple, and with a long, shuddering sigh.

"Mmmm... Oh Nita... He feels so tight and hard in me I... I will always prefer my mate's tongue to this, but sometimes - OH! - it just feels good to feel myself stretched out, like this body was born to be... even if to return right back to my lover's muzzle!" She looked down at Misha, who blushed as she started to suckle at Nita's sex. Uri bounced a little faster, moving both hands to her chest now, rubbing, tugging, and just pretty much losing control.

Nita had fallen all the way back and onto her side now, her breath coming out in heavy panting, as she bucked her hips softly, easily as far along as Uri. Finally, the black wolf arched her back and squealed in ecstasy, the chime of her friend's bell getting rang flinging Nita's sex-tortured body over the edge too. She could never even begin to describe what her friend did to her with her tongue. Impossible things, like slipping it deeply in and out of her, while fluttering rapidly from side to side, were all too much. She felt her heart jump and her body surge, from her whiskers down to the tip of her tail, as if small explosions had just occurred all through her body.

There was the soft *splash* sound of Misha exhaling excitedly through Nita's deluge of wetness, and the sound of wet sucking and slurping as she eagerly made sure nothing was wasted. The queen, her eyes opening again right after the initial shock of her climax, looked at Uri, as her sex convulsed tightly around that rock hard shaft, spilling her juices down his sack, and over his crotch fur, scenting him of sex heavily. Alps was still softly rolling his hips, and left Uri crying out softly as her oversensitive clit was rubbed by his pulsing shaft. She finally slipped off to the side, leaving Alps rolling his hips needfully inside no one, that hot, wet and pink length rubbing against his tummy.

He was not bare for long though. Misha moved quickly on top of him, and

guided the slave into her lesbian depths, which were itching badly to be filled now as she had so worked herself up by bringing Nita off. She was not quite as gentle as Uri though, pounding her hips immediately upon Alps, wanting to bring herself off, evidently, before Alps could finish, so she could sate that lustful burning she felt all through her body. Nita weakly continued to hold the bottle, which was steadily pouring out that bluish haze, all of which was pulled into Alps' panting muzzle...

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Nidaja gripped the side of the table, holding herself stark still. Oh how she longed to buck her hips! She did not care that there was nothing there, it felt like there was! She could feel that cock... that familiar, hot, wet length, buried inside her, hilted then retracted, faster... Harder... It never ceased now, working in just the pattern a girl would, controlling the speed for herself, wanting pleasure but holding back. Nidaja shook her head suddenly, hearing her name called. Nidaja this time, not General Razelle. She snapped her head up, looking at the room, slightly out of focus through her desire. Everyone looked shocked. Akriel was at her side, and looking down, where a pool of Nidaja's nectar had formed at the leg of her chair.

"Umm... Nidaja... What are you doing?" Nidaja held up her hand, as if assuring everyone that everything was okay. She had to tell them something now... She had been caught, and it looked absolutely depraved, at that. She inhaled deeply, and leaned back, gripping her chair.

"I w - went to a shaman for some medicine for... For Nita's slave, Alps." she panted. "It... S - seems to have a strange effect which I -links to me, and it feels like... Oh Hnnk...!" Nidaja placed her head on the table, and jerked her hips suddenly, feeling the speed increase a bit more, and even the soft \*fumph\* feel of hips against her thighs add to it. She parted her legs, her soaking sex pulled up off the chair, so hot... There were a series of gasps from the others. Her scent was thick upon the air. She knew she need not detail more of what was happening to her body. Akriel gritted her teeth, looking very embarrassed.

"Oh... Oh MY!" she cried, backing up a step. "Oh wow, that is very odd! Are you going to be alright? Do you need to postpone the meeting?" Nidaja looked to Akriel, and was about to nod, before she suddenly arched her back and wailed, her hot juices soaking her chair. A thin river of it ran a few inches along the floor, perhaps slightly uneven, glistening, a light syrup. Nidaja's body, tight, unmoving, just shivered, her lips pulled back in a feral growl. Uncontrolled, despite her force of will, she climaxed like a schoolgirl exploring her body for the first time.

Nidaja finally relaxed a bit, her body still pulsing, nerves still firing, burning, blazing with sexual release, her breathing in heavy panting. She looked at Akriel again, having completely forgotten what was asked from her. Nidaja never realized before how hard it was to focus on anything but the pleasure when it was there. She finally relaxed a bit, feeling the sensation of that thick, hard member pulled out of her, slipping out easily, and making her splash a little more of her warm nectar on the chair.

"Oh my goodness..." Nidaja panted, blushing heavily, once again remembering where she was, and realizing what had happened. "Oh Akriel... Everyone... P... Please don't take this occurrence... out of this rooOOOOOOOOHH!!!" Nidaja arched her back as she felt that throbbing flesh slam into her again, and begin pumping hard in and out. Her last word trailed into a howl. Her body, still in the throes of climax, was being ravaged harder now. There was no way to stop it! The searing pleasure, that burning of her clit, endless now! She grabbed the table and pressed her chest against it.

"Nidaja!" Akriel cried, leaning down and holding her shoulder. "Nidaja, do you need me to call a doctor? Come on, answer me!" The others were gathered around, if for no other reason that curiosity. Here was their respected general, gripping the meeting-room table, cumming uncontrollably in her chair for no apparent reason.

"It's a spell! Doctor wouldn't help!" Nidaja cried. "Oh, Akriel! It will stop... I just... Gotta... Take it for now - mmmph!" The emerald lupine general dropped her head to the table, sputtering as she felt her sex hammered a lot harder than before. She felt it again. The burning... The tingling... Closer again. Closer...

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Misha groaned loudly, her breasts actually slapping against her chest as she hammered herself down on Alps' sleeping frame, which seemed pretty intent on mating back just as hard, his back arching and hips thrusting under the wildly riding beauty. Even though unconscious, he was panting heavily. Nita smiled up at Misha, while Uri lay on her back alongside the bed, her eyes closed. She was awake, but quite worn out and sated. Nita watched as her friend took Alps eagerly.

The queen watched where they connected, and licked her lips slowly. It was easier to just observe now and enjoy the show, now that she had been 'taken care of'. The bottle was still to Alps' lips as she watched Misha bounce hard on her slave. Nita's eyes widened a bit, as she watched. This was

something she had not gotten to see before. How Alps' body reacted moments before release. His sac pulled up close to his body, tight and round, his thick member turning a deeper shade of bluish pink, engorged so tight with blood. Nita called up to Misha.

"Don't stop! He's gonna cum!" The lupine queen felt a pang of embarrassment for saying it, and for even doing something that seemed so ludicrous. Misha just threw back her head and cried out, her body going rigid as her sex seized around that pulsing cock. She shivered as her hips gave the occasional buck.

"Yes! Oh Alps, YES!" Misha squealed, "Let him cum! I... I wanna fee—" She snapped a hard gasp and just wailed suddenly, as Alps went ridged. "NnnnnngggaaaaAaAAAAAAAH!!" she seemed to be hit with a *second* climax. Nita looked at her friend's face, studying it, memorizing what hers perhaps looked like in that very special moment.

"Mmmm... Misha, can you feel him? Can you feel him squirting?" Uri churred, rolling over and placing a hand on Alps' tightly drawn sack, cupping it as it pulsed. Misha finally went on all fours, her hips glued to Alps' while her climax dulled slowly, still tormenting her body.

"Oh yes! H - hard... He went hard! God I can s - still feel it! Splashing inside me! Oh it feels so good! Oh Uri, he's flooding me inside..." She hung her head, trembling.

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Nidaja threw her head back and fell out of her chair, Akriel falling to the floor and catching her, holding her head in her lap as Nidaja convulsed hard. She could feel it! The orgasm was even more powerful than before, and burning through a convulsing sex already tortured by one that seemed not to end. Her eyes were shut tight as a few of the matriarchs backed up to give her air. Nidaja's backside was completely soaked with her juices, and not getting any drier at this rate! She writhed in the arms of a subordinate, in a position that could ruin her reputation if it became general knowledge, but at the moment, she absolutely did not care. Her body buckled and she cried out again.

"He's cumming!!" she wailed, not even thinking about the others near her. She could feel it, inside her, splattering against her cervix so hard... She knew that feeling oh so well! Every single warm rush of that life essence up into her tight, convulsing sex! Akriel just held her, fanning her. Slowly, ever so slowly, Nidaja went limp, just panting. She could still feel that thick cock inside her,

pulsing, jetting... But it was still now. It was over. She dizzily looked up to the regional matriarchs.

"Are... You okay Nidaja?" Akriel asked softly. She gritted her teeth and jerked her hand away. It had been on Nidaja's breast. "I was... Umm... They were sticking out a bit... Your modesty! I was-" She blushed deeply. Nidaja dizzily groaned and relaxed, feeling finally that member pulled out. It was over. And so was her staunch, hard image at these meetings, it seemed. Under all that hard shell of military training, Nidaja was a woman, just like them. She inhaled deeply, and said in a very serious tone,

"If this ever leaves this room, I will find out who spoke, and make sure they never speak again." She shuddered again one last time. The regional matriarchs all swore their secrecy, looking very rattled. Nidaja sat up slowly, and looked to Akriel.

"I think... I will get you some fresh clothing General Razelle." she said softly, still blushing hotly, caught with her hand in the cookie jar, as it were.

"Y... Yes, thank you Akriel." Nidaja said softly, her mind still hazy and filled with afterglow.

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As Misha rolled off of Alps, Nita looked back to the bottle. No more haze. No more of that bluish smoke. She drew it away from Alps' lips and as she did, to Nita's delight, her slave's eyes opened. She moved quickly to his side.

"Alps, you're awake! Sweetie, how do you feel?" she chimed, feeling so excited and joyful! The medicine worked! It really worked!

"I feel..." Alps said softly, looking down at his soaked lap, and then to the sated Misha and Uri, cuddled together at his side, and his naked, tearful mistress. "I feel like I've slept through something I should not have." Nita looked into Alps' innocent violet eyes, and just laughed.